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efforts were fruitless. In fact, the more they talked the more determined were the MacDonald supporters to fight it out on the lines suggested at the mass meeting held in this city several weeks ago.

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Officer Morris Arrests Three Persons
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Officer Morris made a raid on Broska's lumber yard at the rear of Second street this morning at about 2 o'clock and corralled three persons, Mrs. Harriet Bowles, Frank McCune and Frank Sharp. The latter was dismissed by the mayor, but the others were fined \$5 and costs for being drunk and are being held on a more serious charge.

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The czar is going to Kharkoff on May 25 to bid farewell to the Tenth army corps, which leaves on that date for the front. The czar is reported very anxious to go to the front, as his ancestors have done in time of war.

Tokio, May 12.—(Special).—The report of Admiral Alexieff that the railroad communications with Port Arthur have been restored is officially declared untrue.

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He was ordered to go ahead, he says, with the assurance that they were entirely safe. While engaged in the work, however, part of the roof of one of the rooms crashed down upon him, breaking his collar bone and badly spraining and bruising his right shoulder, hips and legs, so that he suffered severely and was unable to resume work until about the middle of the following September. He alleges that the defendant partnership was well aware of the dangerous conditions that obtained in the part of the mine in which he was injured and he thinks that in view of his suffering, expense and loss of time, he should be remunerated.

SURGICAL OPERATION

Upon the Throat of Secretary Taft to
Relieve a Swelling.

Washington, May 12.—(Special).—An operation was made on Secretary Taft today to remove a swelling in his throat caused by tonsillitis. He is expected to recover speedily.

Called to Sebring.

President Thomas J. Duffy, of the N. B. of O. P., left this morning for Sebring. He has been called upon to settle a minor dispute about the dipper who are working day wage.

A NEW DEPOT ON THE OLD SITE

The C. & P. Would Lose Much By a
Change of Loca-
tion.

FREIGHT STATION OPPOSITE

One of the most absurd stories enforced on the public was one in a morning paper, "authentically" announcing the intention of the C. & P. Railroad company to erect a passenger station at the foot of Market street, next door to the property of J. H. Simms. Those in a position to know the facts denounce the story as a bunch of "air" without the least foundation.

As a matter of fact the new depot, when the railroad company gets ready to erect one, will be located on the same site now in use. The company has been dickering for a long time to get control of the adjoining property, and it is assured that the negotiations will close before long. The company would not be shallow-brained enough to release the site now in its possession and go two blocks west, when the conditions at the foot of Market street would not help its interests in the least.

The moment the company abandons the present site as a passenger depot it loses all right to the location. When the site was turned over to the company by the late A. M. Davidson and others it was with the provision that the land should revert back to the property holders when deserted for passenger station purposes. The company has already purchased two vacant lots near the depot with no other intention than to enlarge the depot.

Plans were made months ago to erect a freight station on the south side of the tracks, opposite the passenger depot, and the company proposes to have its business concentrated to one spot, as nearly as possible. There has been considerable filling in made for the freight station and it is likely that this work will be finished as soon as possible.

ALLISON WON ON NOTE SUIT

Chester Man Gets a Verdict for \$1,007
in Action Against
Falcon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The jury in the case of Oscar O. Allison, of Chester, W. Va., vs. Joseph S. Falcon, of Hanover township, brought in a verdict of \$1,007.31 for the plaintiff at 8 o'clock last evening, after having been out less than an hour. The verdict was for the full amount sued for with interest, the promissory note for \$1,054 on which the suit was brought having been reduced by two \$50 payments.

It was found that the note had not been raised, as the defendant claimed, from \$54 to \$1,054 by J. C. Lewis, to whom it was originally given.

STARTLING CHARGES MADE AGAINST MISSING COUPLE

Former East End Residents Are Accused of
Robbery, Forgery and
Murder.

MAY EXPLAIN RECENT INFANTICIDE CASE

One of the most sensational stories that has come to the surface in many a day has been going the rounds in East End since the early part of last week. It pertains to a man and woman who own property in that end of the city, but the whereabouts of whom are not known at present. They are alleged to be guilty of murdering an infant, and it is thought not unlikely that the unidentified babe found in the river a few days ago was their victim.

The story gained circulation through neighbors. According to them the parties implicated are well known, but their reputation is cloudy. In substance the tale related is as follows: The wife was arrested more than two months ago in a Pennsylvania town on a charge of robbery and forgery. She was placed in jail, but adopted a clever ruse by which her liberty was gained. She told the jailer and other officials that she was to become a mother in two months and pleaded so strongly with them that they consented to allow her to go home for the time being. Her story was concocted simply for the purpose of getting out of jail and she knew she must carry out the game at all hazards or again be locked up.

Resorting to desperate means the

B. F. HARKER TO BE THE NEW MANAGER

Resigns From Laughlin Company to
Take Charge of Taylor, Smith
& Taylor Plant.

Benjamin F. Harker, who has been connected with the Homer Laughlin China company for a number of years, has tendered his resignation to that concern, effective June 1, when he will become permanently identified with the Taylor, Smith & Taylor pottery. Mr. Harker has purchased stock from C. A. Smith, W. L. Smith and J. N. Taylor and will be general manager of the plant.

W. L. Taylor will remain proprietor of the plant and Homer J. Taylor will retain his present position. It is the object of the Taylor, Smith & Taylor company to increase its business and to do so it will employ the best men in the country. The company wants brains and skill and will get both at any cost.

INTERFERENCE WITH OFFICER TODD

Case of William Johnston Heard By
the Mayor, Who Reserved
His Decision.

The first hearing in the case of Officer Todd against the three men, who he alleges, interfered with him on last Saturday afternoon while he was arresting Elza Moore, took place yesterday afternoon in the council chamber before Mayor Weaver. The defendant was William Johnston. He was represented by Attorney W. B. Hill. The mayor has not given his decision in the case, but will likely find the defendant over to court.

The testimony was conclusive that Todd had been interfered with, but there was little to prove that Johnston had participated. He acknowledged offering Todd \$10 or \$100 if necessary for Moore's release. He claimed that Todd refused the money.

POCKET PICKING

The Charge on Which an East Liver-
pool Resident Was Arrested in
Toronto.

Jake Neary, who, it is thought, picked a woman's pocket in this city a few weeks ago, and who is well known here by the police, was arrested in Toronto yesterday afternoon on a charge of pocket picking.

Officer Dawson posted the Toronto police and they only needed to watch him a short time to discover him at work.

Attempted Suicide.

Sebring, May 12.—(Special).—Mrs. Carrie Stradling, 40 years of age, attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of laudanum. Her condition was soon discovered, and physicians a stomach pump and antidotes brought her safely through. Mrs. Stradling is in poor circumstances.

woman at the expiration of two months went to a children's home, secured a baby and going home heralded the false report of having given birth to a baby girl. The officers of the town immediately sent her word that she would be taken into custody again as soon as she recovered from her sickness. Fearing that they would make their word good, she decided to get rid of the adopted child and leave this part of the country. It is said that she strangled the baby to death, cast it into the river and then, together with her husband, left for parts unknown.

The act of the woman, it is alleged, was committed one day last week and she left the East End on last Friday. This is taken as a possible clue to the murder of the child found near the power house.

The couple still have their property, and if they made any effort to dispose of it no one is aware of the fact.

Detective McGovern, of Pittsburg, who gained universal notoriety by the fight with the Biddle brothers, and another renowned detective, were in the city all day yesterday, and it is thought that they might have been working on the case. They spent some time in a local restaurant and made a number of inquiries, but nothing could be gained from them.

A LARGE VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD

MRS. HENRY HETZEL RECOVERS
\$6,500 DAMAGES.

Injured in a Wreck Near Conneville
in 1903, She Has Been
Ill Ever Since.

The damage suit brought by Mrs. Henry Hetzel in the courts of Allegheny county against the Pennsylvania railroad company, was settled out of court yesterday at Pittsburg by Mr. Hetzel and Attorney George E. Davidson. Mrs. Hetzel will receive \$6,500, and the court costs will be borne by the railway company.

Mrs. Hetzel was injured in a wreck on the company's lines between Pittsburg and Conneville in January, 1903. She has never recovered from the shock and was permanently injured in the smashup. The lady has been in a sanitarium nearly all of the time since the accident, and arrived in the city this week for a temporary stay here.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF C. & P. ROAD

Officials Making a Tour of the Railway
Main Line and Its
Branches.

The annual inspection of all the divisions of the Cleveland & Pittsburg road is now being made by the officials of the road. A special inspection car yesterday went over the division from New Philadelphia to Cleveland, and today from Rochester to Wellsville. Tomorrow the road from Wellsville to Powhattan will be gone over, after which all other divisions will be inspected.

The inspection party is composed of Supt. T. B. Hamilton and assistants, Trainmaster A. J. Dawson and assistants, George LeBontillier, engineer of maintenance of way, and assistants, with all supervisors, Joseph G. Moore, division operator, and Samuel D. Noragon, road foreman of engines.

Luncheon was taken by the party at Wellsville, and they will remain there over night, leaving for Bellaire in the morning.

The party stopped at the East Liverpool passenger station for an hour this afternoon and made a close inspection of the conditions in that vicinity. It is thought the officials were considering the enlargement of the depot.

Salem Men Interested.

Columbus, May 12.—(Special).—The Eastern Ohio Oil and Gas company, organized under the laws of Arizona, with \$100,000 capital stock, has qualified under the laws of Ohio, with Salem as headquarters for this state. A. W. Taylor, E. Taylor and E. E. Hanna are the officers. The company proposes to operate in and about Phoenix, Arizona.

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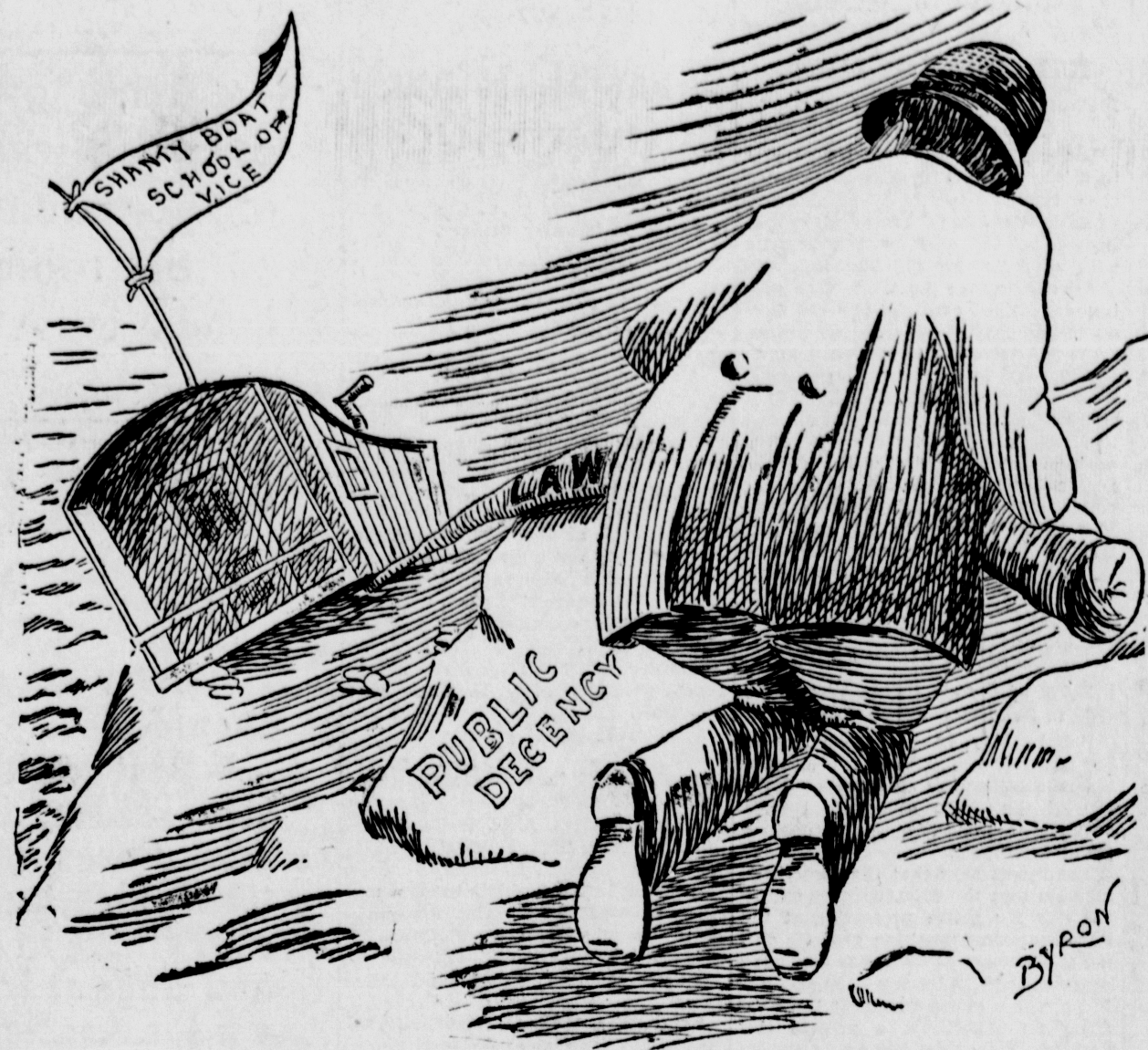
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Relieve a Swelling.

Washington, May 12.—(Special).—An operation was made on Secretary Taft today to remove a swelling in his throat caused by tonsillitis.

He is expected to recover speedily.

Called to Sebring.

President Thomas J. Duffy, of the N. B. of O. P., left this morning for Sebring. He has been called upon to settle a minor dispute about the dipers who are working day wage.

A NEW DEPOT ON THE OLD SITE

The C. & P. Would Lose Much By a
Change of Loca-
tion.

FREIGHT STATION OPPOSITE

One of the most absurd stories enforced on the public was one in a morning paper, "authentically" announcing the intention of the C. & P. Railroad company to erect a passenger station at the foot of Market street, next door to the property of J. H. Simms. Those in a position to know the facts denounce the story as a bunch of "air" without the least foundation.

As a matter of fact the new depot, when the railroad company gets ready to erect one, will be located on the same site now in use. The company has been dickering for a long time to get control of the adjoining property, and it is assured that the negotiations will close before long. The company would not be shallow-brained enough to release the site now in its possession and go two blocks west, when the conditions at the foot of Market street would not help its interests in the least.

The moment the company abandons the present site as a passenger depot it loses all right to the location. When the site was turned over to the company by the late A. M. Davidson and others it was with the provision that the land should revert back to the property holders when deserted for passenger station purposes. The company has already purchased two vacant lots near the depot with no other intention than to enlarge the depot.

Plans were made months ago to erect a freight station on the south side of the tracks, opposite the passenger depot, and the company proposes to have its business concentrated to one spot, as nearly as possible. There has been considerable filling in made for the freight station and it is likely that this work will be finished as soon as possible.

ALLISON WON ON NOTE SUIT

Chester Man Gets a Verdict for \$1,007
in Action Against
Falcon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The jury in the case of Oscar O. Allison, of Chester, W. Va., vs. Joseph S. Falcon, of Hanover township, brought in a verdict of \$1,007.31 for the plaintiff at 8 o'clock last evening, after having been out less than an hour. The verdict was for the full amount sued for with interest, the promissory note for \$1,054 on which the suit was brought having been reduced by two \$50 payments.

It was found that the note had not been raised, as the defendant claimed, from \$54 to \$1,054 by J. C. Lewis, to whom it was originally given.

STARTLING CHARGES MADE AGAINST MISSING COUPLE

Former East End Residents Are Accused of
Robbery, Forgery and
Murder.

MAY EXPLAIN RECENT INFANTICIDE CASE

One of the most sensational stories that has come to the surface in many a day has been going the rounds in East End since the early part of last week. It pertains to a man and woman who own property in that end of the city, but the whereabouts of whom are not known at present. They are alleged to be guilty of murdering an infant, and it is thought not unlikely that the unidentified babe found in the river a few days ago was their victim.

The story gained circulation through neighbors. According to them the parties implicated are well known, but their reputation is cloudy. In substance the tale related is as follows: The wife was arrested more than two months ago in a Pennsylvania town on a charge of robbery and forgery. She was placed in jail, but adopted a clever ruse by which her liberty was gained. She told the jailer and other officials that she was to become a mother in two months and pleaded so strongly with them that they consented to allow her to go home for the time being. Her story was concocted simply for the purpose of getting out of jail and she knew she must carry out the game at all hazards or again be locked up.

Resorting to desperate means the

B. F. HARKER TO BE THE NEW MANAGER

Resigns From Laughlin Company to
Take Charge of Taylor, Smith
& Taylor Plant.

Benjamin F. Harker, who has been connected with the Homer Laughlin China company for a number of years, has tendered his resignation to that concern, effective June 1, when he will become permanently identified with the Taylor, Smith & Taylor pottery. Mr. Harker has purchased stock from C. A. Smith, W. L. Smith and J. N. Taylor and will be general manager of the plant.

W. L. Taylor will remain proprietor of the plant and Homer J. Taylor will retain his present position. It is the object of the Taylor, Smith & Taylor company to increase its business and to do so it will employ the best men in the country. The company wants brains and skill and will get both at any cost.

INTERFERENCE WITH OFFICER TODD

Case of William Johnston Heard By
the Mayor, Who Reserved
His Decision.

The first hearing in the case of Officer Todd against the three men, who he alleges, interfered with him on last Saturday afternoon while he was arresting Eliza Moore, took place yesterday afternoon in the council chamber before Mayor Weaver. The defendant was William Johnston. He was represented by Attorney W. B. Hill. The mayor has not given his decision in the case, but will likely bind the defendant over to court.

The testimony was conclusive that Todd had been interfered with, but there was little to prove that Johnston had participated. He acknowledged offering Todd \$10 or \$100 if necessary for Moore's release. He claimed that Todd refused the money.

POCKET PICKING

The Charge on Which an East Liver-
pool Resident Was Arrested in
Toronto.

Jake Neary, who, it is thought, picked a woman's pocket in this city a few weeks ago, and who is well known here by the police, was arrested in Toronto yesterday afternoon on a charge of pocket picking.

Officer Dawson posted the Toronto police and they only needed to watch him a short time to discover him at work.

Attempted Suicide.

Sebring, May 12.—(Special).—Mrs. Carrie Stradling, 40 years of age, attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of laudanum. Her condition was soon discovered, and physicians, a stomach pump and antidotes brought her safely through. Mrs. Stradling is in poor circumstances.

woman at the expiration of two months went to a children's home, secured a baby and going home heralded the false report of having given birth to a baby girl. The officers of the town immediately sent her word that she would be taken into custody again as soon as she recovered from her sickness. Fearing that they would make their word good, she decided to get rid of the adopted child and leave this part of the country. It is said that she strangled the baby to death, cast it into the river and then, together with her husband, left for parts unknown.

The act of the woman, it is alleged, was committed one day last week and she left the East End on last Friday. This is taken as a possible clue to the murder of the child found near the power house.

The couple still have their property, and if they made any effort to dispose of it no one is aware of the fact.

Detective McGovern, of Pittsburg, who gained universal notoriety by the fight with the Biddle brothers, and another renowned detective, were in the city all day yesterday, and it is thought that they might have been working on the case. They spent some time in a local restaurant and made a number of inquiries, but nothing could be gained from them.

A LARGE VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD

MRS. HENRY HETZEL RECOVERS
\$6,500 DAMAGES.

Injured in a Wreck Near Conneville
in 1903, She Has Been
Ill Ever Since.

The damage suit brought by Mrs. Henry Hetzel in the courts of Allegheny county against the Pennsylvania railroad company, was settled out of court yesterday at Pittsburg by Mr. Hetzel and Attorney George E. Davidson. Mrs. Hetzel will receive \$6,500, and the court costs will be borne by the railway company.

Mrs. Hetzel was injured in a wreck on the company's lines between Pittsburg and Conneville in January, 1903. She has never recovered from the shock and was permanently injured in the smashup. The lady has been in a sanitarium nearly all of the time since the accident, and arrived in the city this week for a temporary stay here.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF C. & P. ROAD

Officials Making a Tour of the Railway
Main Line and Its
Branches.

The annual inspection of all the divisions of the Cleveland & Pittsburg road is now being made by the officials of the road. A special inspection car yesterday went over the division from New Philadelphia to Cleveland, and today from Rochester to Wellsville. Tomorrow the road from Wellsville to Powhatan will be gone over, after which all other divisions will be inspected.

The inspection party is composed of Supt. T. B. Hamilton and assistants, Trainmaster A. J. Dawson and assistants, George LeBoutillier, engineer of maintenance of way, and assistants, with all supervisors, Joseph G. Moore, division operator, and Samuel D. Noragon, road foreman of engines.

Luncheon was taken by the party at Wellsville, and they will remain there over night, leaving for Bellaire in the morning.

The party stopped at the East Liverpool passenger station for an hour this afternoon and made a close inspection of the conditions in that vicinity. It is thought the officials were considering the enlargement of the depot.

Salem Men Interested.

Columbus, May 12.—(Special).—The Eastern Ohio Oil and Gas company, organized under the laws of Arizona, with \$100,000 capital stock, has qualified under the laws of Ohio, with Salem as headquarters for this state. A. W. Taylor, E. Taylor and E. E. Hanna are the officers. The company proposes to operate in and about Phoenix, Arizona.

Among the Potteries and Allied Industries

CERAMIC APPROPRIATION.

A number of local people, among them John Sant, have received letters from Edward Orton, Jr., of the department of ceramics at the Ohio State university, explaining the attitude of the faculty as to the appropriations asked of the legislature. The compliment to Columbiana county's representatives, particularly Mr. Hill, and local manufacturers is well deserved. The letter follows:

Having taken the liberty of several times appealing to you for your aid and influence during the past 40 days, in regard to securing better quarters for the department of ceramics, it now seems proper to inform you of the successful result of the movement, and to make acknowledgement of my gratitude for your aid.

There would have been no difficulty in securing an appropriation for this purpose from the legislature had not the matter been complicated by the loss of the chemical building by fire. This required that at least \$100,000 of the \$200,000 that the state was willing to give should be used in replacing this structure.

There were a number of pressing needs of the university to be considered, and if only \$200,000 could be obtained, it seemed wise to the management to remedy a number of these needs, rather than spend all of the remaining \$100,000 on one item. So the mining and clayworking interests were thus at once put in the position of being obliged to secure the money for their building, in addition to what the house finance committee had already indicated as the best they could do.

In spite of these depressing prospects, the representatives of the mineral producing counties of the state went vigorously to work. They soon secured an amendment to the house bill, adding \$60,000 for a school of mines and ceramics, and but for exciting dangerous antagonisms, which might have imperiled the other interests of the university, they could easily have insisted on a still larger amount. When the matter reached the senate, \$25,000 more was added to this amount, making \$85,000, which will be sufficient for the building, though not enough to provide equipment also. The house made some little objection to concurring in the senate amendments, but finally they were accepted without alteration so far as this matter is concerned. The governor removed the last uncertainty by approving the appropriation bill, so that the matter is now a law.

I wish to place upon record my deep sense of obligation to all who took part in this movement. The promptness, the warmth of interest shown, the active personal efforts put forth by clay manufacturers all over Ohio, the avalanche of letters, telegrams, telephone messages and personal visits which followed the opening of this campaign and continued to the end, were without parallel in any similar educational or industrial movement in recent years. It was a most eloquent and convincing vote of confidence on the part of the clay industries of Ohio in the work which is being done in the department of ceramics, and the building will stand as a permanent evidence of the bond of sympathy and good will between the clay workers of Ohio and the university.

I wish also to say that your representatives in the legislature deserve your sincere thanks. Although not personally interested in clay working,

THIS OUGHT TO CONVINCE

Will Reed Will Pay For Hyomei Himself When It Fails to Cure Catarrh.

"If I only knew it to be true, I would not hesitate a moment." This is a thought the average person has when reading the claims of some of the medicines that are advertised as cures for catarrh.

The results from the use of Hyomei are so remarkable in the cure of catarrh, that they seem beyond belief. The fact, though, that Will Reed, one of the best known druggists in this section, has so much confidence in the power of Hyomei to cure catarrh that he sells it under his personal guarantee to refund the money if the purchasers can say that it did not help them, ought to convince the most skeptical that Hyomei can be relied upon to cure all catarrhal troubles, no matter how serious or deep-seated.

The complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of a neat inhaler that can be carried in the purse or pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei costs only one dollar. Additional bottles of Hyomei can be procured for fifty cents, making it the most economical of treatments.

Catarrhal colds, which are so common at this season of the year, have been cured in a day. Mild cases of catarrh that have become chronic are frequently cured in a week or ten days. Now is the time to begin the use of Hyomei, remembering that Will Reed sells every package on a positive guarantee to refund the money if it fails to cure.

they made your case their own, almost without exception, and they won at your instigation a case which at first seemed well-nigh hopeless, and which was not finally past the dangerous point until within a few hours of adjournment. Their courage and persistence are worthy of recognition. I urge you to complete your good work by writing them your thanks, for with any less prompt and willing co-operation the matter would have failed.

In conclusion let me say that I see in the history of this case something of great promise to the mineral industries of Ohio. We have no gold or silver or rare mineral wealth. We have only the plain work-a-day minerals, coal, iron, clay and stone. But these are fundamental to industrial growth, and infinitely exceed in value the showier kinds. They are valuable in another way, for they cannot be exploited except as the result of technical skill.

To develop such mineral deposits as ours, means that first we must develop ourselves. So long as we retain the intellectual leadership in the mineral industry, so long will we retain the commercial supremacy. And only by such organizations as the university affords can we attain the highest progress and greatest control.

In making this school of mines building a possibility you have taken a long step ahead. You have put into our hands the opportunity to make the university known as a center of knowledge in these lines. And in providing for the rising generation a chance to enter life adequately equipped for its problems, you have taken the surest path to maintain the honor and prosperity of your state.

With grateful acknowledgements, I am, Yours truly,

EDWARD ORTON, JR.

THE PICNIC DATE.

The N. B. of O. P. picnic committee, composed of Secretary Menze, Second Vice President William Elder and Treasurer John Woods has selected Saturday, June 4, as the day for the big event. The committee held a meeting a few nights ago to start the preparations for the outing and were able to fix the date now that the railroad company has given assurance that trains will be provided. Another meeting will be held some night next week, at which it is probable that the necessary sub-committees will be appointed. The picnic this year will be a great affair if the plans do not miscarry. An effort will be made to interest the operatives in all the towns of the western district, and where possible special excursion trains will be provided. The picnic last year was a great success and the same general plan for entertainment will likely be followed out. There will be ball games and other athletic contests, good music, dancing, etc.

TAKING PICTURES.

Robert Parker, a well known young decorator, who went to Carrollton several months ago to accept a situation in the pottery there, has established a photograph gallery and is doing well. Parker has been a member of the local amateur photographers' association and has been very successful with his pictures.

WILL MOVE HERE.

Will Simpson, boss warehouseman at the Toronto plant, will make his home in this city after the first of next month, but will continue in his position, going back and forth every working day.

POTTERY NOTES.

O. Jackson, cup juggerman at Hall's, has been laid off for several days.

Will Shillings, cup juggerman at the K. T. & K., has purchased a home in Oakland and moved there a few days ago.

Slick Wooley, of Hall's, has returned to work after an illness of several days.

Will Maple and Dan McKinnon, of McNicol's, had a pleasant and profitable fishing trip up Little Beaver creek Tuesday. They caught some nice bass.

PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Chief Executive Will Spend Summer at Oyster Bay Home.

Washington, May 12.—The president will go to Oyster Bay about July 1, remaining there until after he receives the official notification of the choice of the Republican convention. Then he expects to return to Washington for a stay of two or three weeks, returning then to Oyster Bay and remaining there until shortly after the middle of September.

It is announced that the president will not receive any delegations at Oyster Bay and that he will only receive those visitors on political matters who come through the national committee. All other visitors to be received at Oyster Bay will be limited to those whose missions are on official business.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages."

Sold by Will Reed.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢
At all stores, or by mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

NOT GUILTY OF LIBEL.

Plaintiff in Celebrated Case Unable to Secure Redress.

London, May 12.—A sensational libel suit brought by the well-known race horse owner, R. S. Slevier, against Sir James Duke, also well known on the turf, was concluded with a verdict for Sir James.

Slevier charged the latter with calling him a thief, card sharper and murderer and that Slevier caused his famous mare Sceptre to be pulled in the derby. Sir James pleaded privilege, as the statements were made within the Raleigh club, but he endeavored to show that Slevier's character was such that he could not be libeled. The jury decided that Sir James had not committed any libel and mulcted Slevier in the costs of the suit. Slevier, who was remarkably cool throughout the case, broke down towards the end of his counsel's speech and sobbed bitterly.

EXPENDED ILLEGALLY.

\$150,000 of Buffalo Funds Were Paid to Police Exposition There.

Buffalo, May 12.—At a meeting of the board of councilmen, the committee to consider the charge that \$200,000 of the city's money had been squandered, or illegally expended, made its report.

The report says that the committee believes that the \$150,000 paid out by the city for police protection at the Pan-American exposition grounds during the summer of 1901 was expended illegally, the city having no more right to pay for a police force for the Pan-American exposition, a private corporation, than they have to organize and pay for a police force for any other private corporation.

17 AMERICANS KILLED.

Yankee Soldiers Ambushed by Moros on Mindanao Island.

Manila, May 12.—Lieutenant Winfield Harper and 39 men of F company of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, were caught on May 8 in an ambush by several hundred Moros. Two American officers and 15 men were killed and five men were wounded. The ambush occurred at Simpatem, on the east shore of Lake Liguasan, island of Mindanao.

The officers killed in the ambush were First Lieutenant Harry A. Woodruff and Second Lieutenant Joseph H. Hall, both of the Seventeenth Infantry.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted, as before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold is averted off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. Sold by Alvin H. Balger.

Traveling is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much, suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. George E. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes: "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure."

Sold by Will Reed.

Warships Leave St. Louis.

St. Louis, May 12.—The United States gunboat Nashville and the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence, which have been here for 12 days in honor of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase exposition, have departed for New Orleans.

Canadians Seize American Nets.

Port Stanley, Ont., May 12.—Captain Dunn of the Dominion government cruiser Petrel seized 118 gill nets being illegally used in Canadian waters in Lake Erie. The nets were confiscated and sold.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY, undersigned, being the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Sold by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Over 5,000 circulation daily shows which is the favorite home newspaper.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE MISSIONS

A Big Meeting of Steubenville District Societies In This City.

ON MAY 31 AND JUNE 1

An Attractive Program Arranged for the Convention of the District Workers of the M. E. Church Woman's Missionary Society.

The program of the annual convention of the Woman's Home Missionary society of Steubenville district was sent out yesterday. The sessions will be held in the First M. E. church of this city on May 31 and June 1.

There will be delegates and visitors at the convention from all parts of the state, and the members of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the First M. E. church of this city are making arrangements for their entertainment.

The program follows:

Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional exercises—Mrs. B. Har-ker, East End.

Address of welcome—Mrs. Frank Crook, president of W. H. M. S., East Liverpool.

Enrollment of delegates.

Minutes.

Reception of fraternal delegates.
Music, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown"—Mrs. A. R. Wells, Wells-ville, and Mrs. H. R. Haines, East Liv-erpool.

"Letting in the Light Is the Old and Only Way of Driving Out the Dark-ness"—Mrs. William McCormack, Wells-ville.

Music—Dr. S. P. Lloyd and Miss Lloyd.

"The Open Door to Opportunity"—Mrs. Stella Randall, East End.

Solo—Mrs. E. W. Fowler, East Liv-erpool.

"Our Country"—Miss Edith Norris, Wells-ville.

Music, piano and violin duet—Misses Fanny and Florence Schmelzenbach, Erie M. E. Aux., East End.

"The Ideal Home Missionary Woman in the Community"—Mrs. Sarah Dawson, East End, Aux.

Music—Mrs. T. H. Silver, Wells-ville.

Report of district officers.
W. H. M. S. and Young People's Work—Mrs. E. S. Haughton, Martin's Ferry.

The Deaconess—Mrs. Ida B. McCo-ney, Wells-ville.

Benediction—Rev. M. B. Pratt.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
Devotional exercises—Mrs. Henry Goodwin, assisted by Chinese pupils, East Liverpool.

Greeting—Dr. M. B. Pratt, pastor First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

Violin solo—Miss Lida B. Kountz; accompanist, Mrs. Arthur Hill, East Liverpool.

Address by conference secretary—Young People's Work—Mrs. Inez Bon-sall, Salem.

Solo—Mrs. William Caldwell, Steu-benville.

"Yesterday, Today and the Bright Tomorrow of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Anna M. Halstead, Steubenville, Music.

Recitation—Miss Laura Wallover, Steubenville.

Address—Mrs. N. W. Bass, national organizer.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

Silver offering.

Benediction—Dr. J. M. Toland, Wells-ville.

Wednesday, 8:45 a. m.
Devotional exercises—Miss Alpha Lanny.

Holloway Deaconess' home, Bridge-port, O.

Reading of minutes.

Enrollment of delegates.

Appointment of committees.

Solo—Mrs. James McCracken, Steu-benville.

Report of auxiliaries.

Music—Mrs. Thomas Silver, Wells-ville.

"Our Country, the World's Greatest Mission Field"—Miss Florence Upde-graft, East Liverpool.

"Our Southern Work"—Mrs. D. M. Gruber, Steubenville.

"The Lord's Tenth a Religious Tax"—Mrs. J. R. Keyes, Martin's Ferry.

"Where Hast Thou Gleaned Today?"—Mrs. S. M. Snediker, Wells-ville.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

"Mormonism"—Mrs. Harry E. Buch-anan, Steubenville.

"The Past, Present and Future of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Stephen Clark, Mingo Junction.

Music—Quartet of First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

"Deaconess' Work at Holloway Home"—Mrs. Josie Hilman, Bridge-port.

Collection.

Benediction—Dr. C. E. Manchester, Steubenville.

Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional services—Visiting pas-tors.

Report of committees.

Election of officers.

Music, duet—Mrs. William Caldwell and Mrs. James McCracken, Steuben-ville.

Miscellaneous business.

Question box, conducted by Mrs. N. W. Bass.

Discussion, "What Is the Greatest

Tumble Down Sale

Now On in Full Blast.

The greatest Bargains ever realized in the history of the trade in this city.

Six rooms crowded with goods must be emptied at once.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE?

Your neighbor is, and you should also.

Sideboards, Buffets, Extension Tables, Chairs, Chiffoniers, Book Cases, Library Tables, Center Tables, Rockers, Couches, and everything in Carpets, Druggets and Rugs at fractions of their full value. Nothing excluded—everything sacrificed.

Follow the Crowds

THE MOORE FURNITURE CO.

Smith Building,
East Market St.

BY HORN SWITCH.

Need of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Steubenville District?—Opened by district president, followed by brief remarks from visiting pastors and others.
Hymn—"God Be With Us Till We Meet Again."
Benediction.

Laundry Purity with all it implies, depends on the soap you use. If you have been using one of the ordinary cheap brands of yellow laundry soap, you haven't had pure soap. EASY TASK SOAP is one of another color, it's white; it's pure—made from coconut oil and borax. It has no rosin, no alkali. Get a 5 cent bar of EASY TASK at your grocer's.

COURT ORDERS

Issued in Relation to a Number of Cases Pending in Common Pleas.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—In the foreclosure case of Calvin Shreve, administrator of the estate of Aaron Beck, deceased, vs. Elizabeth and James S. Rees, a default judgment of \$226.17 has been rendered for the

MAKES WORK EASIER

East Liverpool People are Pleased to Learn How it is Done.

It's pretty hard to attend to duties with a constantly aching back. With annoying urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills make work easier.

They cure backache.

They cure every kidney ill.

Charles Smith, of 198 Fourth street, letter carrier, says: "I contracted cold which settled in my kidneys and caused such severe pain across the small of my back that I could scarcely get around my trip. I thought it would wear off, but as it did not, but grew worse, I got Doan's Kidney Pills at the W. & V. Pharmacy and took them. The result was the pain soon left me and I am all right again."

Sold for 50 cents a box by all dealers. Foster-Milburn company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

ICE CREAM

Try our delicious soda water.

Finest line of candies in the city at

Harrison's Confectionery
In the Diamond.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. Sold and 21¢ at Druggists.

plaintiff. The amount was found to be due on a promissory note secured by a mortgage on lots 67, 78 and 4 in the village of Guilford, Hanover township, and in default of payment the sheriff is authorized to sell this real estate to satisfy the claim.

In the case of the Pettebone Cataract Paper company vs. the Crisis Publishing company, leave is given the Cleveland Paper Manufacturing company to file answer by May 25.

In the divorce case of Jennie Fogle vs. George Fogle, the plaintiff is allowed alimony of \$35 down and \$10 a month, beginning June 1, during the pendency of the suit.

In the case of Bert Gregory vs. E. G. Whitacre, leave is given the defendant to file answer and cross petition instantly.

In the case of John B. Morgan, administrator, vs. Charles Zimmerman, a motion to the petition has been overruled and the defendant has leave to answer by May 21.

In the case of Harrison Rinehart vs. the city of Wells-ville, leave is given the defendant to file answer and cross petition instantly.

In the case of Adda F. McKinney vs. the United Power company, the plaintiff has leave to reply instantly.

In the case of John W. Rutledge vs. Joseph F. Faloon, leave is given the plaintiff to reply instantly.

Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and can safely be given to children.

Sold by Will Reed.



They All Admire

the beauty and brilliance of a room illuminated by electricity. It saves work, too, for the room will be clean and there won't be any grease or smell. The Electric Light recommends itself by its excellence.

The Ceramic City Light Co.,
177 Washington Street.

The Owl

DINING HALL

FINEST LUNCH
IN THE CITY

Meals At All Hours

J. C. Walters, Prop.

257-259 Broadway.

Fresh Meat

That is the only kind we keep. We give you the kind of meat you want and cut to your liking.



Nice juicy steak, young lamb, clean sweet pork.
Call us up by 'phone and your order will receive prompt attention

Edward Palmer,
179 Avondale St.,
C. C. 'Phone 617—Ring 2.

Spring Is Here

Your house cleaning will not be complete without new wall paper. Have your

PAPER HANGING

Done by an experienced paper hanger. All work guaranteed.

G. F. MULLIGAN,
125 MOSHORE ST.

NOTICE!

If you are wise and want a well drilled or coal field tested, you will see

GEORGE M. RAMBO,
of Maplewood, Calcutta Road, and let him show you a sample of his work. Get the best, it will cost no more if you get the right one to drill for you. Box 133, East Liverpool, O.

Among the Potteries and Allied Industries

CERAMIC APPROPRIATION.

A number of local people, among them John Sant, have received letters from Edward Orton, Jr., of the department of ceramics at the Ohio State university, explaining the attitude of the faculty as to the appropriations asked of the legislature. The compliment to Columbiana county's representatives, particularly Mr. Hill, and local manufacturers is well deserved. The letter follows:

Having taken the liberty of several times appealing to you for your aid and influence during the past 40 days, in regard to securing better quarters for the department of ceramics, it now seems proper to inform you of the successful result of the movement, and to make acknowledgement of my gratitude for your aid.

There would have been no difficulty in securing an appropriation for this purpose from the legislature had not the matter been complicated by the loss of the chemical building by fire. This required that at least \$100,000 of the \$200,000 that the state was willing to give should be used in replacing this structure.

There were a number of pressing needs of the university to be considered, and if only \$200,000 could be obtained, it seemed wise to the management to remedy a number of these needs, rather than spend all of the remaining \$100,000 on one item. So the mining and clayworking interests were thus at once put in the position of being obliged to secure the money for their building, in addition to what the house finance committee had already indicated as the best they could do.

In spite of these depressing prospects, the representatives of the mineral producing counties of the state went vigorously to work. They soon secured an amendment to the house bill, adding \$50,000 for a school of mines and ceramics, and but for exciting dangerous antagonisms, which might have imperiled the other interests of the university, they could easily have insisted on a still larger amount. When the matter reached the senate, \$25,000 more was added to this amount, making \$85,000, which will be sufficient for the building, though not enough to provide equipment also. The house made some little objection to concurring in the senate amendments, but finally they were accepted without alteration so far as this matter is concerned. The governor removed the last uncertainty by approving the appropriation bill, so that the matter is now a law.

I wish to place upon record my deep sense of obligation to all who took part in this movement. The promptness, the warmth of interest shown, the active personal efforts put forth by clay manufacturers all over Ohio, the avalanche of letters, telegrams, telephone messages and personal visits which followed the opening of this campaign and continued to the end, were without parallel in any similar educational or industrial movement in recent years. It was a most eloquent and convincing vote of confidence on the part of the clay industries of Ohio in the work which is being done in the department of ceramics, and the building will stand as a permanent evidence of the bond of sympathy and good will between the clay workers of Ohio and the university.

I wish also to say that your representatives in the legislature deserve your sincere thanks. Although not personally interested in clay working,

THIS OUGHT TO CONVINCE

Will Reed Will Pay For Hyomei Himself When It Fails to Cure Catarrh.

"If I only knew it to be true, I would not hesitate a moment." This is a thought the average person has when reading the claims of some of the medicines that are advertised as cures for catarrh.

The results from the use of Hyomei are so remarkable in the cure of catarrh, that they seem beyond belief. The fact, though, that Will Reed, one of the best known druggists in this section, has so much confidence in the power of Hyomei to cure catarrh that he sells it under his personal guarantee to refund the money if the purchasers can say that it did not help them, ought to convince the most skeptical that Hyomei can be relied upon to cure all catarrhal troubles, no matter how serious or deep-seated.

The complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of a neat inhaler that can be carried in the purse or pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei costs only one dollar. Additional bottles of Hyomei can be procured for fifty cents, making it the most economical of treatments.

Catarrhal colds, which are so common at this season of the year, have been cured in a day. Mild cases of catarrh that have become chronic are frequently cured in a week or ten days. Now is the time to begin the use of Hyomei, remembering that Will Reed sells every package on a positive guarantee to refund the money if it fails to cure.

they made your case their own, almost without exception, and they won at your instigation a case which at first seemed well-nigh hopeless, and which was not finally past the dangerous point until within a few hours of adjournment. Their courage and persistence are worthy of recognition. I urge you to complete your good work by writing them your thanks, for with any less prompt and willing co-operation the matter would have failed.

In conclusion let me say that I see in the history of this case something of great promise to the mineral industries of Ohio. We have no gold or silver or rare mineral wealth. We have only the plain work-a-day minerals, coal, iron, clay and stone. But these are fundamental to industrial growth, and infinitely exceed in value the showier kinds. They are valuable in another way, for they cannot be exploited except as the result of technical skill.

To develop such mineral deposits as ours, means that first we must develop ourselves. So long as we retain the intellectual leadership in the mineral industry, so long will we retain the commercial supremacy. And only by such organizations as the university affords can we attain the highest progress and greatest control.

In making this school of mines building a possibility you have taken a long step ahead. You have put into our hands the opportunity to make the university known as a center of knowledge in these lines. And in providing for the rising generation a chance to enter life adequately equipped for its problems, you have taken the surest path to maintain the honor and prosperity of your state.

With grateful acknowledgements, I am, Yours truly,

EDWARD ORTON, JR.

THE PICNIC DATE.

The N. B. of O. P. picnic committee, composed of Secretary Menge, Second Vice President William Elder and Treasurer John Woods has selected Saturday, June 4, as the day for the big event. The committee held a meeting a few nights ago to start the preparations for the outing and were able to fix the date now that the railroad company has given assurance that trains will be held some night next week, at which it is probable that the necessary sub-committees will be appointed. The picnic this year will be a great affair if the plans do not miscarry. An effort will be made to interest the operatives in all the towns of the western district, and where possible special excursion trains will be provided. The picnic last year was a great success and the same general plan for entertainment will likely be followed out. There will be ball games and other athletic contests, good music, dancing, etc.

TAKING PICTURES.

Robert Parker, a well known young decorator, who went to Carrollton several months ago to accept a situation in the pottery there, has established a photograph gallery and is doing well. Parker has been a member of the local amateur photographers' association and has been very successful with his pictures.

WILL MOVE HERE.

Will Simpson, boss warehouseman at the Toronto plant, will make his home in this city after the first of next month, but will continue in his position, going back and forth every working day.

POTTERY NOTES.

O. Jackson, cup juggerman at Hall's, has been laid off for several days. Will Shillings, cup juggerman at the K. T. & K., has purchased a home in Oakland and moved there a few days ago.

Slack Wooley, of Hall's, has returned to work after an illness of several days.

Will Maple and Dan McKinnon, of McNicol's, had a pleasant and profitable fishing trip up Little Beaver creek Tuesday. They caught some nice bass.

PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Chief Executive Will Spend Summer at Oyster Bay Home.

Washington, May 12.—The president will go to Oyster Bay about July 1, remaining there until after he receives the official notification of the choice of the Republican convention. Then he expects to return to Washington for a stay of two or three weeks, returning then to Oyster Bay and remaining there until shortly after the middle of September.

It is announced that the president will not receive any delegations at Oyster Bay and that he will only receive those visitors on political matters who come through the national committee. All other visitors to be received at Oyster Bay will be limited to those whose missions are on official business.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages." Sold by Will Reed.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢
At all stores, or by mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

NOT GUILTY OF LIBEL.

Plaintiff in Celebrated Case Unable to Secure Redress.

London, May 12.—A sensational libel suit brought by the well-known race horse owner, R. S. Sievier, against Sir James Duke, also well known on the turf, was concluded with a verdict for Sir James.

Sievier charged the latter with calling him a thief, card sharper and murderer and that Sievier caused his famous mare Sceptre to be pulled in the Derby. Sir James pleaded privilege, as the statements were made within the Raleigh club, but he endeavored to show that Sievier's character was such that he could not be libeled. The jury decided that Sir James had not committed any libel and mulcted Sievier in the costs of the suit. Sievier, who was remarkably cool throughout the case, broke down towards the end of his counsel's speech and sobbed bitterly.

EXPENDED ILLEGALLY.

\$150,000 of Buffalo Funds Were Paid to Police Exposition There.

Buffalo, May 12.—At a meeting of the board of councilmen, the committee to consider the charge that \$200,000 of the city's money had been squandered, or illegally expended, made its report.

The report says that the committee believes that the \$150,000 paid out by the city for police protection at the Pan-American exposition grounds during the summer of 1901 was expended illegally, the city having no more right to pay for a police force for the Pan-American exposition, a private corporation, than they have to organize and pay for a police force for any other private corporation.

17 AMERICANS KILLED.

Yankee Soldiers Ambushed by Moros on Mindanao Island.

Manila, May 12.—Lieutenant Winfield Harper and 39 men of F company of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, were caught on May 8 in an ambush by several hundred Moros. Two American officers and 15 men were killed and five men were wounded. The ambush occurred at Simpatan, on the east shore of Lake Liguasan, island of Mindanao.

The officers killed in the ambush were First Lieutenant Harry A. Woodruff and Second Lieutenant Joseph H. Hall, both of the Seventeenth infantry.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be ward off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. Sold by Alvin J. Balger.

Traveling is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much, suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. George E. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes: "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure." Sold by Will Reed.

Warships Leave St. Louis.

St. Louis, May 12.—The United States gunboat Nashville and the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence, which have been here for 12 days in honor of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase exposition, have departed for New Orleans.

Canadians Seize American Nets.

Port Stanley, Ont., May 12.—Captain Dunn of the Dominion government cruiser Petrel seized 118 gill nets being illegally used in Canadian waters in Lake Erie. The nets were confiscated and sold.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LOCAL COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of J. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Over 5,000 circulation daily shows which is the favorite home newspaper.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE MISSIONS

A Big Meeting of Steubenville District Societies In This City.

ON MAY 31 AND JUNE 1

An Attractive Program Arranged for the Convention of the District Workers of the M. E. Church Woman's Missionary Society.

The program of the annual convention of the Woman's Home Missionary society of Steubenville district was sent out yesterday. The sessions will be held in the First M. E. church of this city on May 31 and June 1.

There will be delegates and visitors at the convention from all parts of the state, and the members of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the First M. E. church of this city are making arrangements for their entertainment. The program follows:

Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional exercises—Mrs. B. Barker, East End.

Address of welcome—Mrs. Frank Crook, president of W. H. M. S., East Liverpool.

Enrollment of delegates.
Minutes.
Reception of fraternal delegates.

Music—"Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown"—Mrs. A. R. Wells, Wellsville, and Mrs. H. R. Haines, East Liverpool.

"Letting in the Light Is the Old and Only Way of Driving Out the Darkness"—Mrs. William McCormack, Wellsville.

Music—Dr. S. P. Lloyd and Miss Lloyd.

"The Open Door to Opportunity"—Mrs. Stella Randall, East End.

Solo—Mrs. E. W. Fowler, East Liverpool.

"Our Country"—Miss Edith Norris, Wellsville.

Music, piano and violin duet—Misses Fanny and Florence Schmelzenbach, Erie M. E. Aux., East End.

"The Ideal Home Missionary Woman in the Community"—Mrs. Sarah Dawson, East End, Aux.

Music—Mrs. T. H. Silver, Wellsville.

Report of district officers.
W. H. M. S. and Young People's Work—Mrs. E. S. Haughton, Martin's Ferry.

The Deaconess—Mrs. Ida B. McCoy, Wellsville.

Benediction—Rev. M. B. Pratt.
Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

Devotional exercises—Mrs. Henry Goodwin, assisted by Chinese pupils, East Liverpool.

Greeting—Dr. M. B. Pratt, pastor First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

Violin solo—Miss Lida B. Kountz; accompanist, Mrs. Arthur Hill, East Liverpool.

Address by conference secretary—Young People's Work—Mrs. Inez Bon-sall, Salem.

Solo—Mrs. William Caldwell, Steubenville.

"Yesterday, Today and the Bright Tomorrow of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Anna M. Halstead, Steubenville.

Music.
Recitation—Miss Laura Wallover, Steubenville.

Address—Mrs. N. W. Bass, national organizer.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

Silver offering.
Benediction—Dr. J. M. Toland, Wellsville.

Wednesday, 8:45 a. m.
Devotional exercises—Miss Alpha Lanny.

Holloway Deaconess' home, Bridgeport, O.

Enrollment of delegates.
Appointment of committees.

Solo—Mrs. James McCracken, Steubenville.

Report of auxiliaries.
Music—Mrs. Thomas Silver, Wellsville.

"Our Country, the World's Greatest Mission Field"—Miss Florence Updegraff, East Liverpool.

"Our Southern Work"—Mrs. D. M. Gruber, Steubenville.

"The Lord's Tenth a Religious Tax"—Mrs. J. R. Keyes, Martin's Ferry.

"Where Hast Thou Gleaned Today?"—Mrs. S. M. Snediker, Wellsville.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

"Mormonism"—Mrs. Harry E. Buchanan, Steubenville.

"The Past, Present and Future of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Stephen Clark, Mingo Junction.

Music—Quartet of First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

Deaconess' Work at Holloway Home—Mrs. Josie Hilman, Bridgeport.

Collection.
Benediction—Dr. C. E. Manchester, Steubenville.

Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional services—Visiting pastors.

Report of committees.
Election of officers.

Music, duet—Mrs. William Caldwell and Mrs. James McCracken, Steubenville.

Miscellaneous business.
Question box, conducted by Mrs. N. W. Bass.

Discussion, "What Is the Greatest

Tumble Down Sale

Now On in Full Blast.

The greatest Bargains ever realized in the history of the trade in this city.

Six rooms crowded with goods must be emptied at once.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE?

Your neighbor is, and you should also.

Sideboards, Buffets, Extension Tables, Chairs, Chiffoniers, Book Cases, Library Tables, Center Tables, Rockers, Couches, and everything in Carpets, Druggets and Rugs at fractions of their full value. Nothing excluded—everything sacrificed.

Follow the Crowds

THE MOORE FURNITURE CO.

Smith Building,

East Market St.

BY HORN SWITCH.

Need of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Steubenville District?—Opened by district president, followed by brief remarks from visiting pastors and others.
Hymn—"God Be With Us Till We Meet Again."
Benediction.

Laundry Purity with all it implies, depends on the soap you use. If you have been using one of the ordinary cheap brands of yellow laundry soap, you haven't had pure soap. EASY TASK SOAP is one of another color, it's white; it's pure—made from coconut oil and borax. It has no rosin, no alkali. Get a 5 cent bar of EASY TASK at your grocer's.

COURT ORDERS

Issued in Relation to a Number of Cases Pending in Common Pleas.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—In the foreclosure case of Calvin Shreve, administrator of the estate of Aaron Beck, deceased, vs. Elizabeth and James S. Rees, a default judgment of \$226.17 has been rendered for the

MAKES WORK EASIER

East Liverpool People are Pleased to Learn How it is Done.

It's pretty hard to attend to duties with a constantly aching back. With annoying urinary disorders.

Doan's Kidney Pills make work easier. They cure backache.

They cure every kidney ill. Charles Smith, of 198 Fourth street, letter carrier, says: "I contracted cold which settled in my kidneys and caused such severe pain across the small of my back that I could scarcely get around my trip. I thought it would wear off, but as it did not, but grew worse, I got Doan's Kidney Pills at the W. & W. Pharmacy and took them. The result was the pain soon left me and I am all right again."

Sold for 50 cents a box by all dealers. Foster-Milburn company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and can safely be given to children.

Sold by Will Reed.



They All Admire

the beauty and brilliance of a room illuminated by electricity. It saves work, too, for the room will be clean and there won't be any grease or smell. The Electric Light recommends itself by its excellence.

The Ceramic City Light Co.,
177 Washington Street.

The Owl

DINING HALL

FINEST LUNCH

IN THE CITY

Meals At All Hours

J. C. Walters, Prop.

257-259 Broadway.

Fresh Meat

That is the only kind we keep. We give you the kind of meat you want and cut to your liking.



Nice juicy steak, young lamb, clean sweet pork.

Call us up by phone and your order will receive prompt attention.

Edward Palmer,

179 Avondale St.

C. C. Phone 617-Ring 2.

Spring Is Here

Your house cleaning will not be complete without new wall paper. Have your

PAPER HANGING

Done by an experienced paper hanger. All work guaranteed.

G. F. MULLIGAN,

125 MONROE ST.

NOTICE!

If you are wise and want a well drilled or coal field tested, you will see

GEORGE M. RAMBO,

of Maplewood, Calcutta Road, and let him show you a sample of his work. Get the best, it will cost no more if you get the right one to drill for you.

Box 133,

East Liverpool, O.

J. N. VODREY,

Dentist,

Our Broadway & 5th St.

New Vodrey Bldg.

Office Hours 9 to 12 a m

1 to 5 p m. 7 to 8 p m.

Bell Phone 302--L



Headlights of the Cremo

You see them everywhere—the signal of enjoyment and satisfaction that shines brightly from the face of every Cremo Smoker—5c.

Largest Seller in the World.

The Band is the Smoker's Protection.

was drilled in the summer of 1902, and because of the large number of oil springs found there throughout a long belt parallel to the coast. The well drilled in 1902 yielded petroleum at a depth of about 250 feet. At 350 feet the tools appeared to enter a cavity in the rock and a large flow of oil began spouting many feet above the top of the derrick. The well was immediately capped and was reopened in July, 1903, and drilled deeper. In September, 1903, the depth attained was between 400 and 500 feet, and drilling was still continuing. Four wells were drilled in this region during the summer of 1903 and several more are probably now under way. At last accounts, the only well that had struck oil was the one drilled in 1902. Much activity has been shown in staking claims, but a large proportion of them were located for purely speculative purposes, and are probably out of the oil belt. The petroleum is clearly a refining oil of the same general nature as the Pennsylvania petroleum. It resembles the latter in containing a high proportion of the more volatile compounds, in having a paraffin base, and in carrying almost no sulphur.

Dr. Martin's work consisted of making a study of the relation of the oil sands to the rocks exposed at the surface, mapping the approximate outlines of the oil belt, and determining what portions of it are likely to be of most value. He found that the field is very complex and irregular in its structure and boundaries. No investments should be made or wells located without the best expert advice.

The petroleum of the Cape Taktag field is said to be similar in character to that of the Controller Bay field. Although this field is only about 75 miles east of Controller Bay, no development work has been done there, owing to the difficulty of transporting machinery to the region. The shore line is straight and there is no harbor to afford shelter for any kind of boat. It would be necessary either to land the machinery through the surf on the open coast or to transport it overland from Controller Bay. The lack of roads makes the latter plan impossible at present. Shipments of oil may, however, be made by pipe line along the coast, as it is understood that surveys have been made with such an object in view.

During his month's work on the west shore of Cook Inlet, Dr. Martin made a map of the shore from a point north of Chinitna Bay to the mouth of Iliama Bay, including the shores of Chinitna Bay, Dry Bay, Oil Bay, and Enochkin Bay. This map will show not only the outline of the shore, but the position of the principal mountains, the locations of the camps and trails, and the boundaries of the belt within which petroleum may be looked for. The surface indications of petroleum in this region consist of seepages, or oil springs, and so-called gas springs. Two wells were drilled in this field, one at Oil Bay and one at Dry Bay. The former is reported to have struck a flow of 50 barrels of petroleum at a depth of about 500 feet, but later a strong flow of water was encountered that shut off the flow of oil. The shipment of petroleum from this field would probably be made from Enochkin and Chinitna bays, which are harbors that afford safe anchorage to large vessels in all weather as well as good wharf sites. Ships can, however, anchor in the mouth of Oil Bay and off Dry Bay, except during very bad weather. If docks should be constructed either at Enochkin or Chinitna, it would be necessary to build pipe lines and pumping stations to transfer the product from the field to the shipping point.

While at Cold Bay Dr. Martin made a hasty examination of the oil field. The seepages were found to come from the same Jurassic shales as on Cook Inlet, and the general structure of the bed rock was determined. Two wells were drilled near Cold Bay at the time of Dr. Martin's visit. If petroleum should be discovered in commercial quantities in this region it could be piped from the wells by gravity to Cold Bay and shipped thence to San Francisco or to Puget Sound ports.

Dr. Martin's final report will contain all available information concerning the natural features, geology, and economic prospects of these regions, and will be accompanied by maps showing the harbors, mountain ranges, rivers, and trails, as well as the boundaries of the oil and coal belts.

EAST END

MRS. PALMER MAKES A SERIOUS CHARGE

THINKS SHE WAS SWINDLED BY INSURANCE COLLECTOR.

Funeral of Her Daughter, Who Died Tuesday, Was Held This Afternoon.

The funeral of Delilah Palmer, the 16-year-old girl, who died Tuesday evening in the miserable shack on Dry Run, took place this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. S. F. Lloyd, of the Erie street Methodist church, officiating. The interment was made in Spring Grove cemetery.

Many of the neighbors, who have been helping the stricken family, were present at the services. Around the plain black box that held the body were several beautiful floral offerings, contrasting strangely with the squalor and poverty of the room. Mrs. Palmer, who had borne up bravely during her many trials of the past month, broke down most completely and her grief and that of the little brothers was most pitiable, moving many to tears.

The township trustees provided Mrs. Palmer and the children, save the oldest boy, a lad of about eight years, with suitable clothing to wear at the funeral. The little fellow when he learned that he would have to go to the funeral in his rags wept so bitterly that good clothes were finally found for him.

Neighbors are indignant that such a shack should be rented as a dwelling house. They state that it was in such a terrible condition during the winter that it is a mystery how the occupants kept from freezing during the bitter cold weather. William Barnhart, who lives near, took it on himself to board up some of the worst places, but could do little toward making the hut habitable. The dilapidation of the place certainly beggars description.

Neighbors also state that they will make an investigation of a sensational charge against a former insurance agent, made by Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Palmer states that she had five members of the family insured and that the agent, taking advantage of her inability to read and write, collected \$1 a week from her instead of 50 cents, the correct premium. She claims that the agent took her watch a month ago, promising to credit her with \$6, but instead of doing so came around later and took up the policies.

Athlo-phoros

Stops Rheumatism

Sold by all Druggists. Send for Free Book to The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

CANCER CURED BY LIFE PLANT

While the proprietors of LIFE PLANT have always guaranteed a cure or money refunded, in all cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Stomach and Liver troubles, and all ordinary forms of skin and blood diseases, they have never said that it was a certain cure for Cancer, but that it does cure Cancer is fully established by the following letter:

Gentlemen:—

Eleven years ago a cancer appeared on my left ear. It was small at first, but as it grew with a growth of this kind, it gradually increased in size and severity. One of the cartilages of the ear was entirely eaten away. There was a raw sore on my ear and face as broad as your finger and about two inches long. You can imagine how I suffered.

That eating, gnawing sensation continued without interruption day or night. Occasionally a blood vessel was eaten off and the blood would trickle down my face. For three years I could not be in bed without tying up my face on account of the continued suppuration of the wound. My condition was indeed deplorable, a cancerous, loathsome cancer, eating away my life, inch by inch.

I, of course, sought advice from numerous physicians; I called upon physicians of St. Louis and Cleveland, and was under treatment by local physicians for a number of years. The last physician to whom I talked told me plainly that I would not live four months unless I submitted to an operation. It was then that the good old Rev. Scott told me he thought that Life Plant would help me.

I immediately began taking Life Plant; I had not taken one bottle until the entire sensation lessened. I stopped all other treatment, and have taken nothing but Life Plant since.

I realized that I could not be cured of a disease that had been coming on me for years and had reached the stage of development that my case had, by one or two bottles of Life Plant or any other medicine. I settled down to taking this one remedy, and while I improved from the very beginning, the cancer was not entirely cured for years.

I began taking Life Plant on or about the 10th day of September, 1903, and now I am 57 years of age, and as well as ever, sound in every particular. There is no more cancer, the sore is entirely healed, and nothing but a scar remains to show that my life was once threatened with a deadly cancer.

Now I want to say that in view of the fact that cancer is one of the most severe and stubborn blood diseases known, and in view of the fact that Life Plant cured me, I firmly believe that Life Plant will cure any disease arising from impure blood if the patient will persist in its use as I did. I have said nothing but the truth, and stand ready to back every word with an affidavit if called upon to do so. Wish you success, I am sincerely yours,

JAMES D. MILLS.

Life Plant is for sale by all Druggists, or will be sent anywhere, charges paid, on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle—six bottles for \$5.

THE LIFE PLANT CO., CANTON, OHIO

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

World's Fair Visitors.

Will profit by adding a trip to Colorado, Utah or the Pacific Coast, touring the delightful Rocky Mountain region via the

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

which has more scenic attractions, mountain resorts, mineral springs and fishing grounds than any other line in the world.

The invigorating climate of Colorado makes it especially inviting for a summer vacation. As health resorts, Manitou, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake City are world-famed.

Low excursion rates prevail to Colorado and Utah via all lines, allowing liberal stop-overs at and west of Colorado points.

Through car service from St. Louis and Chicago to Colorado, Utah and California points. Superb dining cars, service a la carte, on all through trains. Beautifully illustrated booklets will be sent free on application to

S. K. HOOPER,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
Denver, - - - Colorado.

THE OIL FIELDS OF ALASKA

Report of Geological Survey Investigation in the Northwestern Territory.

GOOD FLOW OF PETROLEUM

Reported in Wells That Have Been Drilled, the Oil Resembling That of Pennsylvania—The Fields Difficult of Access.

A preliminary report on the petroleum fields of Alaska by Dr. G. C. Martin, of the United States Geological Survey, is included in the Survey's bulletin (No. 225) entitled "Contributions to Economic Geology, 1903." Occurrences of petroleum in Alaska have been known for several years, but Dr. Martin's report is the first scientific publication concerning the oil fields of this region.

Indications of petroleum have been noted at four general localities; all on the southern shore of Alaska, though widely separated. Beginning with the most eastern point they are Cape Yaktag, which is near Mount St. Elias; the shores of Controller Bay, which is at the mouth of the Copper River; the western shore of Cook Inlet; and the Alaska Peninsula, where petroleum is found at many places. During the summer of 1903 Dr. Martin examined the coast of Controller Bay from the Copper River delta as far east as Cape St. Elias. The second month of the season he devoted to study of the oil fields of Cook Inlet, particularly in Enochkin Bay, which is about 320 miles west of Controller Bay. A few days were also spent at Cold Bay, on the Alaska Peninsula, about 160 miles southwest of the Cook Inlet fields. The only general district, therefore, which Dr. Martin did not visit personally was the Cape Yaktag field. His statements about that are necessarily based upon the observations of others. All these regions, except the Cape Yaktag field, may be reached directly from Seattle by steamer.

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FOOS' GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

2 to 80 H. P.

Have for 20 years given perfect satisfaction. Fully Guaranteed.

E. G. DEAN, Agent,

NOVELTY MACHINE WORKS,
Bo h Phones Bell 584 Col. Co. 129 127 Fourth St E. L., O.

SPONGES

Just received a large assortment of all kind of Fine Sponges

Potters' Sponges, Rubber Sponges, Fine Bath Sponges, Etc.

Remember the price is always right when you buy from

C. T. McCutcheon, Druggist

Cor. Virginia Ave. & 2nd St., Chester, W. Va.

Dr. S.W. Hemphill,

Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence: Oakland Switch, East End.

SHOE REPAIRING

Work done neatly and promptly. Best of Leather. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Joseph Cardy's

Penn's Ave., East End, Next Bradman's Grocery.

East End Novelty Store,

DID YOU SAY WALL PAPER?
Well if that's what you're looking for, come in and see me. Don't be persuaded that a little cleaner will make your old paper same as new, that don't sound right. Pull down your old paper and select a nice new paper and then you will make no mistake. Will cost you very little more. Also we keep most everything usually found in a first class novelty store. Don't forget the place, No. 146 Mulberry St., E. E.

W. W. ROACH, Prop.

First Class PAPER HANGING

Done by O. W. SMITH.
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When in East End Call at PRESCOTT'S CAFE
For a good meal or short order. We have a fine line of Confections, Tobaccos and Cigars.

IRWIN'S OLD STAND.

ALL WOMEN

Who wish to retain or regain their health must see to it that functional regularity is established. This is an all-important question and the wife woman will resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the first symptom of any derangement, because she knows it always gives prompt relief. Pains in the Back, Bloating, Vomiting, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Fainting Spells and Sleeplessness are all danger signals which require the Bitters. Try one bottle.

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BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE WILL CURE YOU.

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WELLSVILLE, OHIO

DR. FENNER'S Kidney Backache Cure

AND
A Grand Old Soldier. Troubled With Severe Pains in His Back for 30 Years.

I have been troubled with severe pains in my back and kidneys for over 30 years caused by exposure during the Civil War. I tried many Patent Medicines and physicians but could secure no permanent relief.

A sample bottle of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure was given me and it did me so much good that I finally took several of your dollar sized bottles which effected a prompt and permanent cure.

It is pleasant to take. You may refer any one to me as I shall take great pleasure in recommending it.

HENRY C. CLAYTON,
719 N. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by Druggists, 50c. and \$1. Get Cook Book and Treatise on the Kidneys—FREE. M. M. Fenner, M. D., Fredonia, N. Y.

PURE ICE, YES.

The doctor tells you to boil the water before using it; Why? Because heat kills germs, freezing does not. We do more than that; we condense it from steam, re-boil and filter it, thus destroying all germs so prevalent in ponds and streams of water in thickly populated communities. Use the best; it costs no more than the other kind. Strictly speaking, Hygeia Ice is the only pure ice. Delivered to all parts of the city, East End and river road included.

Prompt service. Quality the best. Bell phone 98. Col. Co. phone 452.

Crockery City Ice Company

SPRING WATER ICE

PURE, CLEAN, WHOLESOME.

Especially suitable for family use. Patrons receive courteous treatment and prompt attention. Ice delivered to any part of the city.

W. A. ANDREWS ICE CO.

Bell Phone No. 500.



Headlights of the Cremo

You see them everywhere—the signal of enjoyment and satisfaction that shines brightly from the face of every Cremo Smoker—5c.

Largest Seller in the World.

The Band is the Smoker's Protection.

was drilled in the summer of 1902, and because of the large number of oil springs found there throughout a long belt parallel to the coast. The well drilled in 1902 yielded petroleum at a depth of about 250 feet. At 350 feet the tools appeared to enter a cavity in the rock and a large flow of oil began spouting many feet above the top of the derrick. The well was immediately capped and was reopened in July, 1903, and drilled deeper. In September, 1903, the depth attained was between 400 and 500 feet, and drilling was still continuing. Four wells were drilled in this region during the summer of 1903 and several more are probably now under way. At last accounts, the only well that had struck oil was the one drilled in 1902. Much activity has been shown in staking claims, but a large proportion of them were located for purely speculative purposes, and are probably out of the oil belt. The petroleum is clearly a refining oil of the same general nature as the Pennsylvania petroleum. It resembles the latter in containing a high proportion of the more volatile compounds, in having a paraffin base, and in carrying almost no sulphur.

Dr. Martin's work consisted of making a study of the relation of the oil sands to the rocks exposed at the surface, mapping the approximate outlines of the oil belt, and determining what portions of it are likely to be of most value. He found that the field is very complex and irregular in its structure and boundaries. No investments should be made or wells located without the best expert advice.

The petroleum of the Cape Yaktag field is said to be similar in character to that of the Controller Bay field. Although this field is only about 75 miles east of Controller Bay, no development work has been done there, owing to the difficulty of transporting machinery to the region. The shore line is straight and there is no harbor to afford shelter for any kind of boat. It would be necessary either to land the machinery through the surf on the open coast or to transport it overland from Controller Bay. The lack of roads makes the latter plan impossible at present. Shipments of oil may, however, be made by pipe line along the coast, as it is understood that surveys have been made with such an object in view.

During his month's work on the west shore of Cook Inlet, Dr. Martin made a map of the shore from a point north of Chinitna Bay to the mouth of Hama Bay, including the shores of Chinitna Bay, Dry Bay, Oil Bay, and Enochkin Bay. This map will show not only the outline of the shore, but the position of the principal mountains, the locations of the camps and trails, and the boundaries of the belt within which petroleum may be looked for. The surface indications of petroleum in this region consist of seepages, or oil springs, and so-called gas springs. Two wells were drilled in this field, one at Oil Bay and one at Dry Bay. The former is reported to have struck a flow of 50 barrels of petroleum at a depth of about 500 feet, but later a strong flow of water was encountered that shut off the flow of oil. The shipment of petroleum from this field would probably be made from Enochkin and Chinitna bays, which are harbors that afford safe anchorage to large vessels in all weather as well as good wharf sites. Ships can, however, anchor in the mouth of Oil Bay and off Dry Bay, except during very bad weather. If docks should be constructed either at Enochkin or Chinitna, it would be necessary to build pipe lines and pumping stations to transfer the product from the field to the shipping point.

While at Cold Bay Dr. Martin made a hasty examination of the oil field. The seepages were found to come from the same Jurassic shales as on Cook Inlet, and the general structure of the bed rock was determined. Two wells were drilled near Cold Bay at the time of Dr. Martin's visit. If petroleum should be discovered in commercial quantities in this region it could be piped from the wells by gravity to Cold Bay and shipped thence to San Francisco or to Puget Sound ports.

Dr. Martin's final report will contain all available information concerning the natural features, geology, and economic prospects of these regions, and will be accompanied by maps showing the harbors, mountain ranges, rivers, and trails, as well as the boundaries of the oil and coal belts.

An influenza epidemic is killing off many horses in Canton. Steubenville expects to get along next year with an 11-mill tax, a reduction of 1.5 mills. A goose belonging to a man named Guiss is dead near Bucyrus. It was taken there 75 years ago from Columbia county.

Brilliant is the only town in this section that has a surplus of houses to rent. Brilliant is without any public works. Bellaire water works improvement bonds of \$20,000 were sold to Noble, Moss & Co., of Detroit, Mich., at a premium of \$665.50. There were twenty-two bids.

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EAST END

MRS. PALMER MAKES A SERIOUS CHARGE

THINKS SHE WAS SWINDLED BY INSURANCE COLLECTOR.

Funeral of Her Daughter, Who Died Tuesday, Was Held This Afternoon.

The funeral of Delilah Palmer, the 16-year-old girl, who died Tuesday evening in the miserable shack on Dry Run, took place this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. S. F. Lloyd, of the Erie street Methodist church, officiating. The interment was made in Spring Grove cemetery.

Many of the neighbors, who have been helping the stricken family, were present at the services. Around the plain black box that held the body were several beautiful floral offerings, contrasting strangely with the squalor and poverty of the room. Mrs. Palmer, who had borne up bravely during her many trials of the past month, broke down most completely and her grief and that of the little brothers was most pitiable, moving many to tears.

The township trustees provided Mrs. Palmer and the children, save the oldest boy, a lad of about eight years, with suitable clothing to wear at the funeral. The little fellow when he learned that he would have to go to the funeral in his rags wept so bitterly that good clothes were finally found for him.

Neighbors are indignant that such a shack should be rented as a dwelling house. They state that it was in such a terrible condition during the winter that it is a mystery how the occupants kept from freezing during the bitter cold weather. William Barnhart, who lives near, took it on himself to board up some of the worst places, but could do little toward making the hut habitable. The dilapidation of the place certainly beggars description.

Neighbors also state that they will make an investigation of a sensational charge against a former insurance agent, made by Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Palmer states that she had five members of the family insured and that the agent, taking advantage of her inability to read and write, collected \$1 a week from her instead of 50 cents, the correct premium. She claims that the agent took her watch a month ago, promising to credit her with \$6, but instead of doing so came around later and took up the policies.

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THE BAR-BEN REMEDIES CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale by JOHN I. HODSON, J. D. HOLLOWAY, C. G. ANDERSON, POTTERS' DRUG CO.

JOHN H. MOORE
The Old Reliable
Water Well Driller
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WELLSVILLE, OHIO

Athlophoros Stops Rheumatism

Sold by all Druggists. Send for Free Book to The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

CANCER CURED BY LIFE PLANT

While the proprietors of LIFE PLANT have always guaranteed a cure or money refunded, in all cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Stomach and Liver troubles, and all ordinary forms of skin and blood diseases, they have never said that it was a certain cure for Cancer, but that it does cure Cancer is fully established by the following letter:

Gentlemen:—NEW CUMBERLAND, O., Nov. 2, 1903.

Eleven years ago a cancer appeared on my left ear. It was small at first, but, as is the case with a growth of this kind, it gradually increased in size and severity. One of the cartilages of the ear was entirely eaten away. There was a raw sore on my ear and face as broad as your finger and about two inches long. You can imagine how I suffered. That eating, gnawing sensation continued without interruption day or night. Occasionally a blood vessel was eaten off and the blood would trickle down my face. For three years I could not be in bed without tying up my face on account of the continued suppuration of the wound. My condition was indeed deplorable; a rancorous, loathsome cancer, eating away my life, inch by inch.

I, of course, sought advice from numerous physicians; I called upon physicians of St. Louis and Cleveland, and was under treatment by local physicians for a number of years. The last physician to whom I talked told me plainly that I would not live four months unless I submitted to an operation. It was then that the good old Rev. Scott told me he thought that Life Plant would help me.

I immediately began taking Life Plant; I had not taken one bottle until the eating sensation lessened. I stopped all other treatment, and have taken nothing but Life Plant since. I realized that I could not be cured of a disease that had been coming on me for years and had reached the stage of development that my case had, by one or two bottles of Life Plant or any other medicine. I settled down to taking this one remedy, and while I improved from the very beginning, the cancer was not entirely cured for years.

I began taking Life Plant on or about the 10th day of September, 1897, and now I am 57 years of age, and as well as ever, sound in every particular. There is no more cancer, the sore is entirely healed, and nothing but a scar remains to show that my life was once threatened with a deadly cancer.

Now I want to say that in view of the fact that cancer is one of the most severe and stubborn blood diseases known, and in view of the fact that Life Plant cured me, I firmly believe that Life Plant will cure any disease arising from impure blood if the patient will persist in its use as I did. I have said nothing but the truth, and stand ready to back every word with an affidavit if called upon to do so. Wishing you success, I am sincerely yours, JAMES D. MILLS.

Life Plant is for sale by all Druggists, or will be sent anywhere, charges paid, on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle—also bottles, \$5.

THE LIFE PLANT CO., CANTON, OHIO

DR. FENNER'S Kidney Backache Cure

AND ALSO PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a lifetime curing just such cases as yours. All consultations are FREE.

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W. A. ANDREWS ICE CO.
Bell 'Phone No. 500.

World's Fair Visitors.

Will profit by adding a trip to Colorado, Utah or the Pacific Coast, touring the delightful Rocky Mountain region via the

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

which has more scenic attractions, mountain resorts, mineral springs and fishing grounds than any other line in the world.

The invigorating climate of Colorado makes it especially inviting for a summer vacation. As health resorts, Manitou, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake City are world-famed.

Low excursion rates prevail to Colorado and Utah via all lines, allowing liberal stop-overs at and west of Colorado points.

Through car service from St. Louis and Chicago to Colorado, Utah and California points. Superb dining cars, service a la carte, on all through trains. Beautifully illustrated booklets will be sent free on application to

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THE OIL FIELDS OF ALASKA

Report of Geological Survey Investigation in the Northwestern Territory.

GOOD FLOW OF PETROLEUM

Reported in Wells That Have Been Drilled, the Oil Resembling That of Pennsylvania—The Fields Difficult of Access.

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

The News Review

Daily Except Sunday.

BRUSH BROS. PROP'S.

LOUIS E. BRUSH, Publisher.

The News Review, Daily, Established 1884. By mail, one year, when paid in advance, \$3.00; six months, \$1.50; three months, 75c; by carrier, \$5.00, ten cents per week. Official Paper of the City of East Liverpool and Columbiana County.

Office 196 Washington Street.

Bell Telephone.

Business Office—No. 12
Editorial Room—No. 12
Columbiana County Telephone.
Business Office—No. 12
Editorial Room—No. 12

CHARLES S. PATTESON,

Manager of Foreign Advertising.
NEW YORK OFFICE—528 Temple Court.
CHICAGO OFFICE—1806 Tribune Bldg.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.
The guaranteed net paid circulation of the Evening News Review and Crisis, excluding copies sent to advertisers and exchanges, returns and spoiled, for the month of April, 1904, was 124,857. Average for month 4,802. The following are the figures for the month:

April 1	3,900
April 2	4,248
April 3	SUNDAY
April 4	4,273
April 5	4,302
April 6	4,308
April 7	4,305
April 8	4,310
April 9	5,025
April 10	SUNDAY
April 11	5,031
April 12	5,019
April 13	5,024
April 14	5,005
April 15	5,002
April 16	4,994
April 17	SUNDAY
April 18	5,010
April 19	5,002
April 20	5,000
April 21	5,004
April 22	5,010
April 23	5,001
April 24	SUNDAY
April 25	5,006
April 26	5,015
April 27	5,011
April 28	5,019
April 29	5,002
April 30	5,047
April 31	SUNDAY
TOTAL	124,857

Columbiana County, State of Ohio, ss. I, William L. Betts, manager of circulation, swear that the above statement is true.

WILLIAM L. BETTS,
Sworn to and subscribed to in my presence this 2d day of May, 1904.
J. S. HILBERT,
Notary Public.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

REPUBLICAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress—James Kennedy.
For Judge of Circuit Court—Peter A. Lamb.
For Common Pleas Judge—W. W. Hols.
For Auditor—Galen A. Sheets.
For Commissioner—Eden Reeder.
For Infirmary Director—George W. Armstrong.

W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, has been nominated for congress by the Republicans to succeed Gen. Charles Dick, elevated to the senate. The nomination concludes one of the most strenuous political contests ever fought in the Nineteenth Ohio district long famous as a political battle ground. Fortunately the battle was a fair and square one, everybody is satisfied with the result, and no bitterness left behind. Mr. Thomas is a young man of ability and a business man of prominence and will add strength to the Ohio delegation in congress, his election being a certainty.

The street cleaners of New York find their occupation dangerous. It is said fully one-third of them have tuberculosis, and no man who follows the work can live over five years. This shows how deadly street dust and dirt are, and how necessary that such a menace to the public health should be removed as promptly and completely as possible.

St. Louis hotel keepers deny that they have formed a combination to boost prices for accommodations. They would be working, not only against the success of the fair, but against their own interests by so doing.

Steuvenville is dissatisfied with the estimate made by the census department regarding her population. It's a wonder, considering the numerous crimes and accidents there, that that town continues to grow at all.

An exchange remarks that the Japs are dissipating the notion that men must be white in order to shoot straight. If that idea ever prevailed, the American Indian certainly dissipated it.

Pennsylvania highwaymen are even stealing the shoes from the feet of their victims. Such talent is wasted in the east. They should go to Missouri and join the Democratic party there.

A learned Philadelphia doctor announces the discovery of a new antidote for rattlesnake poison. He will find it difficult to make it more popular than the old-time standard remedy.

The Democrats are now talking about a dark horse. What is the mat-

Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

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DEATH AN ACCIDENT D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

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GROUNDHOG'S HOLE SEARCHED

Diggers Were Looking for Hand Missing from Corpse on Which There Was Valuable Ring—Relatives Believe Young Man Was Murdered.

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Upon the arrival of the coroner and his jury fully 200 people, coming, as it seemed, from every rock and crevice in the mountain side, surrounded the still roped in section from which the body had been removed.

The first step to be taken was a search in a nearby groundhog's hole for the missing right hand of the dead man, believed to have been carried away by some animal. The dirt was dug away to the end of the hole and sifted through a screen in search of the missing bones and the ring worn on one of the fingers. This was without result.

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Mr. Bullitt said that Dave Raleigh would certainly receive a suitable reward, but as yet the amount had not been decided upon.

Regardless of the jury's verdict of accidental killing it is certain that detectives representing the Pinkerton agency will remain in this section in connection with the case. There is little doubt that the Wentz family believe there was a crime in the death.

D. B. Wentz expressed himself as of the opinion that there had been an encounter before his brother was killed.

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"Shall I accept?" he asked, adding, "It rests entirely with you."

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Silks for Shirt Waist Suits

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Foulards

—24 inches wide, brown, blue, grey, 75c and \$1.

Printed Jap Silks, white grounds with neat colored dot, black, blue, pink or red—60c.

Wash Silks

White Jap Silk, excellent qualities—24 inch 40c; 27 inch 50c; 36 inch 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Natural Shantung Silk

—For suits, waists or coats, 34 inches wide \$1.25.

Champagne Colored Silks

—For coats or shirt waist suits, 24 inch 85c, 36 inch \$1.

Corded Jap Silks

—Black, white and colored, 35c, 50c and 60c.

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Crepe de Chine, beautiful quality, \$1 and \$1.25.

45 inch cream Crepe de Chine \$2.

Crepe de Chine in a few good shades 75c.

Peau de Crepe, 24 inches wide, \$1.

Peau de Cygne, black and colors, 85c and \$1.

19 inch Colored Taffeta, excellent quality, 75c.

19 inch Colored Taffeta 50c.

27 inch Jap Silks, good line of colors, 50c.

Colored Shantung Silks, light blue, navy blue and oyster white, \$1.25.

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FIFTH STREET.

If you are pale, no energy, no ambition, irritable, cross, ugly, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, and see it revitalize your whole system. It will do the business thoroughly. 35 cents, tea or tablet.

The best is the cheapest. The Review is admittedly the best home newspaper.

"Decline of the Gracious" Courtesy.

"There never was a time when people were more lacking in grace," said a dancing master. "A hostess nowadays," he added, "crowds her drawing room or ballroom with a large number of 'undesirables'—that is, people with no pretense to what is vulgarly called a stylish manner. The hostess is not to blame; circumstances compel her to invite these people. But at one time a hostess paid as much attention to her guests' accomplishments in deportment as to their character before inviting them to her house."

"At a private dance how seldom one sees a girl make a graceful courtesy to her partner! Usually she does no more than nod in a way that looks shockingly familiar. As for the men—well, a quarter of a century ago one saw more masculine grace at a clerks' or shop assistants' 'cinderella' than our best bred men are capable of today! But, after the example of the girls, who can wonder at it?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Gladstone Anecdote.

The sarcastic cheer is very common, and I recall one fatal example of its use. Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Hear, hear!" Ironically, Gladstone stopped instantly and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."—Henry Norman in Century.

Japanese Pronunciation.

A like a in father; e like e in men; I like i in pin; o like o in pony; u like oo in book; al as in aisle; el as in weigh; au and o as o in bone; uu as oo in moon. I in the middle of a word and u in the middle or at the end of a word are sometimes almost inaudible.

The consonants are all sounded, at in English; g, however, has only the hard sound, as in "give," although the nasal ng is often heard; ch and s are always soft, as in "check" and "sin," and z before u has the sound of dz. In the case of double consonants each one must be given its full sound.

There are as many syllables as vowels. There is practically no accent.

Be sure to avoid the flat sound of a, which is always pronounced ah.—"A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clements.

Building a House.

In building a house every layer of brick is termed a "course." It is usual to place in the walls upright and horizontal damp proof courses. These ought to be composed of some substance that water cannot penetrate. In this way the walls are mapped out into squares, and the accidental damping of any one square cannot affect the others. Unfortunately, some builders study economy unduly, and their damp proof courses act as effectively as a layer of wet sea sand. Those who intend having a house built should regard the genuineness of the measures adopted to prevent damp as of the very first importance.

Drawing the Disease Out.

The Chinese have a curious custom of trying to cure a sick man. A friend of the patient obtains a straight branch with a few leaves and twigs at the end. On this he hangs a mirror of polished steel, and under that one of the sick man's coats. Then he goes for a short walk, a priest in the meantime performing a ceremony. The coat, being carried in this way, is supposed to draw the disease from the sufferer.

Wives of Russian Priests.

A White Russian priest must be married, but he cannot marry a second time. If his wife dies he must enter a monastery. Hence the Russians tell many stories of the extraordinary means to which the priests resort in guarding the health of their wives. If the priest's consort sneezes, a mild panic ensues in the household.—World's Work.

Consoling Considerations.

"Don't you sometimes think you ought to give more heed to what posterity will think of you?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "it's risky. You are in danger of letting it absorb your attention and forgetting what the assessor and the voters and the political bosses may think of you."—Washington Star.

What She Wore.

Travers—There goes Peterby's wife. He's the fellow I played poker with the other night. Jagway—She looks pretty well dressed. Travers—She ought to be. She's got on my last week's salary.

The Difference.

One—Are you certain that you love the girl? Tuther—Certain? Why, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. One—That's odd. I get the same effect from my tailor's bills.—Judge.

A Dead Circus.

Grandpa—Well, Sammy, where have you been today? Sammy (just back from the Natural History museum).—Oh, we've had a fine time, grandpa. We've been to a dead circus.

To be instructed in the arts softens the character and makes men gentle.—Ovid.



THE FIRST TASTE

of our soda will convince you that it is the best that can be had in this town. If you are tired and need bracing up, try a glass of it. It will refresh you quicker than any drink you can get in the summer. It is made of pure soda, flavored with rich fruit juices. It is just cold enough to be pleasant. Can you imagine anything better than that?

The Potters Drug Store

Barney E. Vale, Mgr.

Cor. Fourth and Market.

SOUTH SIDE

STREET RAILROADERS

Want to Play the Press Baseball Team and a Date Will Be Arranged.

Since the press baseball team has made such a phenomenal record for itself a number of new and inexperienced clubs have aspired to try conclusions with the strong aggregation. It has been customary to suggest that amateurs go and get a reputation before presuming to play with the newspaper crowd, and in a majority of cases this argument has been sufficient to quiet the over confident ones, but it seems that the team representing the East Liverpool and Rock Springs railway employees will not be satisfied until they go down to ignominious defeat at the hands of the scribes.

Manager McConnell, of the press team, is willing to play his men against the railroad men, but is opposed to playing the game on paper or on the street cars. A date will probably be arranged for some time next week.

CLOSING EXERCISES

At the Lawrenceville School—A Most Successful Term Finished.

Prof. James C. Cross has completed a seven months' term at the Lawrenceville school and the closing was appropriately observed there this afternoon. The program consisted of musical and literary numbers by the pupils and others, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by a large number of visitors.

The term has been very successful. Progress has been made by every department of the school, and the pupils and teacher have profited by the work accomplished during the school year. Prof. James Miller, superintendent of the Chester schools, Rev. A. S. Blackmore, pastor of the Chester M. E. church and Hon. John Newell, took part in the program and their addresses were greatly enjoyed.

The school is one of the largest in this section of the state, and it is likely the facilities will be enlarged next year.

CHESTER NOTES.

Because he failed to make note of the move on the part of the city authorities to collect a peddling license from the vendors of all kinds of truck in Chester, Frank Lowe, who sells ice cream in the town, was arraigned before Mayor Mercer yesterday and fined \$8 and costs.

The regular prayer meeting service conducted by the Chester Presbyterian congregation last night was interesting and well attended. The meeting was held at the home of the pastor, Rev

The News Review

Daily Except Sunday.

BRUSH BROS. PROP'S.

LOUIS E. BRUSH, Publisher.

The News Review, Daily, Established 1884. By mail, one year, when paid in advance, \$3.00; six months, \$1.50; three months, 75c; by carrier, \$5.00, ten cents per week. Official Paper of the City of East Liverpool and Columbiana County.

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Bell Telephone.

Business Office—No. 12, Editorial Room—No. 12, Columbiana County Telephone. Business Office—No. 12, Editorial Room—No. 12.

CHARLES S. PATTESON, Manager & Foreign Advertising. NEW YORK OFFICE—528 Tribune Court. CHICAGO OFFICE—1806 Temple Bldg.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

The guaranteed net paid circulation of the Evening News Review and Crisis, including copies sent to advertisers and exchanges, returns and spoiled, for the month of April, 1904, was 124,857. Average for month, 4,802.

The following are the figures for the month:

April 1	3,900
April 2	4,248
April 3	4,273
April 4	4,302
April 5	4,308
April 6	4,305
April 7	4,310
April 8	5,025
April 9	5,025
April 10	SUNDAY, 5,031
April 11	5,019
April 12	5,024
April 13	5,005
April 14	5,005
April 15	4,994
April 16	SUNDAY, 5,010
April 17	5,002
April 18	5,000
April 19	5,000
April 20	5,000
April 21	5,000
April 22	5,000
April 23	5,000
April 24	SUNDAY, 5,006
April 25	5,015
April 26	5,011
April 27	5,019
April 28	5,020
April 29	5,047
April 30	SUNDAY, 5,047
April 31	SUNDAY, 5,047

TOTAL 124,857. Columbiana County, State of Ohio, ss. I, William L. Betts, manager of circulation, swear that the above statement is true.

WILLIAM L. BETTS, Sworn to and subscribed to by me this 2d day of May, 1904. J. S. HILBERT, Notary Public.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

REPUBLICAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress—James Kennedy. For Judge of Circuit Court—Peter A. Lambie. For Common Pleas Judge—W. W. Hole. For Auditor—Galen A. Sheets. For Commissioner—Eden Heeder. For Inferiary Director—George W. Armstrong.

W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, has been nominated for congress by the Republicans to succeed Gen. Charles Dick, elevated to the senate. The nomination concludes one of the most strenuous political contests ever fought in the Nineteenth Ohio district long famous as a political battle ground. Fortunately the battle was a fair and square one, everybody is satisfied with the result, and no bitterness left behind. Mr. Thomas is a young man of ability and a business man of prominence and will add strength to the Ohio delegation in congress, his election being a certainty.

The street cleaners of New York find their occupation dangerous. It is said fully one-third of them have tuberculosis, and no man who follows the work can live over five years. This shows how deadly street dust and dirt are, and how necessary that such a menace to the public health should be removed as promptly and completely as possible.

St. Louis hotel keepers deny that they have formed a combination to boost prices for accommodations. They would be working, not only against the success of the fair, but against their own interests by so doing.

Stuebenville is dissatisfied with the estimate made by the census department regarding her population. It's a wonder, considering the numerous crimes and accidents there, that that town continues to grow at all.

An exchange remarks that the Japs are dissipating the notion that men must be white in order to shoot straight. If that idea ever prevailed, the American Indian certainly disproved it.

Pennsylvania highwaymen are even stealing the shoes from the feet of their victims. Such talent is wasted in the east. They should go to Missouri and join the Democratic party there.

A learned Philadelphia doctor announces the discovery of a new antidote for rattlesnake poison. He will find it difficult to make it more popular than the old-time standard remedy.

The Democrats are now talking about a dark horse. What is the mat-

Constipation

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Foulards

—24 inches wide, brown, blue, grey, 75c and \$1.

Printed Jap Silks, white grounds with neat colored dot, black, blue, pink or red—60c.

Wash Silks

White Jap Silk, excellent qualities—24 inch 40c; 27 inch 50c; 36 inch 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Natural Shantung Silk

—For suits, waists or coats, 34 inches wide \$1.25.

Champagne Colored Silks

—For coats or shirt waist suits, 24 inch 85c, 36 inch \$1.

Corded Jap Silks

—Black, white and colored, 35c, 50c and 60c.

D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

Crepe de Chine, beautiful quality, \$1 and \$1.25.

45 inch cream Crepe de Chine \$2.

Crepe de Chine in a few good shades 75c.

Peau de Crepe, 24 inches wide, \$1.

Peau de Cygne, black and colors, 85c and \$1.

19 inch Colored Taffeta, excellent quality, 75c.

19 inch Colored Taffeta 50c.

27 inch Jap Silks, good line of colors, 50c.

Colored Shantung Silks, light blue, navy blue and oyster white, \$1.25.

D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

FIFTH STREET.

If you are pale, no energy, no ambition, irritable, cross, ugly, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, and see it revitalize your whole system. It will do the business thoroughly. 35 cents, tea or tablet.

The best is the cheapest. The Review is admittedly the best home newspaper.

"Decline of the Graceful Courtesy."

"There never was a time when people were more lacking in grace," said a dancing master. "A hostess nowadays," he added, "crowds her drawing room or ballroom with a large number of 'undesirables'—that is, people with no pretense to what is vulgarly called a stylish manner. The hostess is not to blame; circumstances compel her to invite these people. But at one time a hostess paid as much attention to her guests' accomplishments in deportment as to their character before inviting them to her house."

"At a private dance how seldom one sees a girl make a graceful courtesy to her partner! Usually she does no more than nod in a way that looks shockingly familiar. As for the men—well, a quarter of a century ago one saw more masculine grace at a clerk's or shop assistant's 'cinderella' than our best bred men are capable of today! But, after the example of the girls, who can wonder at it?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Gladstone Anecdote.

The sarcastic cheer is very common, and I recall one fatal example of its use. Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Heard," ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."—Henry Norman in Century.

Japanese Pronunciation.

A like a in father; e like e in men; I like i in pin; o like o in pony; u like oo in book; al as in aisle; el as in weigh; au and o as o in bone; uu as oo in moon. I in the middle of a word and u in the middle or at the end of a word are sometimes almost inaudible.

The consonants are all sounded, at in English; g, however, has only the hard sound, as in "give," although the nasal ng is often heard; ch and s are always soft, as in "check" and "sin," and z before u has the sound of dz. In the case of double consonants each one must be given its full sound.

There are no many syllables as vowels. There is practically no accent.

Be sure to avoid the flat sound of a, which is always pronounced ah—"A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clements.

Building a House.

In building a house every layer of brick is termed a "course." It is usual to place in the walls upright and horizontal damp proof courses. These ought to be composed of some substance that water cannot penetrate. In this way the walls are mapped out into squares, and the accidental damping of any one square cannot affect the others. Unfortunately, some builders study economy unduly, and their damp proof courses act as effectively as a layer of wet sea sand. Those who intend having a house built should regard the genuineness of the measures adopted to prevent damp as of the very first importance.

Drawing the Disease Out.

The Chinese have a curious custom of trying to cure a sick man. A friend of the patient obtains a straight branch with a few leaves and twigs at the end. On this he hangs a mirror of polished steel, and under that one of the sick man's coats. Then he goes for a short walk, a priest in the meantime performing a ceremony. The coat, being carried in this way, is supposed to draw the disease from the sufferer.

Wives of Russian Priests.

A White Russian priest must be married, but he cannot marry a second time. If his wife dies he must enter a monastery. Hence the Russians tell many stories of the extraordinary means to which the priests resort in guarding the health of their wives. If the priest's consort sneezes, a mild panic ensues in the household.—World's Work.

Conflicting Considerations.

"Don't you sometimes think you ought to give more heed to what posterity will think of you?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "it's risky. You are in danger of letting it absorb your attention and forgetting what the assessor and the voters and the political bosses may think of you."—Washington Star.

What She Wore.

Travers—There goes Peterby's wife. He's the fellow I played poker with the other night. Jagway—She looks pretty well dressed. Travers—She ought to be. She's got on my last week's salary.

The Difference.

One—Are you certain that you love the girl? Tuther—Certain? Why, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. One—That's odd. I get the same effect from my tailor's bills.—Judge.

A Dead Circus.

Grandpa—Well, Sammy, where have you been today? Sammy (just back from the Natural History museum)—Oh, we've had a fine time, grandpa. We've been to a dead circus.

To be instructed in the arts softens the character and makes men gentle.—Ovid.



THE FIRST TASTE

of our soda will convince you that it is the best that can be had in this town. If you are tired and need bracing up, try a glass of it. It will refresh you quicker than any drink you can get in the summer. It is made of pure soda, flavored with rich fruit juices. It is just cold enough to be pleasant. Can you imagine anything better than that?

The Potters Drug Store

Barney E. Vale, Mgr.

Cor. Fourth and Market.

SOUTH SIDE

STREET RAILROADERS

Want to Play the Press Baseball Team and a Date Will Be Arranged.

Since the press baseball team has made such a phenomenal record for itself a number of new and inexperienced clubs have aspired to try conclusions with the strong aggregation.

It has been customary to suggest that amateurs go and get a reputation before presuming to play with the newspaper crowd, and in a majority of cases this argument has been sufficient to quiet the over confident ones, but it seems that the team representing the East Liverpool and Rock Springs railway employees will not be satisfied until they go down to ignominious defeat at the hands of the scribers.

Manager McConnell, of the press team, is willing to play his men against the railroad men, but is opposed to playing the game on paper or on the street cars. A date will probably be arranged for some time next week.

CLOSING EXERCISES

At the Lawrenceville School—A Most Successful Term Finished.

Prof. James C. Cross has completed a seven months' term at the Lawrenceville school and the closing was appropriately observed there this afternoon. The program consisted of musical and literary numbers by the pupils and others, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by a large number of visitors.

The term has been very successful. Progress has been made by every department of the school, and the pupils and teacher have profited by the work accomplished during the school year.

Prof. James Miller, superintendent of the Chester schools, Rev. A. S. Blackmore, pastor of the Chester M. E. church and Hon. John Newell, took part in the program and their addresses were greatly enjoyed.

The school is one of the largest in this section of the state, and it is likely the facilities will be enlarged next year.

CHESTER NOTES.

Because he failed to make note of the move on the part of the city authorities to collect a peddling license from the vendors of all kinds of truck in Chester,

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH

WELLSVILLE AND VICINITY

GIVES HIS REASON
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HOTEL METROPOLE

E. S. WOOLWEAVER, Prop.
WELLSVILLE, O.

CIGARS
CONFECTIONS

OYSTERS

THE BAGLEY CO.
WHOLESALE
GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS
SUPPLIES
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
151-153 EAST SECOND ST.
EAST LIVERPOOL OHIO.
BOTH PHONES
NO. 44

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Conductor Is Injured.

Conductor William Stewart, of the United Power company, was thrown from his car as it was making a turn on Clark avenue yesterday and injured so that he is unable to be on his car. He was thrown to the pavement by the jerk of the car and struck on his shoulder. No bones were broken.

Injured While at Work.

W. W. Shepherd, employed on the C. & P. wreck train, had his left arm mashed while the train crew was working.

TEACHERS' VACATIONS

Ideal Facilities, With Every Home Comfort, for Both Teachers and Students, at the World's Fair.

School teachers and scholars who are desirous of utilizing, to the full, the educational benefits to be derived from the World's Fair of St. Louis, cannot do better than make their headquarters at the Inside Inn.

Situated, as it is, right inside the grounds, in the midst of a magnificent forest of giant oaks, and being fully equipped with every possible modern convenience, it forms an ideal place in which to sojourn.

The time, money and annoyance saved by doing away with all tiresome journeys in crowded street cars and suburban trains to and from the grounds each day, cannot be overestimated.

The rooms, 2,257 in number, are large and light, and many of them have private baths attached. The rates range from \$1.50 to \$5.50 per day on the European plan and from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day on the American plan. Reservations can be made up to December 1, and an interesting booklet, giving full details, may be obtained by addressing a postal to the Inside Inn, World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

We write Fire Insurance.
We write Life Insurance.
We write Accident Insurance.
We write Cyclone Insurance
We write Liability Insurance.

We will send you to Europe
and bring your friends over.

Real Estate in all parts of
the city. We still have 3
live-acre garden farms left
at \$750.00 each.

Geo. H. Owen
& Co.

Real Estate & Insurance.
First National Bank Building,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

ing on the new bridge work at Smith's Ferry this morning. He was brought to Wellsville on a special engine and attended by Dr. Noble. He is single and resides in the West End.

WELLSVILLE IN BRIEF.

J. L. Porter and son, of the West End, were in Midway, Pa., today visiting relatives.

Jenkins Hamilton, who has been in Parkersburg, W. Pa., for several days on business, has returned home.

The wreck train and crew was out today working on improvements at the C. & P. bridges at Smith's Ferry and Rochester.

Rev. Mr. Lowery, of Wooster University, well known in Wellsville, is spending a few days in the city visiting friends and looking after some business connected with the university.

For shooting crap William Haskins was arrested last night and hauled to jail in the patrol. He will be given a hearing later in the week.

Michael O'Rourke was a common drunk that was given a ride in the patrol. He is residing in jail and will be asked to tell his troubles this evening.

TO THE CIRCUIT COURT

Two Cases Are Taken Arising from
Disputed Court Journal
Entries.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Arguments as to a journal entry in the case of Paul Metzger, of Salem, vs. Ellis Roberts, of East Palestine, were heard by Judge Hole last evening. In this case the lease of a shop in Salem for five years at \$1,200 a year is concerned, the lease having been given up a short time after it became effective. The plaintiff wanted the entry to be simply a finding for the defendant, and the defendant wanted to decree a cancellation of the lease. Judge Hole decided the matter in accordance with the plaintiff's contention and the plaintiff's attorneys, W. H. Spence and A. W. Taylor, today filed the case in circuit court. C. P. Rothwell and L. T. Farr are the plaintiff's attorneys.

A question as to a common pleas journal entry in the case of W. G. Bentley, administrator, vs. Wm. J. Street et al, will also be taken to circuit court.

RED MEN RETURN

Report That the Grand Lodge Meeting Was Most Enjoyable And Profitable.

Charles Reark, Frank Witherow and John Stamm, delegates from the local lodge of Red Men to the grand lodge meeting at Mansfield, returned this morning. They will have an interesting report to make to their lodge.

The delegates were very nicely entertained and had entire possession of the city. The grand lodge sessions were very highly interesting and the reports for the year showed that the Red Men lead all other secret societies as to gain in membership.

BRAZILIAN BALM only thing that kills
the germs in the Lungs. It Cures Grip,
Coughs, Bronchitis and Catarrhal

CONSUMPTION

Has cured thousands. Never fails.
R. F. Jackson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with privilege of bath in private family. Inquire at 170 Washington street. 113-r

WANTED—A girl for general housework; good wages. Apply to W. L. Thompson, Park boulevard, Norton Side. 113-r

FOR SALE—Saloon on Mulberry street; location within the law; doing good business; fixtures the finest in the city; stock of liquors, cigars and five years' lease. Cheap for cash. Address Agent, Review office. 113-r

FOR SALE—Two lots in Calhoun addition to East End and one lot on Pleasant Heights at a bargain, cash or time. Smith & Phillips Music Co. 113-r

FOR RENT—House of five rooms and kitchen in good condition; water and gas; stable in rear. Inquire of Mrs. Bert Kaufman, 228 Avondale. 113-r

FOR SALE—One bedroom suite, one fine carpet, one chiffonier, one cupboard, one go-cart, one table. 114 Railroad street, East End. 113-r

WANTED—An experienced girl for general housework; no house cleaning. Apply to Mrs. J. K. Rush, 308 Thompson avenue. 113-r

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper or clerk; have a common school education; also graduated in bookkeeping from Commercial School, Rochester, N. Y.; can give best of references. Address Miss Ida Ridenour, Eighteenth street, second house below Clark avenue, Wellsville. 113-r

AMUSEMENTS.

ROCK SPRINGS,
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
May 10, 17 and 18.
THE ORIENTAL OPERA
EGYPTA

The Wondrous Story of the Nile. Several Hundred Particulating.
Brilliant Solists. Superb Chorus.
Beside the Nile. Oriental Costumes.
Note: The magnificent scenery by the Nile was painted especially for New York City. Many famous historical localities are depicted. The electrical effects are of surpassing grandeur.
Prices 25, 50 and 75 Cents.
Reserved seats open Friday morning, May 18.

The Days of Pewter.

Pewter played an important domestic part in the days of our distant ancestors. A peep at some of the household books of the Stuart days is quite a revelation on this point. In 1664, for instance, Sir Miles Stapleton, a Yorkshire baronet, took it into his head to replenish his stock of pewter, and here are a few of his many purchases as recorded in his own handwriting: "It, paid for six large puter platters or dishes at 1s. 7d. a pound, and they weighed 57 pound and a half, which comes to £04.01.05; paid for two dozen of puter plates at 1s. 6d. a pound and they weighed 37 pound, £02.15.00; paid then more for two puter stands for the table, £00.08.00; one gallon puter can and six porringers £00.19.00; paid to William Hutchinson of York, for 17 new puter dishes for the table weighing 74 pound at 12d. a pound £03.14.00." And among other purchases at the same time are two dozen new pewter plates for 32 shillings, another two dozen at 15 shillings a dozen, and a large quantity of spoons, basins and candlesticks.—Westminster Gazette.

Some Virtues of Louis XIV.

One need not overlook the enormous shortcomings of Louis XIV. as a man and as a king to admit that in some important respects he "tried to do his duty." He was a hardworking sovereign both in the sphere of administration and in that social sphere which was, to his mind, no less important. So courteous that he never passed the poorest woman about the palace without lifting his hat, he carried polite consideration to the level of a fine art. In the way of courteous speech there are few things nobler than his remark to the great Conde as the old hero was slowly ascending the great marble staircase at Versailles. Conde apologized for being so long in mounting the steps, at the top of which the king stood waiting. "Ah, cousin," Louis replied, "one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels!"—Longman's Magazine.

Singing Birds.

Among birds the females do not sing, and although many species have musical call notes and agreeable tones in conversation which are shared in by both sexes still the true song is only rendered by the male bird. I am sincere in saying that the lady bird talks more than her mate about the house, but I will admit that when away from home she is very discreet in this respect. In attending to her duties of incubation she is very quiet, and it is seldom that a note is heard from her while on the nest. It has even been said that all birds are silent when incubating, so as to avoid observation. However, although most species are quiet when sitting, there are a few which chirp loudly when so engaged, and some even burst into exuberant song.—Science.

All the Bargains Were Gone.

An American of hitherto undoubted veracity tells this story of a restaurant in Berlin to which he and a friend went one evening: The fare and the music were so good and the people about them so amusing that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the American's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the American briskly.

"Ach, but, mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour!" said the German placidly.

Japan's Camphor Trees.

The camphor tree of China and Japan is a large evergreen, not unlike a linden, with a white flower and red berry. The gum is taken from chips out of the root or base, which yield 5 per cent or more of it. The Japanese government owns large forests of camphor trees, able to keep up the average supply of the gum for twenty-five years, and the young plantations are growing up. These are under the Japanese forestry department.

Red Snow.

Captain Ross discovered on the shore of Baffin's bay a range of cliffs extending for eight miles, which were covered with red snow of a brilliant hue, and sometimes as much as twelve feet in depth. Careful examination with the microscope revealed that it was due to the presence among the snow of a very minute plant called *Palmella nivalis*.

He Wished He Could Do It.

A merchant who had a store in a small country town fell in with a comic actor on a train and said to him: "I do not see how it is that you are able to think of such funny things to say on the stage, and all of a sudden too. I just wish I could do it. It would be invaluable to me in my business."—Success.

A Diplomat.

"At what age do you consider women the most charming?" asked the inquisitive female of more or less uncertain age.
"At the age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat.

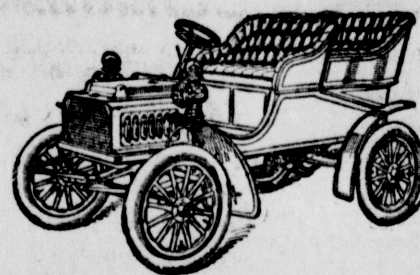
Too Much Praise.

A man attended a dinner given by a witty woman and ate ravenously. "The greatest praise I can bestow on your dinner," he said, "is to eat heartily." "But your praise amounts to flattery," the woman replied.—Atchison Globe.

True Genius.

Poet—You remember that little thought I set to verse? Well, I made \$5 on that. Crittick—Indeed? You're quite a financier. It isn't everybody who can make money on what he borrows.—Philadelphia Ledger.

YOU



STOP

O'CONNOR'S
CHAUFFEUR

will give you a spin in one of the famous

Rambler AUTOS

All grades of machines—Runabouts, Cars, etc. A machine that will give you pleasure, in that it is so constructed as to climb the hills, speed on the levels, endure great strains and so easy of management. The Ladies' Favorite.

STOP! O'CONNOR, and tell us about them.

Big Piano
Bargains
This
Week

One Behning Piano, Style K, No. 30,632; used about 1 year, in perfect condition, just like cut given above, in a beautiful burl walnut case, the most expensive upright style the Behnings make, regular price \$425.00, will be sold this week to the first cash buyer at \$277.00. One beautiful oak case, used less than 3 months, at \$178.25; fully guaranteed in perfect condition.

The Smith & Phillips Music Co.

CLASS 1904

COMMENCEMENT PRESENTS

I have in stock this year a big selection of both large and small presents in Diamonds, mounted and unmounted, in any size, fine Gold Brooches in Diamond and Pearl. Then comes the Signet Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Gold Beads, Waist Sets, Cuff Links, to be monogrammed, Watches in gold and Gold Rings of every description.

Any goods to be engraved will be beautifully monogrammed FREE.

John H. Morton
Jeweler
174 Sixth Street

Runabouts

We have a fine line of Open Driving Wagons, in steel and rubber tire, high and low wheel. We have made a special study of the vehicle business for the past 15 years, and are prepared to furnish you the best and most up-to-date goods on the market.

TROTTER & SON.

60c Brick. 70c Frame

For THREE years FIRE insurance, is all that it will cost YOU for your household goods or dwelling, if YOU have a

"Talk With Thompson"

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR



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Councilman O'Grady was one of the three speakers at the Knights of Columbus banquet at Dennison last Sunday, and his friends claim that he made a new name for himself for his address. Other speakers were Thomas J. Duffy, of East Liverpool, and P. A. Gavin, of Toronto.

Conductor Is Injured.

Conductor William Stewart, of the United Power company, was thrown from his car as it was making a turn on Clark avenue yesterday and injured so that he is unable to be on his car. He was thrown to the pavement by the jerk of the car and struck on his shoulder. No bones were broken.

Injured While at Work.

W. W. Shepherd, employed on the C. & P. wreck train, had his left arm mashed while the train crew was working.

TEACHERS' VACATIONS

Ideal Facilities, With Every Home Comfort, for Both Teachers and Students, at the World's Fair.

School teachers and scholars who are desirous of utilizing, to the full, the educational benefits to be derived from the World's Fair of St. Louis, cannot do better than make their headquarters at the Inside Inn.

Situated, as it is, right inside the grounds, in the midst of a magnificent forest of giant oaks, and being fully equipped with every possible modern convenience, it forms an ideal place in which to sojourn.

The time, money and annoyance saved by doing away with all tiresome journeys in crowded street cars and suburban trains to and from the grounds each day, cannot be over-estimated.

The rooms, 2,257 in number, are large and light, and many of them have private baths attached. The rates range from \$1.50 to \$5.50 per day on the European plan and from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day on the American plan. Reservations can be made up to December 1, and an interesting booklet, giving full details, may be obtained by addressing a postal to the Inside Inn, World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

We write Fire Insurance.
We write Life Insurance.
We write Accident Insurance.
We write Cyclone Insurance
We write Liability Insurance.

We will send you to Europe
and bring your friends over.

Real Estate in all parts of
the city. We still have 3
five-acre garden farms left
at \$750.00 each.

**Geo. H. Owen
& Co.**

Real Estate & Insurance.
First National Bank Building,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

ing on the new bridge work at Smith's Ferry this morning. He was brought to Wellsville on a special engine and attended by Dr. Noble. He is single and resides in the West End.

WELLSVILLE IN BRIEF.

J. L. Porter and son, of the West End, were in Midway, Pa., today visiting relatives.

Jenkins Hamilton, who has been in Parkersburg, W. Pa., for several days on business, has returned home.

The wreck train and crew was out today working on improvements at the C. & P. bridges at Smith's Ferry and Rochester.

Rev. Mr. Lowery, of Wooster University, well known in Wellsville, is spending a few days in the city visiting friends and looking after some business connected with the university.

For shooting crap William Haskins was arrested last night and hauled to jail in the patrol. He will be given a hearing later in the week.

Michael O'Rourke was a common drunk that was given a ride in the patrol. He is residing in jail and will be asked to tell his troubles this evening.

TO THE CIRCUIT COURT

Two Cases Are Taken Arising from
Disputed Court Journal

Entries.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Arguments as to a journal entry in the case of Paul Metzger, of Salem, vs. Ellis Roberts, of East Palestine, were heard by Judge Hole last evening. In this case the lease of a shop in Salem for five years at \$1,200 a year is concerned, the lease having been given up a short time after it became effective. The plaintiff wanted the entry to be simply a finding for the defendant, and the defendant wanted to decree a cancellation of the lease. Judge Hole decided the matter in accordance with the plaintiff's contention and the plaintiff's attorneys, W. H. Spence and A. W. Taylor, today filed the case in circuit court. C. P. Rothwell and L. T. Farr are the plaintiff's attorneys.

A question as to a common plea journal entry in the case of W. G. Bentley, administrator, vs. Wm. J. Street et al., will also be taken to circuit court.

RED MEN RETURN

Report That the Grand Lodge Meeting
Was Most Enjoyable And
Profitable.

Charles Reark, Frank Withrow and John Stamm, delegates from the local lodge of Red Men to the grand lodge meeting at Mansfield, returned this morning. They will have an interesting report to make to their lodge.

The delegates were very nicely entertained and had entire possession of the city. The grand lodge sessions were very highly interesting and the reports for the year showed that the Red Men lead all other secret societies as to gain in membership.

BRAZILIAN BALM only thing that kills
the germs in the Lung. It cures Grippe,
Coughs, Bronchitis and Catarrhal

CONSUMPTION
It cures thousands. Never fails.
B. F. Jackson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with privilege of bath in private family. Inquire at 170 Washington street. 113-r

WANTED—A girl for general housework; good wages. Apply to W. L. Thompson, Park boulevard, Norton Side. 113-r

FOR SALE—Saloon on Mulberry street; location within the law; doing good business; fixtures the finest in the city; stock of liquors, cigars and five years' lease. Cheap for cash. Address Agent, Review office. 113-r

FOR SALE—Two lots in Calhoun addition to East End and one lot on Pleasant Heights at a bargain, cash or time. Smith & Phillips Music Co. 113-r

FOR RENT—House of five rooms and kitchen in good condition; water and gas; stable in rear. Inquire of Mrs. Bert Kaufman, 228 Avondale. 113-r

FOR SALE—One bedroom suite, one fine carpet, one chiffonier, one cupboard, one go-cart, one table. 114 Railroad street, East End. 113-r

WANTED—An experienced girl for general housework; no house cleaning. Apply to Mrs. J. K. Rush, 308 Thompson avenue. 113-r

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper or clerk; have a common school education; also graduated in bookkeeping from Commercial School, Rochester, N. Y.; can give best of references. Address Miss Ida Ridenour, Eighteenth street, second house below Clark avenue, Wellsville. 113-r

AMUSEMENTS.

ROCK SPRINGS,
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
May 16, 17 and 18.

**THE ORIENTAL OPERA
EGYPTA**

The Wondrous Story of the Nile. Several
Hundreds Particulating.

Brilliant Solists. Superb Chorus.
Bewildering Drills. Oriental Costumes.
Note: The magnificent special scenery
was painted especially for Egypta by the
leading scenic artists of New York City.
Many famous historical localities are de-
picted. The electrical effects are of sur-
passing grandeur.

Prices 25, 50 and 75 Cents.
Reserved seats opens Friday morning,
May 13.

The Days of Pewter.

Pewter played an important domestic part in the days of our distant ancestors. A peep at some of the household books of the Stuart days is quite a revelation on this point. In 1664, for instance, Sir Miles Stapleton, a Yorkshire baronet, took it into his head to replenish his stock of pewter, and here are a few of his many purchases as recorded in his own handwriting: "11, paid for six large puter platters or dishes at 1s. 7d. a pound, and they weighed 57 pound and a half, which comes to £04.01.05; paid for two dozen of puter plates at 1s. 6d. a pound and they weighed 37 pound, £02.15.00; paid then more for two puter stands for the table, £00.08.00; one gallon puter can and six porringers £00.19.00; paid to William Hutchinson of York, for 17 new puter dishes for the table weighing 74 pound at 12d. a pound £03.14.00." And among other purchases at the same time are two dozen new pewter plates for 32 shillings, another two dozen at 15 shillings a dozen, and a large quantity of spoons, basins and candlesticks.—Westminster Gazette.

Some Virtues of Louis XIV.

One need not overlook the enormous shortcomings of Louis XIV. as a man and as a king to admit that in some important respects he "tried to do his duty." He was a hardworking sovereign both in the sphere of administration and in that social sphere which was, to his mind, no less important. So courteous that he never passed the poorest woman about the palace without lifting his hat, he carried polite consideration to the level of a fine art. In the way of courteous speech there are few things nobler than his remark to the great Conde as the old hero was slowly ascending the great marble staircase at Versailles. Conde apologized for being so long in mounting the steps, at the top of which the king stood waiting. "Ah, cousin," Louis replied, "one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels!"—Longman's Magazine.

Singing Birds.

Among birds the females do not sing, and although many species have musical call notes and agreeable tones in conversation which are shared in by both sexes still the true song is only rendered by the male bird. I am sincere in saying that the lady bird talks more than her mate about the house, but I will admit that when away from home she is very discreet in this respect. In attending to her duties of incubation she is very quiet, and it is seldom that a note is heard from her while on the nest. It has even been said that all birds are silent when incubating, so as to avoid observation. However, although most species are quiet when sitting, there are a few which chirp loudly when so engaged, and some even burst into exuberant song.—Science.

All the Bargains Were Gone.

An American of hitherto undoubted veracity tells this story of a restaurant in Berlin to which he and a friend went one evening: The fare and the music were so good and the people about them so amusing that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the American's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the American briskly.

"Ach, but, mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour!" said the German placidly.

Japan's Camphor Trees.

The camphor tree of China and Japan is a large evergreen, not unlike a linden, with a white flower and red berry. The gum is taken from chips out of the root or base, which yield 5 per cent or more of it. The Japanese government owns large forests of camphor trees, able to keep up the average supply of the gum for twenty-five years, and the young plantations are growing up. These are under the Japanese forestry department.

Red Snow.

Captain Ross discovered on the shore of Baffin's bay a range of cliffs extending for eight miles, which were covered with red snow of a brilliant hue, and sometimes as much as twelve feet in depth. Careful examination with the microscope revealed that it was due to the presence among the snow of a very minute plant called *Palmetta nivalis*.

He Wished He Could Do It.

A merchant who had a store in a small country town fell in with a comic actor on a train and said to him: "I do not see how it is that you are able to think of such funny things to say on the stage, and all of a sudden too. I just wish I could do it. It would be invaluable to me in my business."—Success.

A Diplomat.

"At what age do you consider women the most charming?" asked the inquisitive female of more or less uncertain age.

"At the age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat.

Too Much Praise.

A man attended a dinner given by a witty woman and ate ravenously. "The greatest praise I can bestow on your dinner," he said, "is to eat heartily." "But your praise amounts to flattery," the woman replied.—Aitchison Globe.

True Genius.

Poet—You remember that little thought I set to verse? Well, I made \$5 on that. Crittick—Indeed? You're quite a financier. It isn't everybody who can make money on what he borrows.—Philadelphia Ledger.

YOU STOP

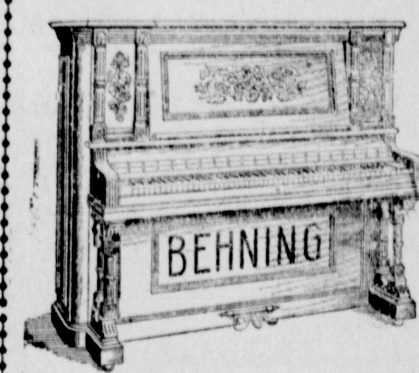
O'CONNOR'S CHAUFFEUR

will give you a spin in one of the famous

Rambler AUTOS

All grades of machines—Runabouts, Cars, etc. A machine that will give you pleasure, in that it is so constructed as to climb the hills, speed on the levels, endure great strains and so easy of management. The Ladies' Favorite.

STOP! O'CONNOR, and tell us about them.



Big Piano Bargains This Week

One Behning Piano, Style K, No. 30,632; used about 1 year, in perfect condition, just like cut given above, in a beautiful burk walnut case, the most expensive upright style the Behnings make, regular price \$425.00, will be sold this week to the first cash buyer at \$277.00. One beautiful oak case, used less than 3 months, at \$173.25; fully guaranteed in perfect condition.

The Smith & Phillips Music Co.

CLASS 1904

COMMENCEMENT PRESENTS

I have in stock this year a big selection of both large and small presents in Diamonds, mounted and unmounted, in any size, fine Gold Brooches in Diamond and Pearl. Then comes the Signet Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Gold Beads, Waist Sets, Cuff Links, to be monogrammed, Watches in gold and Gold Rings of every description.

Any goods to be engraved will be beautifully monogrammed FREE.

John H. Morton
Jeweler 174 Sixth Street

Runabouts

We have a fine line of Open Driving Wagons, in steel and rubber tire, high and low wheel. We have made a special study of the vehicle business for the past 15 years, and are prepared to furnish you the best and most up-to-date goods on the market.

TROTTER & SON.

60c Brick. 70c Frame

For THREE years FIRE insurance, is all that it will cost YOU for your household goods or dwelling, if YOU have a

"Talk With Thompson"

THE BAGLEY CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS' SUPPLIES
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
151-153 EAST SECOND ST.
EAST LIVERPOOL OHIO.
BOTH PHONES NO. 44

CIGARS
CONFECTIONS

Accidents

**Sprains and Bruises
Burns and Scalds
Cuts and Wounds**

Accidents happen every day. Why not be prepared? A household supply with

**Hamlin's
WIZARD
OIL**

need have no fear of the ordinary ailments and mishaps of mankind. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a safeguard for children, a comfort to parents, a boon to the old folks. It will pay to keep this old-time reliable family medicine always on hand in case of need.

John Smith, Starbuck, Minn., writes April 23, 1901: "I have been in bed for four weeks with a sprained back, caused by too heavy lifting. I have tried almost everything to cure it. Seeing what Hamlin's Wizard Oil had done for others, I tried a bottle and in two days I was able to work."

W. L. Steele, Santa Barbara, Cal., writes: "My child fell from a high chair upon a hot stove and burned its forehead and side of face severely. It suffered intensely for three days, when we commenced using Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The pain was relieved in twenty minutes and the burns healed in about five days."

There is only one Wizard Oil—Hamlin's—name blown in the bottle. Signature "Hamlin Bros." on wrapper. Take no substitute. 50c. and \$1.00.

HAMLINS COUGH BALSAM
Soothes the Throat. Stops the Cough. 25c. 50c.

Hamlins Blood and Liver Pills
Act Gently and without Pain. 25c.

AUNT DINAH'S HERB TEA
Gives Woman Health and Strength. 25c.

For Sale and Recommended by

ALVIN H. BULGER.

**PENN
STOCK EXCHANGE**
Potters' National Bank Building.
STOCKS BONDS & GRAIN
Markets Received Momentarily.
Over Private Wire
Telephone, Bell 36.

B. WOLK,
Dealer in
Scrap Iron, Rags, Rubber and Old Metals. Pay highest prices and give straight weight.

**123 Eighth St.,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.**

Dr. G. W. Baker,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence 131 Fifth St., in
Capt. Myers' Residence. Office Hours,
9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.

Our Motto: 16 oz. to the Pound

You get just what you want at the right price when you buy from us. We are headquarters for home-dressed Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Lamb.

Try Our FAMOUS Lard & Sausage

Edward Palmer,
179 Avondale Street. C. C. Phone 617-2

F. W. Schlegel
The old reliable fishman has reopened his

FISH MARKET,
at the same old stand, 165 Market Street.

FRESH FISH DAILY.
Joe. Boyd, Manager.
C. C. Phone 231.

COMING OR GOING
STOP AT

DEVINE'S RESTAURANT
WEST SIDE C. & P. DEPOT.
139-141 SECOND STREET.

D. A. DEVINE, Prop.

We are ready to do your work.

Painting & Paper Hanging

The most complete line of Wall Papers, Paints and Moldings at most reasonable prices. Call and see them before going elsewhere.

A. DINERSTEIN,
No. 129 Seventh St.
C. C. Phone 104

BEN TRAVATA
THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

SIX MINERS KILLED

**Fifty Kegs of Powder Explode
in Mine With Terrible Results.**

MAY BE OTHERS IN THE DEBRIS

**Terrible Accident in Shaft of Big
Sandy Coal Company at Herron, Ill.**

**—Mine Badly Wrecked—Cause of
Explosion Is Unknown.**

**Murphysboro, Ill., May 12.—Six
men killed and a large number
burned are the known results of
an explosion of powder in shaft No. 7 of
the Big Sandy Coal and Iron Mine
company at Herron, 20 miles from
here.**

About 325 men were at work in the mine. A car containing 50 kegs of powder exploded. The cause of the explosion is not known.

The mine was badly wrecked, making the rescue work difficult. Thirty men were killed. Luckily the majority of the miners were working in other parts of the shaft when the explosion occurred and were uninjured. They were thus able to assist with the rescue work.

It is not known how many men were working in the vicinity of the explosion. It is believed that several are dead and covered with wreckage. It is also feared that some of the wounded may be shut off from the rescuers and may die before being reached.

SOUTH FOR THE FLAG.
Dixie Delegate Makes Patriotic Speech to Northern Methodists.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12.—Practically no business was transacted by the Methodist general conference and the early morning session was devoted entirely to a consideration of the report of the committee on rules as reported by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely, chairman.

The reading and debating of the various sections governing the manner of transacting business on the floor of the conference and the reference of motions and resolutions to committees took up the time of the conference until recess, at which time the report was left unfinished. There were many sharp passages at arms between the parliamentary experts, which somewhat enlivened an otherwise dull and featureless session.

After recess the duty of receiving and welcoming fraternal delegates was taken up, and long addresses were made by the Rev. William D. Wilson, fraternal delegate from Canada, and the Rev. J. C. Kilgore of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Dr. Kilgore aroused the enthusiasm of the delegates to a degree not before reached in the general conference by his eloquent peroration, in which he asserted that no one could love the stars and stripes more than the people of the south. At the conclusion of his address the entire audience arose at the request of Bishop Andrews and sang "America."

SHAW CALLS FOR MONEY.
Depository Banks Required to Pay Over \$10,000,000.

Washington, May 12.—Secretary Shaw has ordered a third call on the depository banks directing them to transfer to the treasury on or before May 25 approximately \$10,000,000.

The call is for 10 per cent of the authorized balances of the depository banks as they stood before the two previous calls. With a few exceptions the call is made on all banks whose authorized balance before the previous call was \$150,000 or more. Banks having active accounts whose balances have been reduced by previous calls to a point as low as the convenience of the treasury in transacting public business will permit, are exempted from the operation of the call.

KING PETER WILL STICK.
Ruler of Serbia Denies Any Intention of Abdicating.

Vienna, May 12.—Rumors circulated of the intention of King Peter of Serbia to abdicate have drawn an emphatic contradiction from King Peter himself.

He considers it his duty to remain at his post so long as God preserves his life, and says he has no intention of altering or suspending the present ministry. The king adds that such unparliamentary and unpatriotic proceedings would injure the development of Serbia at a moment when the country is beginning to consolidate.

In the Airship Business.
Columbus, O., May 12.—The Columbus Aeroplane company, backed by a number of the leading merchants of the city, incorporated to construct an airship upon lines designed by George Myers, a local mechanic. A working model has been successfully tried and it is expected to complete the airship within 10 days. It will be entered in the contest at the St. Louis fair.

Liliuokalani III at St. Louis.
St. Louis, May 12.—Queen Liliuokalani, former sovereign of the Hawaiian islands, is ill at her apartments at the world's fair. Her illness is such that her party will leave Saturday for Honolulu.

Sympathetic Strike in Chicago.
Chicago, May 12.—Blank book binders, forwarders and paper rulers in the factories of Pettibone, Sawtell & Co., and George E. Marshall & Co., struck in sympathy with 800 bookbinders, to compel the Chicago Typographical union to sign a blanket "closed shop" agreement. A spread of the strike in other shops is expected.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?
Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value.
Sold by Will Reed.

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Sold by Will Reed.

"I lost courage and thought I would never regain my health."
"Three years of delicate health trying doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines without benefit might well sap the courage of any woman. And yet Mrs. Bryant proved that the question of the cure of womanly disease is only a question of using the right remedy. A few doses of 'Favorite Prescription' restored her courage and revived her hope, because she could see 'a decided change from the fit.'" Three months' use of the medicine restored her to perfect health.



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. Mrs. Sarah Bryant, President of Memphis Social Science Club, residing at 271 Atkinson Ave., Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I suffered with delicate health for three years, trying doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines until I lost courage and thought I would never regain my health; but a few doses of your 'Favorite Prescription' made me change my mind. Could see a decided change from the first, so I kept on taking it for three months faithfully and am now in perfect health."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIRL IN HARD LUCK.
Kidnaped in France and Then Imprisoned as Vagrant.

Paris, May 12.—United States Consul General Gowdy recently received a letter from an American girl saying that she was locked up in a provincial jail without any charge having been made against her. The consul general sent a representative to the jail and secured the girl's release and return to Paris. He then cabled to her parents, residing at Decatur, Ga., requesting funds for her return to America.

The girl related a sensational story. She claimed to have been abducted by an American seeking to marry her and said she accompanied him on an automobile tour, was locked up in a room in a country hotel, escaped and attempted to walk across the country, but was arrested as a wanderer by the French authorities.

Inquiries made by Mr. Gowdy's representative established the correctness of her detention at the provincial jail, but the story of her abduction was not verified, except by her statement, which has been reduced to an affidavit before the consul. The names of the parties are withheld, as no legal steps have been taken against the alleged abductor and owing to the doubtful character of some of the accusations. Pending the arrival of funds the girl is being cared for by the American Young Women's Christian association.

Atlanta, Ga., May 12.—The young woman referred to in the dispatch from Paris is Miss Bell Crane of Decatur, Ga., who went to London about a year ago to give concert readings. Miss Crane was well known here. Her father is B. S. Crane, who holds a prominent position with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company.

A little love, a little wealth,
A little home for you and me.
'Tis all I ask, except good health,
Which comes from taking Rocky Mountain Tea. C. F. Craig.

HOPING FOR AN HEIR.
Interesting Announcement Concerning the Queen of Italy.

Rome, May 12.—The president of the house announced in the chamber of deputies that he had received an official letter from the prefect of the royal palace stating that Queen Helena expects to give birth to a child in September.

The deputies thereupon rose from their seats, applauded and charged the president to present the congratulations of the chamber to the king and queen. There is considerable interest in the announcement, and as their majesties have no son it is hoped their next child will be a boy.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?
Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value.
Sold by Will Reed.

Sympathetic Strike in Chicago.
Chicago, May 12.—Blank book binders, forwarders and paper rulers in the factories of Pettibone, Sawtell & Co., and George E. Marshall & Co., struck in sympathy with 800 bookbinders, to compel the Chicago Typographical union to sign a blanket "closed shop" agreement. A spread of the strike in other shops is expected.

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**Russians Rushing Ammunition
Into Port Arthur Despite Japanese.**

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Attack on Port Arthur Is in Progress
and Outer Defenses on Land Are
Taken.**

St. Petersburg, May 12.—Lieutenant General Sakharoff sends a report of Lieutenant General Sassulitch dated May 10, as follows:

"Troops which appeared to be a division of the Japanese guard have been advancing for the last two days from Feng-Wang-Cheng westerly in the direction of Hai-Cheng."

"It is reported that a Japanese force, consisting of about a division of infantry, intended to march on Saimadza with 40 guns and 1,500 cavalry."

"From reports received from the river Dazaw, it may be concluded that the Japanese army is concentrated in three groups, the two southern groups being on the lower section of the river Tayang at Hondouhanya, on the left bank of the river at Dayan, and at Donamyo, in the same locality, and the northern group, opposite Habalina on the road from Feng-Wang-Cheng to Salidza, 14 to 16 miles from Feng-Wang-Cheng."

"It is difficult to obtain information from the local Chinese. In one case, we discovered that the Chinese had warned Japanese troops of an ambuscade which had been arranged by Cossacks."

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General Kuropatkin has telegraphed to the emperor that a train loaded with war material from Liao-Yang has arrived at Port Arthur. He says:

"Reconnoissances between Salitzaipudza and Feng-Wang-Cheng failed to discover Japanese troops."

"A Japanese column of considerable strength advanced from Feng-Wang-Cheng May 8 in the direction of Hai-Cheng."

"Pulien-Cheng station is occupied by our frontier guards and the damage to the railway by the Japanese as far as Sanchilipudza has been repaired. All the work was carried out under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel Spiridonoff of the fourth railway battalion. The gallant officer undertook to get through to Port Arthur a trainful of ammunition which had arrived at Liao-Yang after the landing of the Japanese at Pitsewo. Every preparation was made to blow up the train in case of necessity in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the Japanese."

Emperor Nicholas, who was accompanied by the empress and several of the grand dukes and a brilliant staff, reviewed 50,000 troops on the Champs de Mars. A great concourse viewed the brilliant spectacle. As each regiment marched past the emperor the soldiers shouted: "Good health, your majesty."

Tokio, May 12.—The rumor is current here that the outer defenses of Port Arthur have been taken by the Japanese troops and that the final assault is a matter of only a few hours. The land forces are said to have been assisted by a fierce bombardment of the port and the batteries defending it on the land side by the vessels of Admiral Togo's fleet.

Togo Hears Explosion.
It is stated semi-officially that Admiral Togo has reported hearing heavy explosions within the harbor, which lead him to believe that the enemy, despairing of being able to prevent the capture of the port, have blown up the warships bottled up in the harbor. This is regarded as altogether probable, as it is impossible for the warships to leave the harbor.

At a cabinet meeting it was decided to float another popular loan of \$50,000,000 at 96, redeemable in five years, with interest at 5 per cent, payment to be made in 10 instalments, commencing in June next.

Possibly Siberia, May 12.—A Japanese torpedo boat made its appearance in the roadstead two days ago and suspicious lights have been seen. Everything is quiet here, but all is in readiness to meet any landing of the enemy whose probable purpose is the cutting off of Vladivostok.

Shanghai, May 12.—It is reported from Peking that the Japanese on Monday occupied Kai-Ping, 16 miles below Tashichao, and that they expect to occupy Newchwang on Friday.

Accidents

**Sprains and Bruises
Burns and Scalds
Cuts and Wounds**

Accidents happen every day. Why not be prepared? A household supply with

**Hamlin's
WIZARD
OIL**

need have no fear of the ordinary ailments and mishaps of mankind. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a safeguard for children, a comfort to parents, a boon to the old folks. It will put to rest this old-time, reliable family medicine always on hand in case of need.

John Smith, Starbuck, Minn., writes April 23, 1901: I have been in bed for four weeks with a Sprained Back, caused by too heavy lifting. I have tried almost everything to cure it. Seeing what Hamlin's Wizard Oil had done for others I tried a bottle and in two days I was able to work.

W. L. Steele, Santa Barbara, Cal., writes: My child fell from a high chair upon a hot stove and burned its forehead and side of face severely. It suffered intensely for three days, when we commenced using Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The pain was relieved in twenty minutes and the burns healed in about five days.

There is only one Wizard Oil—Hamlin's name blown in the bottle. Signature "Hamlin Bros." on wrapper. Take no substitute. 50c. and \$1.00.

HAMLINS COUGH BALSAM
Soothes the Throat. Stops the Cough. 25c, 50c

Hamlins Blood and Liver Pills
Act Gently and without Pain. 25c

**AUNT DINAH'S
OLD VIRGINIA HERB TEA**
Gives Woman Health and Strength. 25c

For Sale and Recommended by

ALVIN H. BULGER.

**PENN
STOCK EXCHANGE**

Potters' National Bank Building.

STOCKS BONDS & GRAIN

Markets Received Majoritarily.

Over Private Wire

Telephone, Bell 36.

: B. WOLK, :

Dealer in

Scrap Iron, Rags, Rubber and Old Metals. Pay highest prices and give straight weight.

**123 Eighth St.,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.**

Dr. C. W. Baker,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence 121 Fifth St., in

Capt. Myers' Residence. Office Hours,

9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m.

Our Motto: 16 oz. to the Pound

You get just what you want at the

right price when you buy from us. We

are headquarters for home-dressed

Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Lamb.

Try Our FAMOUS Lard & Sausage

Edward Palmer,

179 Avondale Street. C. C. Phone 617-2

F. W. Schlegel

The old reliable fishman

has reopened his

FISH MARKET,

at the same old stand, 165

Market Street.

FRESH FISH DAILY.

Joe. Boyd, Manager.

C. C. Phone 231.

COMING OR GOING

STOP AT

DEVINE'S

RESTAURANT

WEST SIDE C. & P. DEPOT.

139-141 SECOND STREET.

D. A. DEVINE, Prop.

We are ready to do your work.

Painting & Paper Hanging

The most complete line of

Wall Papers, Paints and

Moldings at most reasonable

prices. Call and see them before going elsewhere.

A. DINERSTEIN,

No. 129 Seventh St.

C. C. Phone 104

SIX MINERS KILLED

**Fifty Kegs of Powder Explode
in Mine With Terri-
ble Results.**

MAY BE OTHERS IN THE DEBRIS

**Terrible Accident in Shaft of Big
Sandy Coal Company at Herron, Ill.**

**—Mine Badly Wrecked—Cause of
Explosion Is Unknown.**

**Murphysboro, Ill., May 12.—Six
men killed and a large number
burned are the known results of
an explosion of powder in shaft No. 7 of
the Big Sandy Coal and Iron Mine
company at Herron, 20 miles from
here.**

About 325 men were at work in the
mine. A car containing 50 kegs of
powder exploded. The cause of the
explosion is not known.

The mine was badly wrecked, mak-
ing the rescue work difficult. Thirty
mine mules were killed. Luckily the
majority of the miners were working
in other parts of the shaft when the
explosion occurred and were unin-
jured. They were thus able to assist
with the rescue work.

It is not known how many men
were working in the vicinity of the
explosion. It is believed that several
are dead and covered with wreckage.
It is also feared that some of the
wounded may be shut off from the
rescuers and may die before being
reached.

SOUTH FOR THE FLAG.

**Dixie Delegate Makes Patriotic Speech
to Northern Methodists.**

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12.—Prac-
tically no business was transacted by
the Methodist general conference and
the early morning session was devoted
entirely to a consideration of the re-
port of the committee on rules as re-
ported by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely,
chairman.

The reading and debating of the
various sections governing the man-
ner of transacting business on the
floor of the conference and the refer-
ence of motions and resolutions to
committees took up the time of the
conference until recess, at which time
the report was left unfinished. There
were many sharp passages at arms
between the parliamentary experts,
which somewhat enlivened an other-
wise dull and featureless session.

After recess the duty of receiving
and welcoming fraternal delegates
was taken up, and long addresses
were made by the Rev. William Dol-
son, fraternal delegate from Canada,
and the Rev. J. C. Kilgore of the Meth-
odist Episcopal Church South. Dr.
Kilgore aroused the enthusiasm of the
delegates to a degree not before
reached in the general conference by
his eloquent peroration, in which he
asserted that no one could love the
stars and stripes more than the peo-
ple of the south. At the conclusion
of his address the entire audience
arose at the request of Bishop An-
drews and sang "America."

SHAW CALLS FOR MONEY.

**Depository Banks Required to Pay
Over \$10,000,000.**

Washington, May 12.—Secretary
Shaw has ordered a third call on the
depository banks directing them to
transfer to the treasury on or before
May 25 approximately \$10,000,000.

The call is for 10 per cent of the
authorized balances of the depository
banks as they stood before the two
previous calls. With a few excep-
tions the call is made on all banks
whose authorized balance before the
previous call was \$150,000 or more.
Banks having active accounts whose
balances have been reduced by pre-
vious calls to a point as low as the
convenience of the treasury in trans-
acting public business will permit, are
exempted from the operation of the
call.

KING PETER WILL STICK.

**Ruler of Servia Denies Any Intention
of Abdicating.**

Vienna, May 12.—Rumors circula-
ted of the intention of King Peter of
Servia to abdicate have drawn an em-
phatic contradiction from King Peter
himself.

He considers it his duty to remain
at his post so long as God preserves
his life, and says he has no intention
of altering or suspending the consti-
tution, or of dismissing the present
ministry. The king adds that such
unparliamentary and unpatriotic
proceedings would injure the develop-
ment of Servia at a moment when the
country is beginning to consolidate.

In the Airship Business.

Columbus, O., May 12.—The Colum-
bus Aeroplane company, backed by a
number of the leading merchants of
the city, incorporated to construct an
airship upon lines designed by George
Myers, a local mechanic. A working
model has been successfully tried and
it is expected to complete the airship
within 10 days. It will be entered in
the contest at the St. Louis fair.

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Islands, is ill at her apartments at the
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"It is reported that a Japanese
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"From reports received from the
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"It is difficult to obtain information
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we discovered that the Chinese had
warned Japanese troops of an ambus-
cade which had been arranged by
Cossacks."

Train Reaches Port Arthur.

General Kurapatkin has telegraphed
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with war material from Liao-Yang has
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"Reconnaissance between Salita-
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to discover Japanese troops.

"A Japanese column of considerable
strength advanced from Feng-Wang-
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Cheng.

"Feng-Cheng station is occupied by
our frontier guards and the damage
to the railway by the Japanese as
far as Sanchilipha has been repaired.
All the work was carried out under
the supervision of Lieutenant Col-
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majesty."

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**Paris, May 12.—A dispatch to the
Temps from St. Petersburg says Gen-
eral Kurapatkin will not take the of-
fensive until the end of July, as it has
been decided to draw the Japanese as
far as possible into the interior of
Manchuria.**

**"I lost courage and thought I
would never regain my health."
"Three years of delicate health
trying doctors' prescriptions and
patent medicines" without benefit
might well sap the courage of any
woman. And yet Mrs. Bryant proved
that the question of the cure of wom-
anly disease is only a question of
using the right remedy. A few doses
of "Favorite Prescription" restored
her courage and revived her hope,
because she could see "a decided
change from the fit." Three**

months' use of the medicine re-
stored her to perfect health.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
cures irregularity, dries weakening
drains, heals inflammation and ul-
ceration, and cures female weakness.

Mrs. Sarah Bryant, President of Memphis
Social Science Club, residing at 271 Atkinson
Ave., Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I suffered
with delicate health for three years, trying
doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines
until I lost courage and thought I would
never regain my health; but a few doses of
your 'Favorite Prescription' made me change
my mind. I could see a decided change from
the first, so I kept on taking it for three
months faithfully and am now in perfect
health."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in
paper covers, is sent free on receipt
of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense
of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V.
Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIRL IN HARD LUCK.

**Kidnaped in France and Then Imprisoned
as Vagrant.**

Paris, May 12.—United States Con-
sul General Gowdy recently received
a letter from an American girl saying
that she was locked up in a provincial
jail without any charge having
been made against her. The consul
general sent a representative to the
jail and secured the girl's release and
return to Paris. He then cabled to
her parents, residing at Decatur, Ga.,
requesting funds for her return to
America.

The girl related a sensational story.
She claimed to have been abducted
by an American seeking to marry her
and said she accompanied him on an
automobile tour, was locked up in a
room in a country hotel, escaped and
attempted to walk across the country,
but was arrested as a wanderer by
the French authorities.

Inquiries made by Mr. Gowdy's re-
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'Tis all I ask, except good health,
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HOPING FOR AN HEIR.

**Interesting Announcement Concern-
ing the Queen of Italy.**

Rome, May 12.—The president of
the house announced in the chamber
of deputies that he had received an
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royal palace stating that Queen
Helena expects to give birth to a child
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The deputies thereupon rose from
their seats, applauded and charged
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cade which had been arranged by
Cossacks."

Train Reaches Port Arthur.

General Kurapatkin has telegraphed
to the emperor that a train loaded
with war material from Liao-Yang has
arrived at Port Arthur. He says:

"Reconnaissance between Salita-
zapudza and Feng-Wang-Cheng failed
to discover Japanese troops.

"A Japanese column of considerable
strength advanced from Feng-Wang-
Cheng May 8 in the direction of Hai-
Cheng.

"Feng-Cheng station is occupied by
our frontier guards and the damage
to the railway by the Japanese as
far as Sanchilipha has been repaired.
All the work was carried out under
the supervision of Lieutenant Col-
onel Spiridonoff of the fourth railway
battalion. The gallant officer under-
took to get through to Port Arthur a
trainful of ammunition which had ar-
rived at Liao-Yang after the landing
of the Japanese at Pitsewo. Every
preparation was made to blow up the
train in case of necessity in order to
prevent its falling into the hands of
the Japanese."

Emperor Nicholas, who was accom-
panied by the empress and several of
the grand dukes and a brilliant staff,
reviewed 50,000 troops on the Champs
de Mars. A great concourse viewed
the brilliant spectacle. As each regi-
ment marched past the emperor the
soldiers shouted: "Good health, your
majesty."

Togo Hears Explosion.

It is stated semi-officially that Ad-
miral Togo has reported hearing
heavy explosions within the harbor,
which lead him to believe that the
enemy, despairing of being able to
prevent the capture of the port, have
blown up the warships bottled up in
the harbor. This is regarded as alto-
gether probable, as it is impossible
for the warships to leave the harbor.
At a cabinet meeting it was decided
to float another popular loan of \$50,-
000,000 at 5 per cent, redeemable in
five years, with interest at 5 per cent,
payment to be made in 10 instalments,
commencing in June next.

**Possett, Siberia, May 12.—A Japa-
nese torpedo boat made its appearance
in the roadstead two days ago and
suspicious lights have been seen.
Everything is quiet here, but all is in
readiness to meet any landing of the
enemy whose probable purpose is the
cutting off of Vladivostok.**

**Shanghai, May 12.—It is reported
from Peking that the Japanese on Mon-
day occupied Kai-Ping, 16 miles below
Tashichao, and that they expect to oc-
cupy Newchwang on Friday.**

**Paris, May 12.—A dispatch to the
Temps from St. Petersburg says Gen-
eral Kurapatkin will not take the of-
fensive until the end of July, as it has
been decided to draw the Japanese as
far as possible into the interior of
Manchuria.**

Woman's Nature

**Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties,
allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and
so prepares the system for the
ordeal that she passes through
the event safely and with but
little suffering, as numbers
have testified and said, "It is
worth its weight in gold." \$1.00 per
bottle of druggists. Book containing
valuable information mailed free.**

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Is to love children, and no
home can be completely
happy without them, yet the
ordeal through which the ex-
pectant mother must pass usually is
so full of suffering, danger and fear
that she looks forward to the critical
hour with apprehension and dread.

Mother's Friend

My Electro-Chemic Method

effects absolute, positive and per-
manent cures of the worst possible
forms of rupture without pain,
cutting, danger, distressing after-
effects or detention from business.
It will be to the interest of every
ruptured person to call for con-
sultation and examination

VARICOCELE The Electro-Chemic Method cures Varicocele
thoroughly; quickly and painlessly the way they will stay cured.

HYDROCELE I am able to cure Hydrocele permanently
in a shorter time than ever believed possible.
No cutting, pain or danger. Cure guaranteed.

PILES and FISTULA The cures by my system of piles,
fistula and other rectal diseases will bear any
test of investigation. The value of my discovery
of this treatment lies in the method's power to
cure difficult cases, without pain, cutting, danger, detention from
business or possibility of the disease returning. The cures are per-
manent and demonstrate that surgical operations are needless for
even the severest cases.

State whether you desire the booklet on
Rupture and Hydrocele, the one on
Varicocele or the one on Piles and Fis-
tula. You will receive testimonials from
your own neighbors and well known people in whose statements you
can place confidence. Satisfactory arrangements can be made for
credit. No charge for consultation and examination.

**Write for Booklet
and Testimonials**

GEO. B. WIX, M. D. SUITE No. 204 25 FLOOR NEW WERNER BUILDING,
631 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. and 6 P.

**Seasonable
Time to
Become a
Home
Owner.
Let us help you.**

**Our Eight Years of
Experience Is Yours.**

**Bargains Is our
strong card. You
get the benefit of
acquired skill when
you deal with us.**

We have exclusive sale of many properties in all parts of the city ranging from \$800.00 to \$10,000. And our general sale list is the largest in Eastern Ohio.

**The City Is Dotted
Over With Houses
That We Have Built.**

We are planning the building of many more. So if we can't suit you in size, style, location and price, see what we can do in the way building to your order. We have vacant lots for sale at all prices and in all localities.

**HILL,
Dealer in Real Estate
Sixth and Washington Sts.
Open Day and Evening.
Either Phone 176.**

A Dependable Agency.
The advertising agency of W. S. Hill & Co., favorably known to the newspaper publishers throughout the country, have incorporated under the title of W. S. Hill company with a paid up capital of \$100,000, Pennsylvania charter, and are now located in larger and most complete offices, ninth floor of the Vandergrift building, 323 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh. This agency is fully equipped with a competent corps of illustrators and business writers, which enables them to place at the disposal of their clients and new advertisers every assistance for the planning and development of intelligent and effective advertising. W. S. Hill company has justly earned the title of "A Dependable Agency."

NOTICE.
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F. W. TIMMONS,
Secretary.

The Review leads in circulation.

BARGAINS IN STORE FOR YOU

ASK US ABOUT THEM.

One and one quarter acre of ground adjoining the new Thompson park. A good 4 room house, with splendid well of water. Price \$2,300.

8 room brick house, modern in every way. Bath complete. Gas and water. Lot fronts on two streets. An ideal house within three minutes walk of the Diamond. One of the best properties in the city. Price \$5,800.

A splendid 40 foot lot on Avondale street. Paved and sewer. Price \$1,050.

6 room frame house on Seventh street. Gas and city water. Price \$1,850.

A good seven room modern house on Vine street. Bath complete. Hot and cold water. Gas throughout the house. Lot 30x104. Price \$2,850.

A six room frame house on Florence street. Gas and city water. Lot 45x80. Terms easy. Price \$2,000.

Buckeye Realty Co.

ROOM 6, VODREY BUILDING,
Fifth and Broadway. Both 'phones. Open Evenings.

SOCIAL EVENTS

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A large number of representative citizens have notified the Egypta committee that their names may be used as patrons for the opening performance of Egypta at Rock Springs theatre next Monday night. The first night of the opera promises to be quite an elaborate social affair. Many of the patrons will organize little opera parties of their friends. The stage carpenters are busily occupied in remodeling the stage equipment to accommodate the massive scenery used. Marvelous electrical illusions of water ripples, moving clouds, dancing fire flies, cascades, "pillars of fire," etc., will be used.

A pleasant class entertainment was given last evening by Miss Lucile Jones to her Sunday school class of young men of the First Presbyterian church. There was a large number present, and a musical program was given. The mandolin club of young ladies rendered several fine selections. Miss Helen Wellington also assisted in entertaining the guests by giving several readings. Miss Wellington is quite talented, and a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory.

May Dance at Lisbon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—The Young Men's Lyceum, of Lisbon, is preparing for the annual May dance, which will be held in the new post office building next Wednesday evening. The Ohio orchestra, of Youngstown, has been engaged.

Farewell Reception.

A surprise party and farewell reception was tendered Miss Allie Eardley on Tuesday evening by some 25 or more of her friends. Miss Eardley is taking her departure to St. Louis and her friends gave a memorable and pleasant farewell reception.

Hysell-McKee.

Miss Goldie E. Hysell and Charles A. McKee were married last evening by Justice J. N. Rose. Both the bride and groom are well known young people of this city.

Class to Be Entertained.

Miss Maud Baum's Sunday school class of the First M. E. church will be entertained tomorrow evening at the home of Miss Florence Dray in the East End.

What You Need for Constipation.

When troubled with constipation, what you need is a remedy that is sure to produce the desired effect. A remedy that is mild and gentle in its action. A remedy that leaves the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. A remedy that is easy and pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets meet all of these requirements. Give them a trial and you will never wish to take another dose of pills. Use them as directed and they will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents. Every box is warranted for sale by A. H. H. Co.

**ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEMBERS
AND GRADUATES OF EAST LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL ARE
REQUESTED TO MEET IN HIGH
SCHOOL ROOMS AT 7:30 O'CLOCK
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12.**

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.

Sold by Will Reed.

**Reduced Fares to Carthage, Mo., via
Pennsylvania Lines.**

Low fares will be in effect to Carthage and Joplin, Mo., via Pennsylvania Lines, May 17th to 24th, inclusive, according to Annual Conference German Baptist Brethren. Ten days' stop-over at St. Louis World's Fair allowed. Get further information from local Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines.

Knox straw hats, first showing today. Joseph Bros.

KOUNTZ ESTATE SUED

Executor Desired to Deliver a Deed to a Tract Situated in East Liverpool.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—Byron A. Kountz has begun an action in common pleas court here against A. G. Smith, as executor of the estate of Jacob G. Kountz, Sr., deceased, and the heirs of the deceased, asking the court to compel the executor to deliver him a deed to a tract in East Liverpool, in accordance with the terms of an agreement entered into during the life of the decedent.

The plaintiff alleges that the deceased Mr. Kountz was indebted to him 40 years ago in the sum of \$1,300 and agreed to convey to the plaintiff the tract in question in settlement of the claim. The debt was accordingly cancelled and the plaintiff took possession of the premises February 9, 1864. He improved the place and erected buildings thereon at an expense of \$1,500 and had lived there ever since, but the now deceased Jacob Kountz, Sr., failed to carry out his part of the contract by delivering the deed. The plaintiff avers that even in the absence of a deed his long occupancy has given him a prescriptive right to the place. He asks, however, that the executor may be required to make him a deed and that the party defendant heirs may be required to set up any adverse interest they may claim.

George D. Ingram and Charles Boyd, of Wellsville, are the plaintiff's attorneys.

COMMITTED SUICIDE

A Steubenville Man Killed Himself After Trying to Murder a Woman.

Steubenville, May 12.—Samuel Davis, aged about 27, formerly a painter at the LaBelle mill, attempted to kill Mrs. Ethel Chappel, a woman about town, on account of jealousy, and not succeeding, killed himself by shooting. He was a brother of Joseph Davis, recently indicted jointly with Mrs. Jennie Owen, for the murder of her husband. Liquor was the cause of his downfall.

PIANO RECITAL

By a Leipzig, Germany, Graduate.
The coming piano recital to be given in the East End M. E. church on the evening of May 13 by Mr. Frank W. H. Nuss, of Philadelphia, Pa., will prove to be one of the most elaborate musical events ever given here. Mr. Nuss is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig, Germany, and this is the first time any European pianist has ever visited here. He will be assisted by Miss Elsie May Gundling, of Wheeling, W. Va., soprano; Mr. E. Cecil Beam, violinist, and Mr. Earl Wells, basso profundo.

Judgment for the Plaintiff.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—The case of Charles E. Smith, as county treasurer, vs. Ella McCowan, as guardian of Carmel McCowan, of Wellsville, having been submitted to court on the pleadings of the evidence, judgment has been rendered in favor of the plaintiff in the sum of \$150 for back taxes. Judgment for a like amount in a similar case against Mrs. McCowan herself has been rendered. The defendant pays the cost in both cases.

To Play on Memorial Day.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—The Lisbon base ball team, which was recently organized under the management of Bert Ourant, is arranging for a game with the Pleasant Heights Athletics, of East Liverpool, to be played here Decoration day.

Order of Appraisement.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—Henry Thorn, as administrator of the estate of Margaret E. Thorn, deceased, has been given an order for the appraisement of lot 4 in Lucy Russell's addition to Wellsville. Appraisers, C. J. Wilfing, John F. Donnelly and S. W. Connor.

Married in Probate Court.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—Thomas Ross and Mrs. Domenica Maria Salto, Salem Italians, were married in the probate court room this morning by Mayor George T. Farrell.

You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey Tar and not being satisfied.

Sold by Will Reed.

Knox straw hats, first showing today. Joseph Bros.

Unable to Walk.—Mrs. Henry Bullock stepped on a broken over in the cellar at her home on College street yesterday afternoon and its sharp edge coming into contact with her ankle cut a deep gash. She will not be able to walk until the wound heals.

Plants and Flowers.

T. B. Murphy & Son will receive tomorrow a shipment of potted plants, carnations and roses, also bulbs, all colors, consisting of gladiolas, dahlias, tritonas and giant hybrid cannas.

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Knox straw hats. See them at Joseph Bros.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

Officer Dawson Went to Toronto to Make an Arrest, But Did Not Succeed.

Officer Dawson went on a wild goose chase to Toronto yesterday afternoon. He received a "tip" that John Kennedy, who is wanted for making a murderous assault on an Italian, was at Toronto attending Robinson's circus and Chief Wyman detailed him to go after the man.

While en route Dawson was seen by Toke Burke, who is an intimate friend of Kennedy, and who surmised the officer's purpose. Burke sent word to his friend and the officer was foiled.

MISSION CONVENTION

Arrangements to Be Completed For An Important Meeting in This City.

Rev. J. G. Reinartz went to Rochester on the noon train to meet with the executive committee of the central mission league of the Pittsburgh Lutheran synod, which assembles there this evening to make final arrangements for the convention to be held in St. John's church in this city on June 12. On June 14 the delegates will meet with the Lutherans of the Ohio and Beaver valleys at Rock Springs park, where the annual reunion of Lutherans will be held.

POSTMASTERS' SALARIES

A Number of Them in Towns in This Vicinity Have Been Increased.

Washington, 12.—These increases in the salaries of postmasters in towns in Eastern Ohio have been made, to take effect July 1: Leetonia, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Malta, \$1,200 to \$1,300; Martin's Ferry, \$2,100 to \$2,200; Minerva, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Nelsonville, \$1,700 to \$1,800; McConnelsville, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Mineral City, \$1,100 to \$1,200; New Concord, \$1,400 to \$1,500. The following have been decreased: Newcomerstown, \$1,700 to \$1,600; Lodi, \$1,500 to \$1,200; Mingo Junction, \$1,700 to \$1,600.

Knox straw hats. Joseph Bros.

Merchant Moves to Alliance.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—Joseph Sittler, who has conducted a dry goods store here for several years, has bought the William Stalcup store in Alliance and took possession today. He was accompanied to Alliance by Miss Jennie Johnson, who has been employed in his store here. Mr. Sittler will close out his stock in Lisbon within 60 days.

Will Move to the West.

Lisbon, May 12.—R. R. May, who has been employed in Artor's Pad factory for the last 12 years, left today for Kansas City, Mo., where he has accepted a position in a similar establishment and will move his family there soon.

Administratrix Named.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special.)—The late Aaron Hawley, of Butler township, having left no will, Lizzie L. Deemer has been appointed administratrix of his estate under bond of \$1,200. Appraisers, George Chamberlain, Abram Moore and August Volker.

VARILLA DECORATED.

French Government Honors Man Who Engineered New Republic.

Paris, May 12.—The government has made M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, first minister of Panama to the United States, an officer of the Legion of Honor. President Loubet acted in this matter on the request of Foreign Minister Delcasse and it is understood that this is expressive of the government's approval of the winding up of the Panama transfer and of M. Bunau-Varilla's services in that connection.

W. A. Day and Charles W. Russell, the assistant United States attorney generals, who came here from Washington to assist in the transfer of the canal property, have sailed from Cherbourg, taking with them the deed for the Panama canal and all the papers connected with the transfer. They expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the success of their mission and gratified at the government's recognition of M. Bunau-Varilla, who materially aided them in their work.

AMERICAN LEADING.

Postponed Games in Chess Tournament Are Played Off.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., May 12.—The five games unfinished in the international chess tournament, were completed. The first games scheduled were those of Fox vs Janowski, Lasker vs. Barry, Pillsbury vs. Schlechter, and Delmar vs. Marco. Lasker and Barry, however, agreed to call their game a draw without making any additional moves. Fox beat Janowski after 65 moves, and Marco beat Delmar, the latter overstepping the time limit, after 50 moves. Pillsbury and Schlechter did not agree upon a draw until 146 moves had been made. The Showalter-Fox bout ended in a draw after 74 moves.

The results to date: Marshall, won 9, lost 1; Janowski, 8—2; Lasker 7½—2½; Marco 6—4; Fox 5½—4½; Teichmann, 5½—4½; Mieses, 5—5; Pillsbury, 5—5; Showalter 5—5; Lawrence, 4—6; Schlechter, 4—6; Tschigorin, 4—6; Barry, 3—7; Hodges, 3—7; Napier, 3—7; Delmar, 2½—7½.

The Review is unsurpassed as an advertising medium.

The Boston Store

Extensive Showings This Week.

of new wash waists, in Lawns, Linens, and Madras, priced from 50c to \$5.00.
Wash Taffeta, Peau de Crepe, Crepe de Chine Silk Waists priced from \$2.50 to \$18 each.
Wash Suits in Madras, Lawns and Linens, priced from \$3.00 to \$15.00 each.
New Taffeta Silk Shirt Waist Suits, priced at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25 each.
New Dressing Sacques in light and dark Lawns, priced at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each.
Silk Kimonos in white, pink and blue, Wash Silks at \$5.00 and \$6.50 each.
Paris Tea Gowns in white, pink and blue Silk, priced at \$18.00 and \$20.00 each.
Visit our Cloak Department on Second Floor and pass your critical judgment on the arrivals in Ready-to-Wear Garments. You need not buy unless you want to.

The Boston Store

Accurate Prescription Work

When you have a difficult prescription, or one that is to be used in a serious case of illness, bring it to us. We fill every prescription exactly as it is written.

That is why so many doctors direct their patients to bring prescriptions to us. Pharmaceutical chemist in charge of prescription department.

**J.D. HOLLOWAY
DRUGGIST
113 SIXTH ST. EAST LIVERPOOL, O.**

DEFEATED GLASGOW

East End Grays Did Excellent Work in the Game at Columbian Park.

Good steady team work and hard hitting won the game for the East End Grays with the Glasgow team at Columbian park yesterday afternoon. The score was 9 to 1. The Grays played a fine game in the field, Owens making the only error. Bolton pitched a fine game and held the Smith's Ferry boys to six hits. Following is the score:

	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
E. E. Grays—	1	0	0	0	0
Hill, R.	2	3	6	3	0
Dunn, 2b.	2	2	0	3	0
Meeks, s.	1	2	6	2	0
Marsh, c.	0	0	1	1	0
H. Herbert, m.	0	0	1	1	0
Hemphill, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Owens, 3b.	0	0	2	0	1
Walker, lb.	1	2	9	0	0
Bolton, p.	2	2	2	0	0

Totals 9 11 27 11 1

Glasgow— R. H. P. A. E.

J. Green, lf.	1	0	1	0	0
E. Smith, p.	0	1	1	2	2
B. Bryan, m.	0	0	1	0	0
Wallover, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Crooms, lb.	0	2	11	1	2
R. Smith, c.	0	1	6	1	0
Miller, 2b.	0	0	3	4	0
Hamilton, s.	0	0	0	3	2
C. Thompson, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0

Totals 1 6 24 12 6

Struck out—By Bolton, 5; by Smith, 4.

Hit by pitched ball—E. Smith, 2.

Excursions to the West.

Beginning June 1, the Missouri Pacific railway will sell excursion tickets to certain points in Colorado and Utah, at one fare, plus fifty cents, for the round trip. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month Homeseekers' tickets will be on sale from St. Louis to the west and southwest at rate of one fare, plus \$2, for the round trip. For further information address John R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Alumni Association members and graduates of East Liverpool high school are requested to meet in high school rooms at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening, May 12.

NOTICE.

The Democrats of the city of East Liverpool and Liverpool township will assemble in mass convention at city hall Friday, May 13, 1904, at 8 o'clock p. m., city time, for the purpose of selecting delegates and alternates to the county convention according to the call of the county chairman.

J. J. WEISEND,
Chairman Democratic central committee.

S. W. CRAWFORD,
Secretary Democratic central committee.

A Lesson in Health.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.

Sold by Will Reed.

A STARTLING SURPRISE

FOR YOU

AT THE EMPIRE SHOE STORE

**A Rare Gift to Some One of
Our Patrons.**

BE ON THE WATCH

**For its appearance in our
SHOW WINDOW.**

162 Sixth St.

Old House & Hodgson Stand.



Do not forget that
**Dr. Jackman Extra
Teeth Positively
Without Pain**

by applying a harmless remedy to the gums, no loss of consciousness, positively no pain, and no sore and swollen gums afterward.
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES—Gold Crown and Bridge Work faulty; nothing but honest work done and positively guaranteed very latest methods of doing all work. **CONSULTATION AND AMINATION FREE.** Do not forget the place.

DR. L. C. JACKMAN, Dentist
Over Steinfeld & Viney's, Cor. 8th and Du

BASE BALL AT WEST END PARK

Friday and Saturday—4 P. M.

EAST LIVERPOOL vs. ALLEGHENY WIRE WORKER

(Formerly The Ourboys, of Aetna.)

"BEAUTIFUL WINONA"
Excursions via Pennsylvania Lines to That Pretty Resort.

With the opening of the season at Winona Lake, May 16, the sale of excursion tickets over the Pennsylvania Lines to that attractive resort in Northern Indiana will begin. Every summer passed there by thousands has only increased their desire to return. On the golf links, the tennis courts, the baseball or cricket grounds, the croquet field, or boating on the lake, fishing, camping, swimming, driving, or attending recitals and lectures by world-famed personages in the auditorium—whatever the diversion may be, the associations are of that congenial sort conferred by good society. This resort is noted as the site of Winona Assembly and Summer School, attracting teachers and students from educational institutions of this and other countries.
Fifteen-day and season excursion tickets will be sold from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines during the summer. For information about fares and time of trains, apply to local ticket agents, or to F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Illustrated literature describing attractions of Winona Lake may be had for the asking. Address: S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager, Winona Lake, Ind., who will particularly regarding camping and hotel accommodations program of by noted speakers and all other.

Excursion to Mansfield, C
Pennsylvania Line

Monday and Tuesday, May 23 and 24, excursion tickets will be sold to Mansfield, O., via Pennsylvania Lines, at 10c. For rates and time of trains, apply to local ticket agents.

Low Fares to the West via Pennsylvania Lines.

May 3, 17, June 7, 21, 24, 28, 31, 1904. Home-Seekers' tickets to points in the west, north and southwest, and Canada. For further information, apply to local ticket agents or to F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Illustrated literature describing attractions of Winona Lake may be had for the asking. Address: S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager, Winona Lake, Ind., who will particularly regarding camping and hotel accommodations program of by noted speakers and all other.

Foley's Honey Tar, for adapted for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness.

Sold by Will Reed.

**Seasonable
Time to
Become a
Home
Owner.
Let us help you.**

**Our Eight Years of
Experience Is Yours.**

**Bargains is our
strong card. You
get the benefit of
acquired skill when
you deal with us.**

We have exclusive sale of many properties in all parts of the city ranging from \$800.00 to \$10,000. And our general sale list is the largest in Eastern Ohio.

**The City is Dotted
Over With Houses
That We Have Built.**

We are planning the building of many more. So if we can't suit you in size, style, location and price, see what we can do in the way building to your order. We have vacant lots for sale at all prices and in all localities.

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F. W. TIMMONS,
Secretary.

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Egypta Patrons.
A large number of representative citizens have notified the Egypta committee that their names may be used as patrons for the opening performance of Egypta at Rock Springs theatre next Monday night. The first night of the opera promises to be quite an elaborate social affair. Many of the patrons will organize little opera parties of their friends. The stage carpenters are busily occupied in remodeling the stage equipment to accommodate the massive scenery used. Marvellous electrical illusions of water ripples, moving clouds, dancing fire flies, cascades, "pillars of fire," etc., will be used.

A pleasant class entertainment was given last evening by Miss Lucile Jones to her Sunday school class of young men of the First Presbyterian church. There was a large number present, and a musical program was given. The mandolin club of young ladies rendered several fine selections. Miss Helen Wellington also assisted in entertaining the guests by giving several readings. Miss Wellington is quite talented, and a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory.

May Dance at Lisbon.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The Young Men's Lyceum, of Lisbon, is preparing for the annual May dance, which will be held in the new post office building next Wednesday evening. The Ohio orchestra, of Youngstown, has been engaged.

Farewell Reception.
A surprise party and farewell reception was tendered Miss Allie Eardley on Tuesday evening by some 25 or more of her friends. Miss Eardley is taking her departure to St. Louis and her friends gave a memorable and pleasant farewell reception.

Hysell-McKee.
Miss Goldie E. Hysell and Charles A. McKee were married last evening by Justice J. N. Rose. Both the bride and groom are well known young people of this city.

Class to Be Entertained.
Miss Maud Baum's Sunday school class of the First M. E. church will be entertained tomorrow evening at the home of Miss Florence Dray in the East End.

What You Need for Constipation.
When troubled with constipation, what you need is a remedy that is sure to produce the desired effect. A remedy that is mild and gentle in its action. A remedy that leaves the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. A remedy that is easy and pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets meet all of these requirements. Give them a trial and you will never wish to take another dose of pills. Use them as directed and they will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents. Every box is warranted. For sale by A. H. H. Co.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEMBERS AND GRADUATES OF EAST LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL ARE REQUESTED TO MEET IN HIGH SCHOOL ROOMS AT 7:30 O'CLOCK THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

A Revelation.
If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.
Sold by Will Reed.

Reduced Fares to Carthage, Mo., via Pennsylvania Lines.

Low fares will be in effect to Carthage and Joplin, Mo., via Pennsylvania Lines, May 17th to 23rd, inclusive, according to Annual Conference German Baptist Brethren. Ten days' stop-over at St. Louis World's Fair allowed. Get further information from local Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines.

Knox straw hats, first showing today. Joseph Bros.

KOUNTZ ESTATE SUE

Executor Desired to Deliver a Deed to a Tract Situated in East Liverpool.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Byron A. Kountz has begun an action in common pleas court here against A. G. Smith, as executor of the estate of Jacob G. Kountz, Sr., deceased, and the heirs of the deceased, asking the court to compel the executor to deliver him a deed to a tract in East Liverpool, in accordance with the terms of an agreement entered into during the life of the decedent.

The plaintiff alleges that the deceased Mr. Kountz was indebted to him 40 years ago in the sum of \$1,200 and agreed to convey to the plaintiff the tract in question in settlement of the claim. The debt was accordingly cancelled and the plaintiff took possession of the premises February 9, 1864. He improved the place and erected buildings thereon at an expense of \$1,500 and had lived there ever since, but the now deceased Jacob Kountz, Sr., failed to carry out his part of the contract by delivering the deed. The plaintiff avers that even in the absence of a deed his long occupancy has given him a prescriptive right to the place. He asks, however, that the executor may be required to make him a deed and that the party defendant heirs may be required to set up any adverse interest they may claim.

George D. Ingram and Charles Boyd, of Wellsville, are the plaintiff's attorneys.

COMMITTED SUICIDE

A Steubenville Man Killed Himself After Trying to Murder a Woman.

Steubenville, May 12.—Samuel Davis, aged about 27, formerly a painter at the LaBelle mill, attempted to kill Mrs. Ethel Chappel, a woman about town, on account of jealousy, and not succeeding, killed himself by shooting. He was a brother of Joseph Davis, recently indicted jointly with Mrs. Jennie Owen, for the murder of her husband. Liquor was the cause of his downfall.

PIANO RECITAL

By a Leipzig, Germany, Graduate.
The coming piano recital to be given in the East End M. E. church on the evening of May 13 by Mr. Frank W. H. Nuss, of Philadelphia, Pa., will prove to be one of the most elaborate musical events ever given here. Mr. Nuss is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig, Germany, and this is the first time any European pianist has ever visited here. He will be assisted by Miss Elsie May Gundling, of Wheeling, W. Va., soprano; Mr. E. Cecil Beam, violinist, and Mr. Earl Wells, basso profundo.

Judgment for the Plaintiff.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The case of Charles E. Smith, as county treasurer, vs. Ella McCowan, as guardian of Carmel McCowan, of Wellsville, having been submitted to court on the pleadings of the evidence, judgment has been rendered in favor of the plaintiff in the sum of \$150 for back taxes. Judgment for a like amount in a similar case against Mrs. McCowan herself has been rendered. The defendant pays the cost in both cases.

To Play on Memorial Day.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The Lisbon base ball team, which was recently organized under the management of Bert Ourant, is arranging for a game with the Pleasant Heights Athletics, of East Liverpool, to be played here Decoration day.

Order of Appraisement.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Henry Thorn, as administrator of the estate of Margaret E. Thorn, deceased, has been given an order for the appraisal of lot 4 in Lucy Russell's addition to Wellsville. Appraisers, C. J. Wilfing, John F. Donnelly and S. W. Connor.

Married in Probate Court.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Thomas Ross and Mrs. Domenica Maria Salto, Salem Italians, were married in the probate court room this morning by Mayor George T. Farrell.

You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar and not being satisfied.
Sold by Will Reed.

Knox straw hats, first showing today. Joseph Bros.

Unable to Walk.—Mrs. Henry Bullock stepped on a broken cinder in the cellar at her home on College street yesterday afternoon and its sharp edge coming into contact with her ankle cut a deep gash. She will not be able to walk until the wound heals.

Plants and Flowers.
T. B. Murphy & Son will receive tomorrow a shipment of potted plants, carnations and roses, also bulbs, all colors, consisting of gladiolus, dahlias, tritonia and giant hybrid cannas.

Plants and Flowers.
T. B. Murphy & Son will receive tomorrow a shipment of potted plants, carnations and roses, also bulbs, all colors, consisting of gladiolus, dahlias, tritonia and giant hybrid cannas.

Knox straw hats. See them at Joseph Bros.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

Officer Dawson Went to Toronto to Toronto to Make an Arrest, But Did Not Succeed.

Officer Dawson went on a wild goose chase to Toronto yesterday afternoon. He received a "tip" that John Kennedy, who is wanted for making a murderous assault on an Italian, was at Toronto attending Robinson's circus and Chief Wyman detailed him to go after the man.

While en route Dawson was seen by Tobe Burke, who is an intimate friend of Kennedy, and who surmised the officer's purpose. Burke sent word to his friend and the officer was foiled.

MISSION CONVENTION

Arrangements to Be Completed For An Important Meeting in This City.

Rev. J. G. Reinartz went to Rochester on the noon train to meet with the executive committee of the central mission league of the Pittsburgh Lutheran synod, which assembles there this evening to make final arrangements for the convention to be held in St. John's church in this city on June 13. On June 14 the delegates will meet with the Lutherans of the Ohio and Beaver valleys at Rock Springs park, where the annual reunion of Lutherans will be held.

POSTMASTERS' SALARIES

A Number of Them in Towns in This Vicinity Have Been Increased.

Washington, 12.—These increases in the salaries of postmasters in towns in Eastern Ohio have been made, to take effect July 1: Leetonia, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Malta, \$1,200 to \$1,300; Martin's Ferry, \$2,100 to \$2,200; Minerva, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Nelsonville, \$1,700 to \$1,800; McConnelsville, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Mineral City, \$1,100 to \$1,200; New Concord, \$1,400 to \$1,500. The following have been decreased: Newcomerstown, \$1,700 to \$1,600; Lodi, \$1,500 to \$1,200; Mingo Junction, \$1,700 to \$1,600.

Knox straw hats. Joseph Bros.

Merchant Moves to Alliance.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—Joseph Sitter, who has conducted a dry goods store here for several years, has bought the William Stalcup store in Alliance and took possession today. He was accompanied to Alliance by Miss Jennie Johnson, who has been employed in his store here. Mr. Sitter will close out his stock in Lisbon within 60 days.

Will Move to the West.
Lisbon, May 12.—R. R. May, who has been employed in Artor's Pad factory for the last 12 years, left today for Kansas City, Mo., where he has accepted a position in a similar establishment and will move his family there soon.

Administratrix Named.
Lisbon, May 12.—(Special).—The late Aaron Hawley, of Butler township, having left no will, Lizzie L. Deemer has been appointed administratrix of his estate under bond of \$1,200. Appraisers, George Chamberlain, Abram Moore and August Volker.

VARILLA DECORATED.

French Government Honors Man Who Engineered New Republic.

Paris, May 12.—The government has made M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, first minister of Panama to the United States, an officer of the Legion of Honor. President Loubet acted in this matter on the request of Foreign Minister Delcasse and it is understood that this is expressive of the government's approval of the winding up of the Panama transfer and of M. Bunau-Varilla's services in that connection.

W. A. Day and Charles W. Russell, the assistant United States attorney generals, who came here from Washington to assist in the transfer of the canal property, have sailed from Cherbourg, taking with them the deed for the Panama canal and all the papers connected with the transfer. They expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the success of their mission and gratified at the government's recognition of M. Bunau-Varilla, who materially aided them in their work.

AMERICAN LEADING.

Postponed Games in Chess Tournament Are Played Off.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., May 12.—The five games unfinished in the international chess tournament, were completed. The first games scheduled were those of Fox vs. Janowski, Lasker vs. Barry, Pillsbury vs. Schlechter, and Delmar vs. Marco. Lasker and Barry, however, agreed to call their game a draw without making any additional moves. Fox beat Janowski after 65 moves, and Marco beat Delmar, the latter overstepping the time limit, after 50 moves. Pillsbury and Schlechter did not agree upon a draw until 146 moves had been made. The Showalter-Fox bout ended in a draw after 74 moves.

The results to date: Marshall, won 9, lost 1; Janowski, 8-2; Lasker 7½-2½; Marco, 6-4; Fox, 5½-4½; Teichmann, 5½-4½; Mieses, 5-5; Pillsbury, 5-5; Showalter, 5-5; Lawrence, 4-6; Schlechter, 4-6; Tschigorin, 4-6; Barry, 3-7; Hodges, 3-7; Napier, 3-7; Delmar, 2½-7½.

The Review is unsurpassed as an advertising medium.

The Boston Store

Extensive Showings This Week.

of new wash waists, in Lawns, Linens, and Madras, priced from 50c to \$5.00.
Wash Taffeta, Peau de Crepe, Crepe de Chine Silk Waists priced from \$2.50 to \$18 each.
Wash Suits in Madras, Lawns and Linens, priced from \$3.00 to \$15.00 each.
New Taffeta Silk Shirt Waist Suits, priced at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25 each.
New Dressing Sacques in light and dark Lawns, priced at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each.
Silk Kimonos in white, pink and blue, Wash Silks at \$5.00 and \$6.50 each.
Paris Tea Gowns in white, pink and blue Silk, priced at \$18.00 and \$20.00 each.
Visit our Cloak Department on Second Floor and pass your critical judgment on the arrivals in Ready-to-Wear Garments. You need not buy unless you want to.

The Boston Store

Accurate Prescription Work

When you have a difficult prescription, or one that is to be used in a serious case of illness, bring it to us. We fill every prescription exactly as it is written.
That is why so many doctors direct their patients to bring prescriptions to us.
Pharmaceutical chemist in charge of prescription department.

**J.D. HOLLOWAY
DRUGGIST
113 SIXTH ST. EAST LIVERPOOL, O.**

DEFEATED GLASGOW

East End Grays Did Excellent Work in the Game at Columbian Park.

Good steady team work and hard hitting won the game for the East End Grays with the Glasgow team at Columbian park yesterday afternoon. The score was 9 to 1. The Grays played a fine game in the field, Owens making the only error. Bolton pitched a fine game and held the Smith's Ferry boys to six hits. Following is the score:

	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
E. E. Grays—	1	0	0	0	9
Hill, rf	2	3	6	3	0
Dunn, 2b	2	3	6	3	0
Meeks, s	2	2	0	3	0
Marsh, c	1	2	6	2	0
H. Herbert, m	0	0	1	1	0
Hemphill, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Owens, 3b	0	2	0	2	1
Walker, 1b	1	2	0	0	1
Bolton, p	2	2	2	2	0
Totals	9	11	27	11	1
Glasgow—	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
J. Green, lf	0	1	0	0	0
E. Smith, p	0	1	1	2	2
B. Bryan, m	0	0	1	0	0
Wallover, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Crooms, 1b	0	2	1	1	2
R. Smith, c	0	1	6	1	0
Miller, 2b	0	0	3	4	0
Hamilton, s	0	0	0	3	2
C. Thompson, 3b	0	1	1	1	0
Totals	0	6	24	12	6
Struck out—By Bolton, 5; by Smith, 4.					
Hit by pitched ball—E. Smith, 2.					

Excursions to the West.
Beginning June 1, the Missouri Pacific railway will sell excursion tickets to certain points in Colorado and Utah, at one fare, plus fifty cents, for the round trip. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month Homeseekers' tickets will be on sale from St. Louis to the west and southwest at rate of one fare, plus \$2, for the round trip. For further information address John R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Alumni Association members and graduates of East Liverpool high school are requested to meet in high school rooms at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening, May 12.

NOTICE.

The Democrats of the city of East Liverpool and Liverpool township will assemble in mass convention at city hall Friday, May 13, 1904, at 8 o'clock p. m., city time, for the purpose of selecting delegates and alternates to the county convention according to the call of the county chairman.

J. J. WEISEND,
Chairman Democratic central committee.
S. W. CRAWFORD,
Secretary Democratic central committee.

A Lesson in Health.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.

Sold by Will Reed.

A STARTLING SURPRISE FOR YOU AT THE EMPIRE SHOE STORE

A Rare Gift to Some One of Our Patrons.

BE ON THE WATCH For its appearance in our SHOW WINDOW.

**162 Sixth St.
Old House & Hodgson Stand.**

Do not forget that
**Dr. Jackman Extra
Teeth Positively
Without Pain**

by applying a harmless remedy to the gums, no loss of consciousness, positively no pain, and no sore and swollen gums afterward.
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES—Gold Crown and Bridge Work faulty; nothing but honest work done and positively guaranteed. Very latest methods of doing all work. CONSULTATION AND AMINATION FREE. Do not forget the place.

DR. L. C. JACKMAN, Dentist
Over Steinfeld & Viney's, Cor. 6th and D.

BASE BALL AT WEST END PARK

Friday and Saturday—4 P.

EAST LIVERPOOL vs. ALLEGHENY WIRE WORKER

(Formerly The Ourboys, of Aetna.)

"BEAUTIFUL WINONA."
Excursions via Pennsylvania Lines to That Pretty Resort.

With the opening of the season at Winona Lake, May 15, the sale of excursion tickets over the Pennsylvania Lines to that attractive resort in Northern Indiana will begin. Every summer passed there by thousands has only increased their desire to return. On the golf links, the tennis courts, the baseball or cricket grounds, the croquet field, or boating on the lake, fishing, camping, swimming, driving, or attending recitals and lectures by world-famed personages in the auditorium—whatever the diversion may be, the associations ever the diversion sort conferred by good society. This resort is noted as the site of Winona Assembly and Summer School, attracting teachers and students from educational institutions of this and other countries.
Fifteen-day and season excursion tickets will be sold from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines during the summer. For information about fares and time of trains, apply to local ticket agents, or to F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Illustrated literature describing attractions of Winona Lake may be had for the asking. Address S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager, Winona Lake, Ind., who will particularly regarding camping facilities, accommodations, program of lectures by noted speakers and all other matters.

Excursion to Mansfield, Pa., via Pennsylvania Lines.
Monday and Tuesday, May 16 and 17, excursion tickets will be sold to Mansfield, Pa., via Pennsylvania Lines, at 10c. For rates and time of trains, apply to local ticket agents, or to F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Illustrated literature describing attractions of Mansfield may be had for the asking. Address S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager, Mansfield, Pa.

Low Fares to the West via Pennsylvania Lines.
May 3, 17, June 7, 21, July 1, 15, 29, and August 12, 26, Home Seekers' tickets will be sold to points in the west, north and southwest, and Canada. For further information, apply to local ticket agents, or to F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Illustrated literature describing attractions of the west may be had for the asking. Address S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Foley's Honey and Tar
adapted for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness.
Sold by Will Reed.

PUBLISHERS

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET ONE OF THE BEST SERIAL STORIES EVER OFFERED. IT IS FREE TO ONE PAPER IN A COMMUNITY

The Central Liberty Loan Committee's Publicity Department at Cleveland has obtained from Charles Alden Seltzer, noted American novelist, rights to his latest novel, "The Man With a Country." Seltzer is famous for his delineation of real American characters.

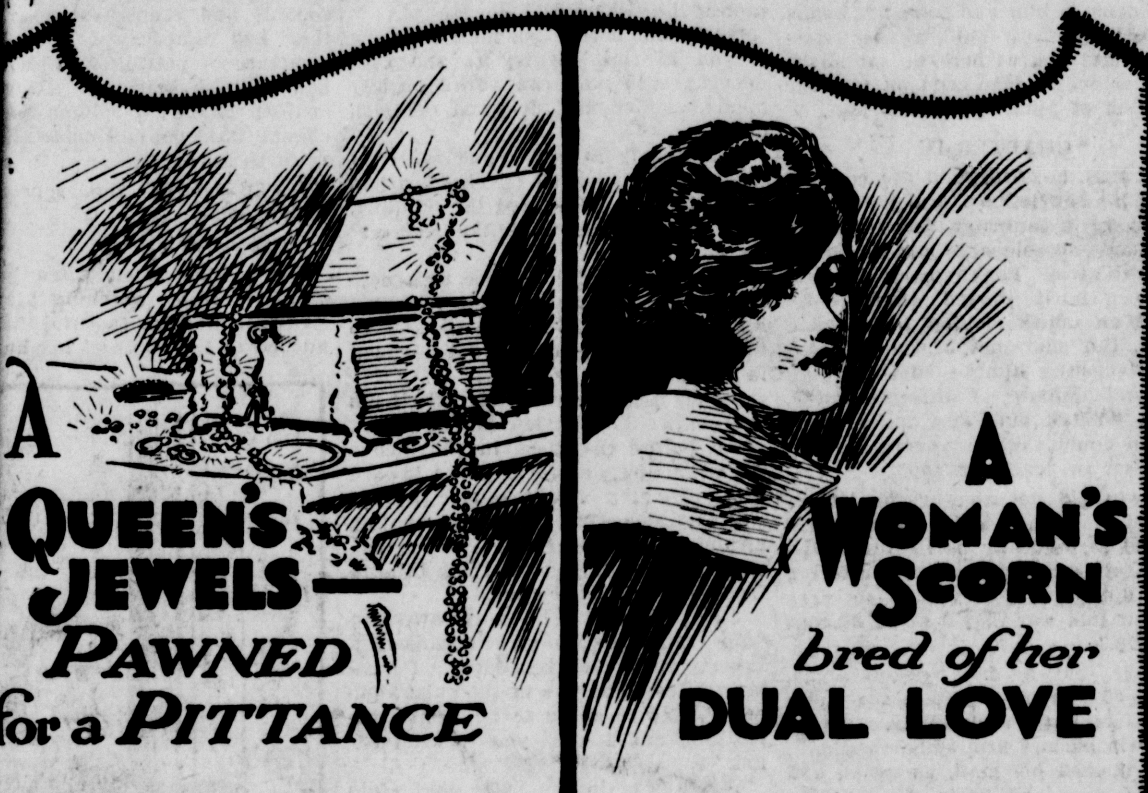
Believing that this story will help sell the Victory Liberty Loan, the Central Committee hopes to see it run in every community in the Fourth Federal Reserve District.

It will be supplied free in plate form. It can be divided into six installments or run as the publisher pleases, so long as publication is so arranged that the last installment will be printed in the second week of the campaign—the week of April 27-May 3.

Naturally the serial cannot be run in more than one newspaper in a community. It will be apportioned on the rule of "first come, first served." When you have looked over this proof sheet and decided whether or

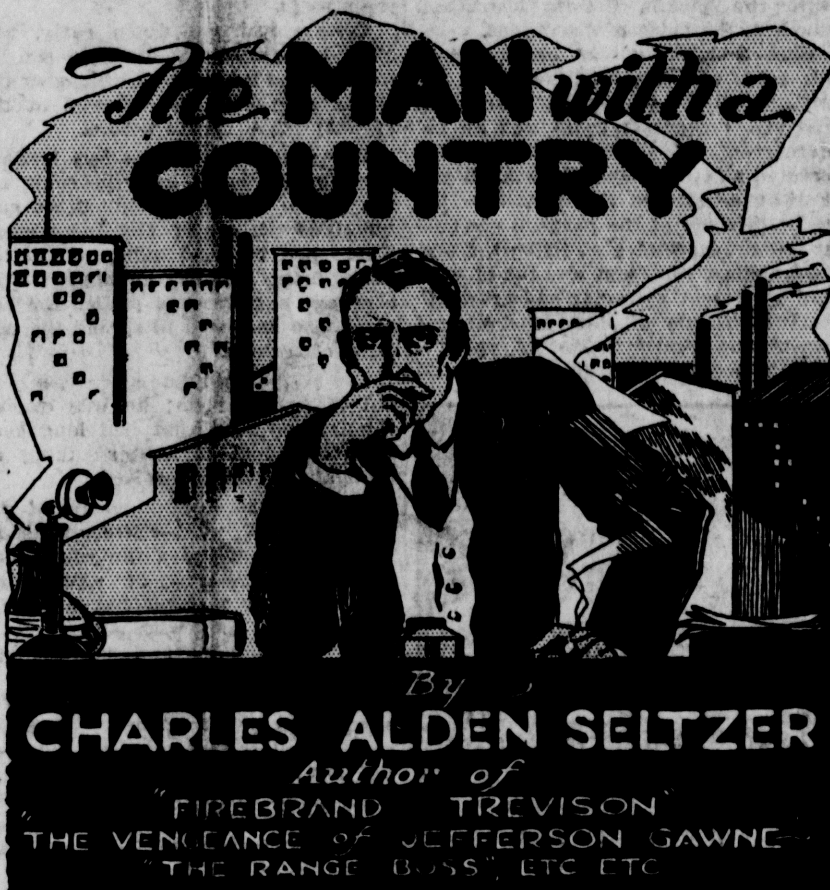
not you want the serial for your territory, telephone or telegraph collect to M. H. Laundon, Publicity Director, Central Liberty Loan Committee, Cleveland.

If you are a ready-print paper the Western Newspaper Union will, subject to your order, if you desire, run the serial on your ready-print side. The fact that you already are running a serial need not interfere with the running of this one. The installments are not long.



—made it possible for Columbus to discover that America lay in the seas of that unknown West. He underwent physical hardships, torture to make his great find.

—led Carter Corwin to the discovery that America lay deep in that unknown heart of his. His hardships, his torture in the quest of his great find were mental.



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CHAPTER I

CARTER CORWIN had lunched alone at an exclusive little restaurant on a side street. A certain front-page article in the Observer—Falltown's only daily newspaper—had taken the edge off Corwin's appetite.

To be sure, the event had been impending—the somber shadow of war had long been stretching westward over the mighty expanse of water that certain credulous and trusting Americans had glibly and unthinkingly referred to as providing "immunity from invasion."

But the President's war message had come as a distinct shock despite the expectancy which had preceded it—and Corwin got up from the table with a conviction that the country faced a task the enormity of which could not be comprehended on the instant. And, he grimly assured himself as he walked down Main street, there were persons in America who would never comprehend it.

Nor could Corwin entirely grasp the mighty significance of the thing. He was convinced that the volume of production, hitherto fixed at certain limits, would have to be vastly increased; there would have to be extensions, enlargements, and intensive schemes to speed up the manufacture of munitions and the thousand and one implements of destruction which are the essentials of war; there would have to be rapid and hazardous adjustments; and in some cases a complete rebuilding of many industries. The whole country would have to work and save as it never worked and saved

before—and the country would have to work and save under the handicap of a startling labor loss. For the khaki-clad stream that must be poured into devastated Europe would have to be recruited from field and office and factory. There was no magic by which an army could be raised through merely expressing the wish.

Filled with a vague disquiet, Corwin made his way down Main street until he reached Meridian avenue.

Main and Meridian formed the business center of Falltown. It was shortly after noon when Corwin reached the corner, and the hum of traffic had somewhat subsided.

Corwin had an appointment with Gary Miller, president of the Merchant's Bank; and he still had fifteen minutes to spare when he arrived at the corner. So he halted and leaned against one of the massive marble columns that supported the ornate facade of the building.

The two streets formed a gigantic cross around which clustered many business blocks. They were the only business streets in Falltown, and the quiet residence sections surrounding exerted a subduing influence, imparting an atmosphere of peace and quiet.

The peace-atmosphere seemed to be powerful today—at least to Corwin. For Corwin's reflections were running to contrasts just at this instant—the contrasts of the pursuits of peace and the appalling devastation of war.

Seltzer Is Like World War--- He Reveals The True American

LITERARY critic recently astonished Charles Alden Seltzer by telling him he was just like the World War. The author, who is a very domesticated husband and father, asked mildly if the critic wouldn't go on with the riddle.

"You both have broken the outside shell and revealed the real man that is the basis of an American," the critic said.

Seltzer, author of "The Man With a Country," which this paper has obtained and will run as a serial, has displayed a genius for portraying men in his widely-read tales of range life. Some of his best books have been "The Range Boss," "The Trail to Yesterday," "Firebrand Trevison," "Triangle Cupid" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne."

The wide circle of acquaintance which Seltzer's characters won among the readers of his books was greatly augmented with the coming of the movies.

Such stars as William S. Hart and Tom Mix, whose scenarios are of the western type, have portrayed Seltzer characters and are clamoring for the rights to more of the author's works. Some of the best that Mix has done are "The Two-Gun Man," "The Coming of the Law" and "Slow Burgess." Hart's best two were "Square Deal Sanderson" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne," which, in the film version was "Riddle Gawne."

Seltzer? He's as husky and homey as he looks. He's a "pal" of his two sons and an ideal granddaddy in spite of the fact that he is smooth-shaven.

His new serial, "The Man With a Country," has a hero who does not ride a broncho or shoot from either hand. The setting is in a small town

beyond the edge of town. There it was lost. But it reappeared farther on, crowning a long slope and stretching on and on—a sinuous white ribbon in the glaring noonday sun—an artery that connected Falltown with the pulsing, throbbing world.

However, Corwin's thoughts did not stop with the end of the road—they went right on to the Atlantic coast, leaped the mysterious waters, and took him to the shores of France. And for a while, unleashing his imagination, and feeding it with the graphic accounts he had read in the newspapers, he looked upon the battlefields; saw the Hun hordes ravage the land; saw them sweep on in series of waves—a succession of finely-trained armies hurled at the world's throat.

It seemed to Corwin as he leaned against the marble pillar of the Merchant's Bank that he could hear the thunder of the mighty guns; he visualized the endless streams of stretcher-bearers returning from the front with their shattered human wrecks; the ruined towns and villages—he saw the ghastly horror unfold in grisly detail; he glimpsed the spectacle of a gallant nation sacrificing its wealth and its manhood to stem the human avalanche which was sweeping the world to its doom. The fate of the world was in the balance; and Corwin could see multitudes of faces turned toward the western horizon—pallid, drawn faces bearing marks of suffering, all turned westward in mute appeal, awaiting the decision of the mighty nation which held the future of the world in the hollow of its hand.

The picture had been vivid, and Corwin's chest swelled with impotent sympathy as the scene shifted and he gazed around at Falltown, basking in its atmosphere of peace and quiet.



"Why should we slaughter our youth to help England?"

Here was a contrast! Corwin could see far eastward, down Main street; by turning he could see equally as far westward; looking up Meridian avenue he could look for miles out into the fertile countryside; and down Meridian avenue he could see other fertile miles of land. But Corwin could see farther than that—and with closed eyes!

On all sides the country unfolded—plains and mountains and hills and valleys and virgin forest—miles of cultivated land, eastward, westward, north and south; with teeming millions of people in shop and factory and field and office—all dwelling in peace and fancied security, with unlimited power and wealth on every hand. While at the very doors of this paradise of peace a maniac lusting for power, backed by millions of his equally fanatical subjects, was engaged in an orgy of murder and rape and destruction. And that demonic leader, pointing a reeking finger at the fair country of Corwin's birth, had declared, insolently: "I'll stand no nonsense from America after this war!"

Corwin grinned—it was the grim smile of the American fighting-man accepting a challenge to do battle. And the emotion that seethed in Corwin's heart was identical with that which pulsed through the veins of the sturdy youth of the country on the day their president solemnly drew the sword.

There was no gnawing disquiet in Carter Corwin's breast. He was an American. And whatever he was called upon to do, he would do—cheerfully, eagerly—not sullenly, as though he were making a sacrifice, but with the conviction that he had been endowed with a rare privilege.

He looked at his watch, found he had been dreaming for fifteen minutes—and entered the bank building where, an instant later, he was sitting at a leather covered mahogany table in President Gary Miller's private office, grinning, his face flushed, a proud light in his eyes.

CHAPTER II

CORWIN liked Gary Miller. Miller was big and loud-voiced, with a bluff, hearty manner and a ready smile. Corwin likewise believed in Miller. Perhaps that was because he had never had any direct dealings with the man. For some of Falltown's citizens could have acquainted Corwin with incidents which reflected very little credit on Miller's business instincts and ability. Those persons might also have called Corwin's attention to Miller's egotism. But as several of those persons who might have given Corwin that information were members of the board of directors of the Merchant's Bank, they did not think it wise to disseminate the burden of their convictions. For Miller certainly did attract depositors.

For several seconds following Corwin's entrance, Miller watched him with a genial smile.

"Well," said Corwin; "it is war." Miller ceased smiling and settled back into his chair. He wrinkled his forehead, squinted his eyes and pursed his lips. If he struck a knotted fist against the lips he might have resembled Rodin's famous "thinker". He would have presented a gross caricature, a positive libel upon the master's creation, but it would have been the nearest counterfeit of a thinking posture Miller could have assumed.

But Miller's wrinkled brows and thoughtful eyes had impressed many of Falltown's citizens. They impressed Corwin; and when Miller turned and fixed Corwin with a penetrating gaze, grunting "H'm", through his pursed lips, a chill came over the young man's enthusiasm.

"Speaking in a strictly confidential manner, Corwin," said Miller, heavily; "I think it is a mistake—a monstrous blunder. The President is catering to the jingo element in this country. Why in thunder do we want to interfere in the affairs of Europe, eh?"

"The Kaiser's dream of World—"

"Bosh!" laughed Miller, heartily; "buncombe! You've been listening to the jingo orators. Let Europe work out its own salvation. Why should we squander our resources and slaughter the youth of our land to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire?"

"The Lusitania!" began Corwin. "Regrettable, but a mere incident of war," declared Miller. "Those things will happen. Germany must pay for that, of course—and will, no doubt. She has already sent her regrets. However, that incident of itself does not provide a basis for war. This country is becoming too idealistic!"

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Charles Alden Seltzer tells how Carter did it.

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All in the serial which we about to publish. Corwin is of Charles Alden Seltzer's. You know this author. You have seen William S. Hart, Tom Mix and other screen stars by his men. You have read his gripping tales of the "Firebrand Trevison," "The Vengeance of Jefferson," "The Range Boss," "Triangle Cupid," "The Trail to Yesterday."

The MAN with a COUNTRY

of Seltzer's best. It with action—love, and combat—fly, searing shrapnel, searing hearts.

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CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER.

PUBLISHERS

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET ONE OF THE BEST SERIAL STORIES EVER OFFERED. IT IS FREE TO ONE PAPER IN A COMMUNITY

The Central Liberty Loan Committee's Publicity Department at Cleveland has obtained from Charles Alden Seltzer, noted American novelist, rights to his latest novel, "The Man With a Country." Seltzer is famous for his delineation of real American characters.

Believing that this story will help sell the Victory Liberty Loan, the Central Committee hopes to see it run in every community in the Fourth Federal Reserve District.

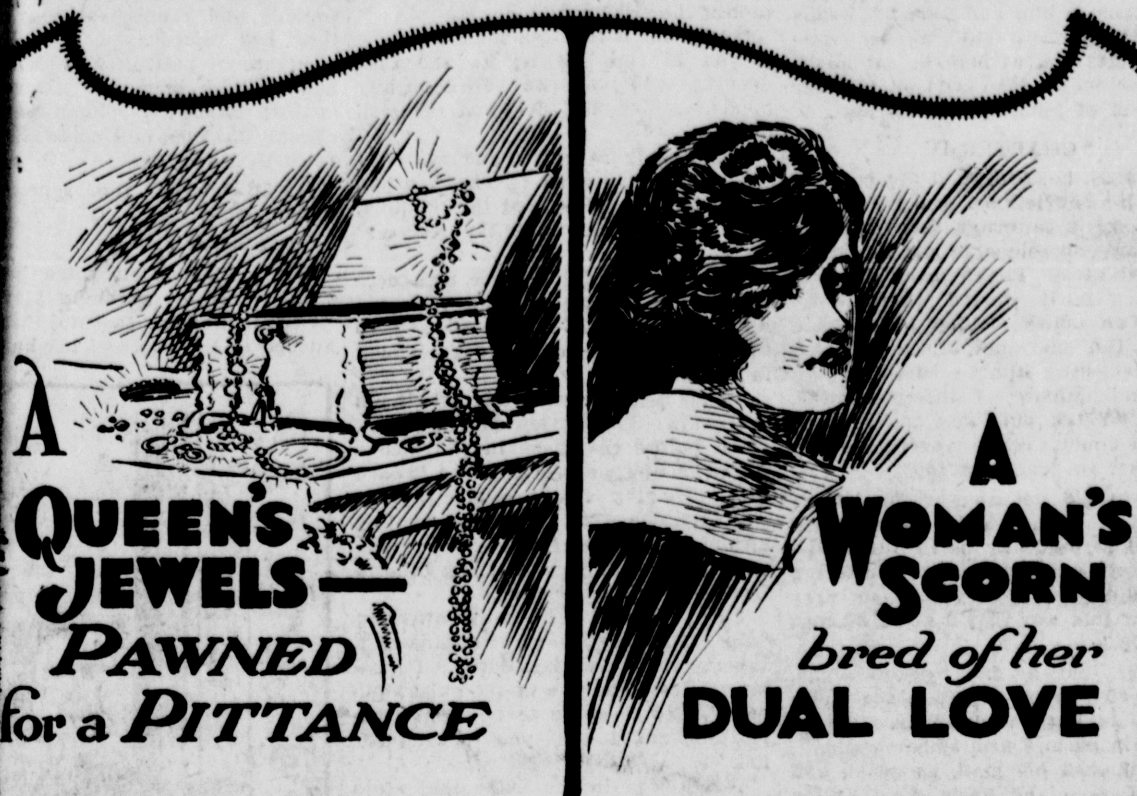
It will be supplied free in plate form. It can be divided into six installments or run as the publisher pleases, so long as publication is so arranged that the last installment will be printed in the second week of the campaign—the week of April 27-May 3.

Naturally the serial cannot be run in more than one newspaper in a community. It will be apportioned on the rule of "first come, first served."

When you have looked over this proof sheet and decided whether or

not you want the serial for your territory, telephone or telegraph collect to M. H. Laundon, Publicity Director, Central Liberty Loan Committee, Cleveland.

If you are a ready-print paper the Western Newspaper Union will, subject to your order, if you desire, run the serial on your ready-print side. The fact that you already are running a serial need not interfere with the running of this one. The installments are not long.



—made it possible for Columbus to discover that America lay in the seas of that unknown West. He underwent physical hardships, torture to make his great find.

—led Carter Corwin to the discovery that America lay deep in that unknown heart of his. His hardships, his torture in the quest of his great find were mental.

The MAN with a COUNTRY

is the story of Carter Corwin's discovery. It is from the virile pen of Charles Alden Seltzer who writes of real men—American men.

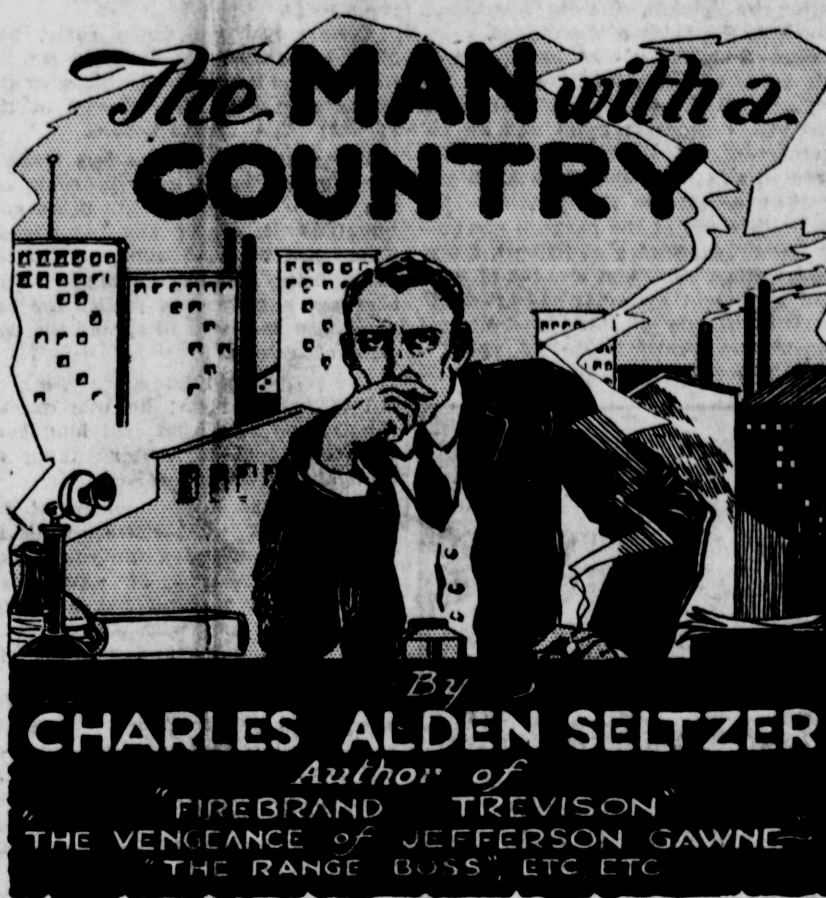
Literary critics agree that no writer has excelled Seltzer in portraying the American of the plains.

The general public has testified to their regard for the author by the avidity with which they have read "Firebrand Trevison", "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne", "The Range Boss", "Triangle Cupid" and his many other works.

Some of the best motion pictures played by such stars as William S. Hart and Tom Mix and Bert Lytell are Seltzer's stories.

The Man with a Country is a fabric of love, tragedy, hate and patriotism.

Watch for Opening Installment!



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CHAPTER I

CARTER CORWIN had lunched alone at an exclusive little restaurant on a side street. A certain front-page article in the Observer—Faltown's only daily newspaper—had taken the edge off Corwin's appetite.

To be sure, the event had been impending—the somber shadow of war had long been stretching westward over the mighty expanse of water that certain credulous and trusting Americans had glibly and unthinkingly referred to as providing "immunity from invasion."

But the President's war message had come as a distinct shock despite the expectancy which had preceded it—and Corwin got up from the table with a conviction that the country faced a task the enormity of which could not be comprehended on the instant. And he grimly assured himself as he walked down Main street, there were persons in America who would never comprehend it.

Nor could Corwin entirely grasp the mighty significance of the thing. He was convinced that the volume of production, hitherto fixed at certain limits, would have to be vastly increased; there would have to be extensions, enlargements, and intensive schemes to speed up the manufacture of munitions and the thousand and one implements of destruction which are the essentials of war; there would have to be rapid and hazardous adjustments; and in some cases a complete rebuilding of many industries. The whole country would have to work and save as it never worked and saved

before—and the country would have to work and save under the handicap of a startling labor loss. For the khaki-clad stream that must be poured into devastated Europe would have to be recruited from field and office and factory. There was no magic by which an army could be raised through merely expressing the wish.

Filled with a vague disquiet, Corwin made his way down Main street until he reached Meridian avenue.

Main and Meridian formed the business center of Faltown. It was shortly after noon when Corwin reached the corner, and the hum of traffic had somewhat subsided.

Corwin had an appointment with Gary Miller, president of the Merchant's Bank; and he still had fifteen minutes to spare when he arrived at the corner. So he halted and leaned against one of the massive marble columns that supported the ornate facade of the building.

The two streets formed a gigantic cross around which clustered many business blocks. They were the only business streets in Faltown, and the quiet residence sections surrounding exerted a subduing influence, imparting an atmosphere of peace and quiet.

The peace-atmosphere seemed to be powerful today—at least to Corwin. For Corwin's reflections were running to contrasts just at this instant—the contrasts of the pursuits of peace and the appalling devastation of war.

One section of Main street ran eastward. Corwin could see the street, paved for some distance, broad and inviting, with the sunlight streaming upon it, until it merged with the gravel road that dipped gently into a valley

beyond the edge of town. There it was lost. But it reappeared farther on, crowning a long slope and stretching on and on—a sinuous white ribbon in the glaring noonday sun—an artery that connected Faltown with the pulsing, throbbing world.

However, Corwin's thoughts did not stop with the end of the road—they went right on to the Atlantic coast, leaped the mysterious waters, and took him to the shores of France. And for a while, unleashing his imagination, and feeding it with the graphic accounts he had read in the newspapers, he looked upon the battlefields; saw the Hun hordes ravage the land; saw them sweep on in serried waves—a succession of finely-trained armies hurled at the world's throat.

It seemed to Corwin as he leaned against the marble pillar of the Merchant's Bank that he could hear the thunder of the mighty guns; he visualized the endless streams of stretcher-bearers returning from the front with their shattered human wrecks; the ruined towns and villages—he saw the ghastly horror unfold in grisly detail; he glimpsed the spectacle of a gallant nation sacrificing its wealth and its manhood to stem the human avalanche which was sweeping the world to its doom. The fate of the world was in the balance; and Corwin could see multitudes of faces turned toward the western horizon—pallid, drawn faces bearing marks of suffering, all turned westward in mute appeal, awaiting the decision of the mighty nation which held the future of the world in the hollow of its hand.

The picture had been vivid, and Corwin's chest swelled with impotent sympathy as the scene shifted and he gazed around at Faltown, basking in its atmosphere of peace and quiet.



"Why should we slaughter our youth to help England?"

Here was a contrast! Corwin could see far eastward, down Main street; by turning he could see equally as far westward; looking up Meridian avenue he could look for miles out into the fertile countryside; and down Meridian avenue he could see other fertile miles of land. But Corwin could see farther than that—and with closed eyes!

On all sides the country unfolded—plains and mountains and hills and valleys and virgin forest—miles of cultivated land, eastward, westward, north and south; with teeming millions of people in shop and factory and field and office—all dwelling in peace and fancied security, with unlimited power and wealth on every hand. While at the very doors of this paradise of peace a maniac lusting for power, backed by millions of his equally fanatical subjects, was engaged in an orgy of murder and rape and destruction. And that demonic leader, pointing a reeking finger at the fair country of Corwin's birth, had declared, insolently: "I'll stand no nonsense from America after this war!"

Corwin grinned—it was the grim smile of the American fighting-man accepting a challenge to do battle. And the emotion that seethed in Corwin's heart was identical with that which pulsed through the veins of the sturdy youth of the country on the day their president solemnly drew the sword.

There was no gnawing disquiet in Carter Corwin's breast. He was an American. And whatever he was called upon to do, he would do—cheerfully, eagerly—not sullenly, as though he were making a sacrifice, but with the conviction that he had been endowed with a rare privilege.

He looked at his watch, found he had been dreaming for fifteen minutes—and entered the bank building where, an instant later, he was sitting at a leather covered mahogany table in President Gary Miller's private office, grinning, his face flushed, a proud light in his eyes.

CHAPTER II

CORWIN liked Gary Miller. Miller was big and loud-voiced, with a bluff, hearty manner and a ready smile. Corwin likewise believed in Miller. Perhaps that was because he had never had any direct dealings with the man. For some of Faltown's citizens could have acquainted Corwin with incidents which reflected very little credit on Miller's business instincts and ability. Those persons might also have called Corwin's attention to Miller's egotism. But as several of those persons who might have given Corwin that information were members of the board of directors of the Merchant's Bank, they did not think it wise to disseminate the burden of their convictions. For Miller certainly did attract depositors.

For several seconds following Corwin's entrance, Miller watched him with a genial smile.

"Well," said Corwin; "it is war." Miller ceased smiling and settled back into his chair. He wrinkled his forehead, squinted his eyes and pursed his lips. If he struck a knotted fist against the lips he might have resembled Rodin's famous "thinker". He would have presented a gross caricature, a positive libel upon the master's creation, but it would have been the nearest counterfeit of a thinking posture Miller could have assumed.

But Miller's wrinkled brows and thoughtful eyes had impressed many of Faltown's citizens. They impressed Corwin; and when Miller turned and fixed Corwin with a penetrating gaze, grunting "H'm", through his pursed lips, a chill came over the young man's enthusiasm.

"Speaking in a strictly confidential manner, Corwin," said Miller, heavily; "I think it is a mistake—a monstrous blunder. The President is catering to the jingo element in this country. Why in thunder do we want to interfere in the affairs of Europe, eh?"

"The Kaiser's dream of World—"

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Seltzer Is Like World War--- He Reveals The True American



LITERARY critic recently astonished Charles Alden Seltzer by telling him he was just like the World War. The author, who is a very domesticated and docile husband and father, asked mildly if the critic wouldn't go on with the riddle.

"You both have broken the outside shell and revealed the real man that is the basis of an American," the critic said.

Seltzer, author of "The Man With a Country," which this paper has obtained and will run as a serial, has displayed a genius for portraying men in his widely-read tales of range life. Some of his best books have been "The Range Boss," "The Trail to Yesterday," "Firebrand Trevison," "Triangle Cupid" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne."

The wide circle of acquaintance which Seltzer's characters won among the readers of his books was greatly augmented with the coming of the movies.

Such stars as William S. Hart and Tom Mix, whose scenarios are of the western type, have portrayed Seltzer characters and are clamoring for the rights to more of the author's works. Some of the best that Mix has done are "The Two-Gun Man," "The Coming of the Law" and "Slow Burgess." Hart's best two were "Square Deal Sanderson" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne," which, in the film version was "Riddle Gawne."

Seltzer? He's a husky and homey as he looks. He's a "pal" of his two sons and an ideal granddaddy in spite of the fact that he is smooth-shaven.

His new serial, "The Man With a Country," has a hero who does not ride a broncho or shoot from either hand. The setting is in a small town

in the east and the characters are the folk you rub elbows with every day. The heroine is a stenographer.

If you believe that all the romance



CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

is locked up in the alkali dust of the plains or in the frozen snows of the Yukon a reading of this gripping story of Seltzer's will set you right.

When Corwin emerged from the bank building a few minutes later—after concluding his business with Miller—he felt that his glowing pictures of a few minutes before had been daubed with too much color. Looking eastward as he paused for an instant on the corner of Main and Meridian, he could see no farther than the crest of the slope where the gravel road stretched. He made no fanciful mental flight to the battlefields of stricken France and Belgium—it all seemed vague and far, now.

Corwin squared his shoulders as though to adjust them to a new weight that seemed to be on them. And a fugitive grin wreathed his lips as he crossed Meridian avenue and walked down Main street toward his office.

Perhaps Miller had not meant exactly what he had said; he might have been slyly poking fun at Corwin for the latter's quick defense of the President. For Miller had declared his intention of helping as much as he could. Or perhaps Miller had been suffering from an attack of indignation. Corwin's grin grew to a broad smile.

Half way between Meridian and the next corner, Corwin heard a hurried step behind him, and a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned to see Morley Roberts, president of the Falltown Steel Products Company, smiling gravely at him.

Roberts fell into step with Corwin, and they proceeded down Main street. Corwin had always felt flattered by Roberts' friendliness, and he had not failed to notice the man's frank interest in him. At the club—where Corwin spent many of his evenings—Roberts seemed to deliberately seek him out.

Corwin had cultivated Roberts, for though Corwin had inherited considerable wealth and was not forced to search for clients, the prospects of one day getting the legal business that Roberts could throw in his way was not to be lost.

Roberts was tall, dark, with black, lambent eyes, straight, strong features and a hard mouth. He was broad shouldered and erect, suave, and smoothly courteous.

"Heard the news, Corwin?" he asked.

Corwin nodded. "Everybody seems to have heard it," he replied. He smiled, calling Roberts' attention to the little groups of Falltown's citizens who were eagerly discussing the new phase of the international situation. Newsboys were shrilling the momentous intelligence, dinnings it into the ears of probable customers; men were shouting to one another; a street car clacked by, loaded with grim-faced, eager-voiced men; the town seemed to have shaken off its mid-day lethargy, and was humming and throbbing with life.

Roberts smiled mirthlessly. "They'll be singing a different tune after a while," he said. "It is no joke, this war business. Why doesn't America keep out of it? What have we to gain through a war with Germany?"

Corwin was disappointed. He had expected Roberts to be enthusiastic over the prospect of war. For he had been led to believe that enormous profits were to be made in the manufacture of war munitions, and he knew Roberts' company was well equipped for such work. If Roberts had declared for war, Corwin would have been able to throw off the dulling influence of Gary Miller's words.

There was a slight venom in Rob-

Corwin did not argue with Roberts—he had no heart for argument. And when he left Roberts and climbed the stairs to his office the weight that had seemed to settle on his shoulders after leaving Gary Miller bore upon him more heavily than ever.

He began to wonder if Miller and Roberts were not right, after all. It did seem, now that he reflected over the matter, that there was slight occasion for the action of the President in plunging the country into war. A former president of the republic had warned his countrymen of the danger of making entangling alliances with foreign powers; and here was the present President disregarding that sage advice.

A feeling of resentment stole over Corwin. The President's attitude hinted strongly of autocracy. It seemed to Corwin that a declaration of war might have been evaded. Corwin began to pick flaws in the President's diplomacy; he reflected cynically that the President was not of his political faith, and that he might be bringing on the war at the behest of powerful commercial interests that thirsted for enormous profits. Then from this fabric of suspicion he began to pluck strands—in the shape of rumored irregularities in administration affairs in Washington—that he wove into plausible beliefs.

There were several members of the President's cabinet that Corwin did not like—he had always thought them incompetent. If there was to be a war, why did not the President force the resignation of these men?

Within half an hour, meditating alone in his office, Corwin became a narrow partisan—convinced that his political party was able to conduct a war more efficiently than the one headed by the President. Feeding his partisanship with incidents that seemed to prove the soundness of his conviction, Corwin became, within an hour, a dissenter from all the principles enunciated by the President in his war message—and in his public utterances.

A hot rage seized Corwin; and he laughed, scoffingly. War! The idea was monstrous. Why declare war on Germany? Why, indeed? Miller was right; Roberts was right. The President was making a terrible blunder. The jingoism and war-profiters were agitating this thing, and they had won the President to their side. It wasn't a question of patriotism, for Germany had not threatened to invade America; and the surest and quickest way to convince the President and the world that the great body of the American people could not be fooled by such buncombe was to refuse to finance such a war.

When Molly King, Corwin's stenographer, came in a few minutes later, her face was flushed, her eyes were bright and there was an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. She went immediately to her desk; but instantly wheeled in her chair and faced Corwin.

"Did you hear the news, Mr. Corwin? America will declare war on Germany!"

Corwin grinned cynically at her. "Bosh!" he said. "Why should America interfere?"

The girl gasped and stared at Corwin in amazement. Then, when she saw Corwin was in earnest, she raised her chin defiantly.

"Because America is America, Mr. Corwin," she returned, coldly. "If America did not go in, now! I should never be able to look another foreigner in the eyes!"

She flounced around in her chair and began to bang the keys of her typewriter with a viciousness that startled Corwin. The girl's sturdy patriotism was in striking contrast to his own feelings, and for a long time he sat, watching her, oppressed with a sensation of guilt of something shameful and clandestine and unworthy.

CHAPTER III

CORWIN was astonished to discover that most of his friends were either opposed to war with Germany or were lukewarm toward it. So he gathered that it was not a popular war. His own feelings had not changed—except that his convictions had deepened. When the poison of distrust of the President and his official family had got into his veins it had changed him overnight.

It was easy to pick flaws in every public utterance of the President; the mistakes of the men appointed to responsible positions were so glaringly apparent that they aroused in Corwin a grim contempt for the entire war structure. Men were being called to Washington in huge numbers to take charge of various departments—newly created. It seemed to Corwin that these men were chosen, not because of their especial fitness, but because they were influential in politics. Corwin foresaw many opportunities for graft, and he had no doubt that the entire war-organization would be honeycombed with it. So, as the days fled and he continued to nurse his distrust, he observed with sardonic satisfaction that inefficiency was to reign in Falltown. For one morning Gary Miller told him that the Central Liberty Loan Committee of the district had appointed Bernard Dillon chairman of the Falltown Committee.

Corwin flushed angrily. He and Dillon were not friendly. He knew of no good reason why Dillon should not have the appointment, and he could not have denied that Dillon was honest. But he disliked the man, and was convinced that there were more capable men in Falltown.

He saw Miller looking keenly at him—understandingly.

"Well," laughed Miller; "I suppose they could have done better. Not that

I don't like Dillon. It's nothing personal, you understand; but he's a fellow that a man can't warm to." Miller's voice grew grave. "The loan is to be two billion. They can't raise it! Why, it's more money than the Government ever spent in two years. It didn't cost much more than that to finance the Civil War. And they talk of spending that amount within a few months!"

Miller was not the only resident of Falltown to express his convictions. During the days that followed the talk with the banker, Corwin hearkened much to the voice of discontent.

The fault-finder was omnipresent; his voice was raised in the office, the factory; in the groups that formed on the street corners; there was an undercurrent of dissatisfaction which created a savage joy in Corwin's heart. For he considered the dissatisfaction to be directed at the party in power—it was an expression of distrust, a protest against the huge blunder of waging war upon a foreign power which was thousands of miles distant. It wasn't necessary to go to war; it wasn't necessary to spend that vast



"How much does the Kaiser pay you for shooting off your mouth?"

amount of money; it was a heinous crime to send millions of men to meet death upon a foreign field merely to uphold an ideal.

One night, standing at the fringe of a crowd that was listening attentively to a wildly-gesticulating man who stood on a wooden box, Corwin heard the principles of the Socialist Party expounded. Until now, Corwin had considered the Socialists rattle-brained radicals intent upon the dismemberment of the Government. But by the time the man had finished Corwin felt there was some virtue in the Socialist platform, after all.

He was astonished that he should admit it, but the man had created an impression upon him. The appeal of the orator had been made to the passions, to the elemental in man which is irritated by all authority. Wars were criminal, the orator said; the solution of the world-difficulty was the adoption of the doctrine of "the brotherhood of man." A draft was imminent, the orator said; and he advised all men to resist it—to the point of revolution, if necessary.

Also, the orator had something to say about bonds. They, too, were evil. There could be no war if the people refused to finance it. The rich men of the country were behind it all—the poor did not want war—they would not have it.

At this point in the orator's speech there came an interruption. A sinewy, strong-faced man who stood near Corwin raised his voice sneeringly: "Bah!" he yelled at the orator; "how much does the Kaiser pay you for shooting off your mouth?"

There was a laugh, some hisses, and some applause for the interrupter. Then suddenly, the crowd began to move. There were shouts, hoarse imprecations, blows.

In an instant turmoil reigned. The crowd became a huge blot animated by swinging arms, and articulate with curses and infuriated yells. Corwin saw the interrupter, a grim smile on his face, drive into the press, swinging his arms like flails. He saw men go down under the man's blows; and as Corwin ran for a position of safety he mentally remarked that the expression of the man's face was much like that which had been upon the face of his stenographer when she had told him: "Because America is America!" He divined that the fighting instinct in the stenographer was as strong as that which had driven the strong-faced man to grimly attack the friends of the orator.

However, this incident strengthened Corwin's conviction that the country did not want war. And when from his position of safety he saw policemen fighting their way into the crowd, dispersing it, and arresting some of the disturbers, he cynically remarked to a bystander that the incident proved that the workers of the world had no voice in the policies of their governments—liberty of speech was even denied them. And when, the next morning, Corwin heard that the offenders—the orator especially—had been accused of treason, he grinned sardoniously.

Sullenly, Corwin noted the preparations for the first Liberty Loan campaign. He heard rumors that the committee had examined into every man's resources, and that every citizen of

Falltown was expected to buy bonds to the extent of his means. On the streets—in the shapes of placard and poster and handbill and sticker—appeared the slogan:

"Send Falltown over the top."

Advertisements began to appear in the Observer—pointed paragraphs were there, appealing to the patriotism of Falltown's citizens. And on the morning when the loan campaign was launched, Corwin drove to his office in his closed car, dreading to be accosted by the workers that thronged the streets.

Corwin had got down early, and after he opened his desk he sat before it for a long time, thinking of the young man who had sneered at the speaker some nights before.

The young man's face had made a deep impression on him; he could see the fellow plainly—grinning his contempt of the orator and his friends. There had been no indecision in the young man's manner; he had exhibited a savage eagerness to punish the agitator who had tried to spread the doctrine of treason.

The young man was a force, a symbol of Americanism; he was exactly the type of man that had long been Corwin's ideal—a fighter taking no thought of consequences.

In a day before the poison of distrust had got into Corwin's veins he would have applauded the young man for what he had done; but now he saw in the fellow nothing but a superb animalism—a man with a magnificent body who blindly and unthinkingly fought, because, forsooth, a man in Washington had arbitrarily declared fighting to be necessary. "He's the sort of fellow that makes it possible for us to wage war," mused Corwin; "he's cannon-fodder—or willing to be. Capital knows that—and Capital will use him and his kind. No brain—just a fighting animal."

And yet, somehow, Corwin envied the young man, even while condemning him. His action in attacking the crowd of agitators made Corwin feel inferior; and even now, reviewing the incident, a pulse of something shameful and stealthy ran over him.

When Molly King came in she did not look at Corwin. She removed her hat, placed it in a locker, and went directly to her desk, where she sat, her hands folded in her lap, looking out of a window.

Corwin watched her covertly. Of late, Corwin had been aware of a deep interest in Molly. When she had first come to work for him he had regarded her with the impersonal interest of the employer. But of late he had discovered that he liked to have her near him; she made an alluring picture at her desk—her face in profile, the wavy mass of golden brown hair crowning her head and curving in bulging folds near the nape of her neck. And several times, watching her when she had not been aware of his gaze, he had drawn mental pictures of her in his house, gracing his table and his drawing-room.

For several days Corwin had noticed in Molly's manner signs of mental perturbation. She had been strangely silent, and several times Corwin had observed an expression of worry and haunting anxiety in her eyes.

He was thinking of her a few minutes later when he heard her chair creak as she left it and approached him, standing close, her face a little pale, a slight embarrassment in her manner.

"Mr. Corwin," she said; "I wonder if you could help me—I wonder if you will help me!"

Looking quickly at her, Corwin saw that her lips were quivering, and that there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"Why, Molly!" He was out of his chair in an instant, astonished. A quick, sincere sympathy had gripped him. "Help you!" he said, earnestly; "that's the surest thing, you know!"

She laughed quaveringly; and he divined from the leaping relief in her eyes that she had doubted him.

"You thought I wouldn't—you were reluctant to speak to me about—about your trouble. Why, Molly!"

"Well, you see, I was rude to you the other day—when we talked about America going to war. And I was afraid I had no right to ask you. Perhaps I haven't, anyway. But Ben is in trouble, and I know of no one else who would—"

"Ben?" Corwin interrupted, with a keen glance at her.

"My brother." Her face grew very red, though her eyes were clear and slightly defiant as they met Corwin's. "A few nights ago Ben got into a fight with some anti-war agitators. Ben is thoroughly American, and he couldn't stand hearing them say mean things about the country, and the President and the men who are running the war. So he knocked several of them down. And when a policeman tried to stop him he knocked the policeman down, too. And now they threaten to sentence him to jail for attacking an officer. And I've been wondering if you couldn't do something."

Corwin laughingly assured the girl that he would do "something." He went out of the office a few minutes later with Molly's thanks ringing in his ears, feeling unaccountably small and mean and insecure. For Molly's words about her brother being "thoroughly American" brought a vague disquiet into his heart. He, evidently, was not in that classification; for while Ben had been fighting the defenders of his country and his President, he had stood nearby, silently applauding the sentiments expressed by the agitators.

Was Ben, the magnificent fighting animal, a better American than he, who would have tried to bring reason to bear in the international quarrel—

who advocated peace—a peace that would save millions of lives and billions of dollars? What was Americanism? Was it blind devotion? Or was it consideration of the good and safety of the country?

Corwin did not answer these questions—then. He went to the police station, interceded for Ben and obtained his release. But he found that he could not meet Ben's eyes when the latter thanked him; and when he returned to the office and told Molly that her brother was free—and she came over to him and took his hands and told him how thankful she was—he did not look at her—he sat silent in his chair, his face crimson, a queer sensation of guilt oppressing him.

CHAPTER IV

CORWIN, however, had the courage of his convictions. And before the Liberty Loan campaign was ended he had many occasions to put his courage to the test. For the campaign had not been fairly started when he received an official-looking letter from Dillon, the chairman of the committee, requesting him to subscribe ten thousand dollars. Falltown's quota, Dillon pointed out, was one million, and no doubt Corwin wanted to help the town go "over the top."

Corwin did not answer the letter; nor did he send in a subscription. He grinned sardonically as he threw the letter into a waste basket, muttering as he did so: "If they want to carry on their fool war they'll do it without my help."

Aware that he had spoken aloud, he wheeled in his chair, to see Molly King watching him curiously.

Corwin flushed with embarrassment. Molly opened his mail, as usual, and so of course she knew what Dillon had written. Corwin saw her eyes quicken as she looked from him to the waste basket.

There seemed to be a bit of malice in Molly's eyes as her gaze traveled from the waste basket to Corwin, some speculation, and a glint of amazement.

But she smiled, oddly. Corwin would have felt more comfortable had she glared at him—for the smile was expressive of many things that disturbed him. He knew she had heard his vindictively muttered words, and that she wanted to say some very frank things. Of course it was only because she was an employee that she didn't.

What she did say seemed to have no bearing upon Corwin's action. Yet Corwin knew it was subtle reproof.

"Ben has joined the Army, Mr. Corwin," she said. "He was determined not to wait for the draft—he is so eager." And she folded her hands in her lap and looked steadily at Corwin. Corwin's face went crimson. He turned his back to Molly and pretended to busy himself with his correspondence. Later, still uncomfortable, he got his hat and left the office. Looking back as he went out the door, he saw Molly grimly smiling over her work.

That was only one of the many incidents that tortured Corwin in the days that followed. Bond salesmen accosted him on the streets; they invaded his home; they found their way to his office. Boy Scouts trailed him here and there; friends inquired about the absence of the bond button that should have graced the lapel of his coat.

Patriotic advertisements glared at



"Where is your button?"

him from the pages of the Observer—seeming to have been written directly at him. It was as though he were the only man in town who had not subscribed for the Loan, that the advertising writers knew it. There were truths in the advertisements, too—the writers seemed to have an uncanny understanding of the influences that kept him from subscribing. It was as though the writers were inside his brain, anticipating its thoughts, or transcribing them as they appeared.

And that his thoughts were visible things Corwin was becoming convinced. For he began to note that men looked at him curiously, inquiringly, their eyes seeming to say: "Did you buy a bond? No? Why?"

It seemed to Corwin that everybody he met knew he hadn't subscribed. And he began to glare defiantly at his friends, resenting their interest in him, the mute charge of disloyalty in their eyes.

Corwin began to evade crowds; whenever he saw people grouped together he slipped around the nearest

corner. One day, about to enter the street door to go to his office, a smiling young woman shoved a pad of subscription blanks before his eyes.

"Buy a Bond, Mr. Corwin!" she asked.

He glared at her. "I have one," he lied.

"Where is your button?" There was frank incredulity in her eyes.

The look angered Corwin. "This country would be better off if there were not so many people who interfere with what does not concern them!" he declared.

"It should be the business of every person in this country to see that every person who can afford to buy bonds, gets them!" declared the girl, defiantly.

"I'll get them when and where I please!" he snapped, as he brushed past the girl and entered the building.

"How you must love the Kaiser!" jeered the girl.

Corwin entered his office in a cold rage. He felt Molly King watching him covertly—at least it seemed to him that she did—but he did not look in her direction.

At noon he heard Molly rise from her chair. She got her hat and coat, stood before the glass in the alcove for an instant, and then moved toward him. He felt her presence at his side and looked up, to see her smiling at him. In one hand she held a pencil, and in the other a pad of Liberty Loan subscription blanks.

"Mr. Corwin," she said sweetly; "the Falltown office girls organized a Liberty Loan club last night. I have been selected as one of the saleswomen. There is going to be keen competition, and I want you to head my list."

Wrath was in the color that stole above Corwin's collar and suffused his face; a deeper wrath was in his heart. For an instant he meditated a sharp declination of the girl's invitation. Then, knowing he was fairly caught, he said, shortly:

"Put me down for a hundred."

"A hundred thousand?" queried Molly.

Corwin detected the humorous malice in the girl's voice; but he did not look at her, to see the knowing, tolerant smile on her face.

"One hundred dollars!" he snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Corwin—a hundred! Do make it more—won't you? You see, I haven't so many prospects in view, and I shall have to ask each of them to subscribe rather heavily. I was counting on you for ten thousand, at least."

"Look here!" he said, facing her; "are you doing this for Dillon?"

"Dillon? Oh, no. I haven't seen Mr. Dillon. I am doing it for my country, Mr. Corwin—and yours. I am doing it for Ben—and for the other boys who will go to France presently, to fight for us and for World freedom. Why," she went on, a deep note in her voice; "I have subscribed for two hundred, myself. And I shall take more—just as fast as I can pay for them. I feel that I am not doing anything for my country in buying bonds. For it really isn't giving, you know—only lending. It really isn't even that; it is taking your money from one place and putting it into another place—just like transferring it from one hand to another. It seems to me that the boys who go overseas to fight—and perhaps to die—are the only ones who are really going to give the country anything. And even they are not giving more than they have received from the country. Oh, Mr. Corwin, isn't it great to be an American?"

"Well," said Corwin, "I take a thousand."

When he had signed his name on one of the blanks Molly bent over him and stuck a Liberty Loan button on the lapel of his coat.

Whether it was because Molly, in attaching the button, had been forced to come very close to him, or whether his surrender to her importunities had brought him a fleeting sensation of satisfaction, he did not know. But somehow, after Molly left, and he looked down at the button, he felt less guilty. But he knew he had not subscribed through patriotic motives, or because he had felt it was a duty he owed to his country; he had merely bought the bonds because Molly had seemed to insist—because there had seemed to be no way of denying her. His convictions were the same—they would not change.

Corwin was not bothered again until the last day of the campaign. Then Dillon sent a representative to see him.

The town was going to fail, the representative said; it would not subscribe its quota. Not very much more than half the amount had been subscribed, and today was the last day. Falltown would be disgraced. It was upon such men as Corwin that the committee depended to save Falltown from the disgrace of failure.

"That's up to the Committee," said Corwin, evenly. "I have done all I can, and I shan't subscribe another dollar."

The man's persistence angered him—brought a reckless wrath into his heart.

"This campaign was doomed to failure from the beginning!" he declared. "It's a fool war, and is being conducted by a lot of incompetent nincompoops! If they wanted the thing to succeed, why didn't they appoint a live wire instead of Dillon?"

"Dillon isn't as energetic as he might be," gravely admitted the man; "but we are not doing this thing for Dillon, Mr. Corwin; we are working for the interests of the brave boys that are going overseas—we are doing it for humanity."

Corwin felt like telling the man that the whole idea of war was wrong; he

longed to express his opinion of the President and the war cabinet and of the heads of all departments clear down to the members of the district, county and township committees. But somehow, he had a feeling that to have expressed himself thus would seem puerile—if his words would not create in the man's mind an impression of absolute disloyalty. Those bitter, savage and resentful thoughts that seethed through Corwin's mind would not sound well when expressed verbally. They were stealthy, treasonable and venomous thoughts—and they had almost wrecked the slight structure of patriotism which Corwin had erected that day when leaning against the corner column of the Merchant's Bank he had made the mental flight to Europe.

He dismissed the representative with a curt:

"Nothing doing."

But a little later, when he turned and saw Molly watching him with a straight, level, scornful gaze, he flushed to the roots of his hair.



By this time, Corwin had become sullenly obstinate.

And during the remainder of the day Molly did not speak to him except to answer a question. Even then her voice was curt and cold; and Corwin looked twice at her after she spoke.

She made the day miserable for him, and when he left the office for home that night there was a scowl on his face and wrath in his heart.

He was glad the next morning when he found that Falltown had not gone "over the top." He found himself wishing that other districts had failed also; for a general failure would have meant that the war was not popular, and Congress and the President had been rebuked.

Molly did not speak to him that morning.

CHAPTER V

FROM Gary Miller—who had begun "in strictest confidence" to criticize the system of financing the war—Corwin learned that the Government, early in the summer, had begun to issue certificates of indebtedness to the banks throughout the country. This, Miller said, was an assurance that another loan was soon to be floated.

"They raised the first by the skin of their teeth," declared Miller; "they won't find it so easy to float a second loan. The country can't stand it—business will crack under the strain—it's too big a drain on the country's resources."

Miller's prediction, however, was a rather inaccurate one, for the Second Loan was floated with greater facility than the first. But again Falltown failed to subscribe its quota.

Dillon, though, was retained, and because Dillon stayed Corwin felt as though someone had offered him a personal affront. In every letter Dillon wrote him—and in Dillon's manner when the two men met—Corwin thought he detected sarcasm and innuendo. But for that matter Corwin thought he detected those things in the voices of all his friends; their casual glances at him seemed to be full of speculation and contempt.

Molly's manner toward him was slowly changing; and when the closing day of the Second Loan campaign passed and Corwin refused to subscribe, Molly's attitude toward Corwin became one of cold restraint.

By this time, however, Corwin had become sullenly obstinate. He vowed, mentally, that he would never buy another bond—no matter if the war lasted a dozen years. It was a matter of principle with him, he told some of his friends—he was in a class with the "conscientious objector."

Morley Roberts' attitude was similar to Corwin's, the only difference being that Roberts was chagrined over what he was pleased to call "the Government's autocratic methods." For a government agent had made a survey of Roberts' "plant" and had laid before Roberts a scheme of expansion and readjustment under which the Roberts factory was expected to produce war munitions according to the demands of the War Department.

Although the Government had insured Roberts against loss, Roberts resented the thought of anyone dictating to him. His factory was doing the work, though, he admitted—and he had bought some bonds. But he



"Little groups of citizens were eagerly discussing the news."

erts' voice, and Corwin looked keenly at him.

"I had an idea you'd be eager to participate in the war profits," suggested Corwin.

"That's the soul of America," snapped Roberts; "Money—always money. I shan't turn out a piece of war material—unless I am forced. This is England's war—let England fight it. Germany is friendly to America. Then why should America antagonize Germany? There are a great many Germans in America. Their influence is enormous, and I hope they exert that influence to defeat the commercial pirates who are forcing this declaration upon Germany. Already they are talking of a bond issue. The country should not finance such a war, and I hope the first bond issue will be a failure. That would force a quick peace and save thousands of our boys from being slaughtered for financial gain."

When Corwin emerged from the bank building a few minutes later—after concluding his business with Miller—he felt that his glowing pictures of a few minutes before had been daubed with too much color. Looking eastward as he paused for an instant on the corner of Main and Meridian, he could see no farther than the crest of the slope where the gravel road stretched. He made no fanciful mental flight to the battlefields of stricken France and Belgium—it all seemed vague and far, now.

Corwin squared his shoulders as though to adjust them to a new weight that seemed to be on them. And a fugitive grin wreathed his lips as he crossed Meridian avenue and walked down Main street toward his office.

Perhaps Miller had not meant exactly what he had said; he might have been slyly poking fun at Corwin for the latter's quick defense of the President. For Miller had declared his intention of helping as much as he could. Or perhaps Miller had been suffering from an attack of indignation. Corwin's grin grew to a broad smile.

Half way between Meridian and the next corner, Corwin heard a hurried step behind him, and a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned to see Morley Roberts, president of the Falltown Steel Products Company, smiling gravely at him.

Roberts fell into step with Corwin, and they proceeded down Main street. Corwin had always felt flattered by Roberts' friendliness, and he had not failed to notice the man's frank interest in him. At the club—where Corwin spent many of his evenings—Roberts seemed to deliberately seek him out.

Corwin had cultivated Roberts, for though Corwin had inherited considerable wealth and was not forced to search for clients, the prospects of one day getting the legal business that Roberts could throw in his way was not to be lost.

Roberts was tall, dark, with black, lambent eyes, straight, strong features and a hard mouth. He was broad shouldered and erect, suave, and smoothly courteous.

"Heard the news, Corwin?" he asked.

Corwin nodded. "Everybody seems to have heard it," he replied. He smiled, calling Roberts' attention to the little groups of Falltown's citizens who were eagerly discussing the new phase of the international situation. Newsboys were shrilling the momentous intelligence, dinnings it into the ears of probable customers; men were shouting to one another; a street car clacked by, loaded with grim-faced, eager-voiced men; the town seemed to have shaken off its mid-day lethargy, and was humming and throbbing with life.

Roberts smiled mirthlessly. "They'll be singing a different tune after a while," he said. "It is no joke, this war business. Why doesn't America keep out of it? What have we to gain through a war with Germany?"

Corwin was disappointed. He had expected Roberts to be enthusiastic over the prospect of war. For he had been led to believe that enormous profits were to be made in the manufacture of war munitions, and he knew Roberts' company was well equipped for such work. If Roberts had declared for war, Corwin would have been able to throw off the dulling influence of Gary Miller's words.

There was a slight venom in Rob-

Corwin did not argue with Roberts—he had no heart for argument. And when he left Roberts and climbed the stairs to his office the weight that had seemed to settle on his shoulders after leaving Gary Miller bore upon him more heavily than ever.

He began to wonder if Miller and Roberts were not right, after all. It did seem, now that he reflected over the matter, that there was slight occasion for the action of the President in plunging the country into war. A former president of the republic had warned his countrymen of the danger of making entangling alliances with foreign powers; and here was the present President disregarding that sage advice.

A feeling of resentment stole over Corwin. The President's attitude hinted strongly of autocracy. It seemed to Corwin that a declaration of war might have been evaded. Corwin began to pick flaws in the President's diplomacy; he reflected cynically that the President was not of his political faith, and that he might be bringing on the war at the behest of powerful commercial interests that thirsted for enormous profits. Then from this fabric of suspicion he began to pluck strands—in the shape of rumored irregularities in administration affairs in Washington—that he wove into plausible beliefs.

There were several members of the President's cabinet that Corwin did not like—he had always thought them incompetent. If there was to be a war, why did not the President force the resignation of these men?

Within half an hour, meditating alone in his office, Corwin became a narrow partisan—convinced that his political party was able to conduct a war more efficiently than the one headed by the President. Feeding his partisanship with incidents that seemed to prove the soundness of his conviction, Corwin became, within an hour, a dissenter from all the principles enunciated by the President in his war message—and in his public utterances.

A hot rage seized Corwin; and he laughed, scoffingly. War! The idea was monstrous. Why declare war on Germany? Why, indeed? Miller was right; Roberts was right. The President was making a terrible blunder. The jingoes and war-profters were agitating this thing, and they had won the President to their side. It wasn't a question of patriotism, for Germany had not threatened to invade America; and the surest and quickest way to convince the President and the world that the great body of the American people could not be fooled by such buncombe was to refuse to finance such a war.

When Molly King, Corwin's stenographer, came in a few minutes later, her face was flushed, her eyes were bright and there was an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. She went immediately to her desk; but instantly wheeled in her chair and faced Corwin.

"Did you hear the news, Mr. Corwin? America will declare war on Germany!"

Corwin grinned cynically at her. "Bosh!" he said. "Why should America interfere?"

The girl gasped and stared at Corwin in amazement. Then, when she saw Corwin was in earnest, she raised her chin defiantly.

"Because America is America, Mr. Corwin," she returned, coldly. "If America did not go in, now! I should never be able to look another foreigner in the eyes!"

She flounced around in her chair and began to bang the keys of her typewriter with a viciousness that startled Corwin. The girl's sturdy patriotism was in striking contrast to his own feelings, and for a long time he sat, watching her, oppressed with a sensation of guilt—of something shameful and clandestine and unworthy.

CHAPTER III

CORWIN was astonished to discover that most of his friends were either opposed to war with Germany or were lukewarm toward it. So he gathered that it was not a popular war. His own feelings had not changed—except that his convictions had deepened. When the poison of distrust of the President and his official family had got into his veins it had changed him overnight.

It was easy to pick flaws in every public utterance of the President; the mistakes of the men appointed to responsible positions were so glaringly apparent that they aroused in Corwin a grim contempt for the entire war structure. Men were being called to Washington in huge numbers to take charge of various departments—newly created. It seemed to Corwin that these men were chosen, not because of their especial fitness, but because they were influential in politics. Corwin foresaw many opportunities for graft, and he had no doubt that the entire war-organization would be honeycombed with it. So, as the days fled and he continued to nurse his distrust, he observed with sardonic satisfaction that inefficiency was to reign in Falltown. For one morning Gary Miller told him that the Central Liberty Loan Committee of the district had appointed Bernard Dillon chairman of the Falltown Committee.

Corwin flushed angrily. He and Dillon were not friendly. He knew of no good reason why Dillon should not have the appointment, and he could not have denied that Dillon was honest. But he disliked the man, and was convinced that there were more capable men in Falltown.

He saw Miller looking keenly at him—understandingly.

"Well," laughed Miller; "I suppose they could have done better. Not that

I don't like Dillon. It's nothing personal, you understand; but he's a fellow that a man can't warm to." Miller's voice grew grave. "The loan is to be two billion. They can't raise it! Why, it's more money than the Government ever spent in two years. It didn't cost much more than that to finance the Civil War. And they talk of spending that amount within a few months!"

Miller was not the only resident of Falltown to express his convictions. During the days that followed the talk with the banker, Corwin hearkened much to the voice of discontent.

The fault-finder was omnipresent; his voice was raised in the office, the factory; in the groups that formed on the street corners; there was an undercurrent of dissatisfaction which created a savage joy in Corwin's heart. For he considered the dissatisfaction to be directed at the party in power—it was an expression of distrust, a protest against the huge blunder of waging war upon a foreign power which was thousands of miles distant. It wasn't necessary to go to war; it wasn't necessary to spend that vast



"How much does the Kaiser pay you for shooting off your mouth?"

amount of money; it was a heinous crime to send millions of men to meet death upon a foreign field merely to uphold an ideal.

One night, standing at the fringe of a crowd that was listening attentively to a wildly-gesticulating man who stood on a wooden box, Corwin heard the principles of the Socialist Party expounded. Until now, Corwin had considered the Socialists rattle-brained radicals intent upon the dismemberment of the Government. But by the time the man had finished Corwin felt there was some virtue in the Socialist platform, after all.

He was astonished that he should admit it, but the man had created an impression upon him. The appeal of the orator had been made to the passions, to the elemental in man which is irritated by all authority. Wars were criminal, the orator said; the solution of the world-difficulty was the adoption of the doctrine of "the brotherhood of man." A draft was imminent, the orator said; and he advised all men to resist it—to the point of revolution, if necessary.

Also, the orator had something to say about bonds. They, too, were evil. There could be no war if the people refused to finance it. The rich men of the country were behind it all—the poor did not want war—they would not have it.

At this point in the orator's speech there came an interruption. A snaky, strong-faced man who stood near Corwin raised his voice sneeringly: "Bah!" he yelled at the orator; "how much does the Kaiser pay you for shooting off your mouth?"

There was a laugh, some hisses, and some applause for the interrupter. Then suddenly, the crowd began to move. There were shouts, hoarse imprecations, blows.

In an instant turmoil reigned. The crowd became a huge blot animated by swinging arms, and articulate with curses and infuriated yells. Corwin saw the interrupter, a grim smile on his face, drive into the press, swinging his arms like flails. He saw men go down under the man's blows; and as Corwin ran for a position of safety he mentally remarked that the expression of the man's face was much like that which had been upon the face of his stenographer when she had told him: "Because America is America!" He divined that the fighting instinct in the stenographer was as strong as that which had driven the strong-faced man to grimly attack the friends of the orator.

However, this incident strengthened Corwin's conviction that the country did not want war. And when from his position of safety he saw policemen fighting their way into the crowd, dispersing it, and arresting some of the disturbers, he cynically remarked to a bystander that the incident proved that the workers of the world had no voice in the policies of their governments—liberty of speech was even denied them. And when, the next morning, Corwin heard that the offenders—the orator especially—had been accused of treason, he grinned sardoniously.

Sullenly, Corwin noted the preparations for the first Liberty Loan campaign. He heard rumors that the committee had examined into every man's resources, and that every citizen of

Falltown was expected to buy bonds to the extent of his means. On the streets—in the shapes of placard and poster and handbill and sticker—appeared the slogan:

"Send Falltown over the top."

Advertisements began to appear in the Observer—pointed paragraphs were there, appealing to the patriotism of Falltown's citizens. And on the morning when the loan campaign was launched, Corwin drove to his office in his closed car, dreading to be accosted by the workers that thronged the streets.

Corwin had got down early, and after he opened his desk he sat before it for a long time, thinking of the young man who had sneered at the speaker some nights before.

The young man's face had made a deep impression on him; he could see the fellow plainly—grinning his contempt of the orator and his friends. There had been no indecision in the young man's manner; he had exhibited a savage eagerness to punish the agitator who had tried to spread the doctrine of treason.

The young man was a force, a symbol of Americanism; he was exactly the type of man that had long been Corwin's ideal—a fighter taking no thought of consequences.

In a day before the poison of distrust had got into Corwin's veins he would have applauded the young man for what he had done; but now he saw in the fellow nothing but a superb animalism—a man with a magnificent body who blindly and unthinkingly fought, because, forsooth, a man in Washington had arbitrarily declared fighting to be necessary. "He's the sort of fellow that makes it possible for us to wage war," mused Corwin; "he's cannon-fodder—or willing to be. Capital knows that—and Capital will use him and his kind. No brain—just a fighting animal."

And yet, somehow, Corwin envied the young man, even while condemning him. His action in attacking the crowd of agitators made Corwin feel inferior; and even now, reviewing the incident, a pulse of something shameful and stealthy ran over him.

When Molly King came in she did not look at Corwin. She removed her hat, placed it in a locker, and went directly to her desk, where she sat, her hands folded in her lap, looking out of a window.

Corwin watched her covertly. Of late, Corwin had been aware of a deep interest in Molly. When she had first come to work for him he had regarded her with the impersonal interest of the employer. But of late he had discovered that he liked to have her near him; she made an alluring picture at her desk—her face in profile, the wavy mass of golden brown hair crowning her head and curving in bulging folds near the nape of her neck. And several times, watching her when she had not been aware of his gaze, he had drawn mental pictures of her in his house, gracing his table and his drawing-room.

For several days Corwin had noticed in Molly's manner signs of mental perturbation. She had been strangely silent, and several times Corwin had observed an expression of worry and haunting anxiety in her eyes.

He was thinking of her a few minutes later when he heard her chair creak as she left it and approached him, standing close, her face a little pale, a slight embarrassment in her manner.

"Mr. Corwin," she said; "I wonder if you could help me—I wonder if you will help me!"

Looking quickly at her, Corwin saw that her lips were quivering, and that there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"Why, Molly!" He was out of his chair in an instant, astonished. A quick, sincere sympathy had gripped him. "Help you!" he said, earnestly; "that's the surest thing, you know!"

She laughed quaveringly; and he divined from the leaping relief in her eyes that she had doubted him. "You thought I wouldn't—you were reluctant to speak to me about—about your trouble. Why, Molly!"

"Well, you see, I was rude to you the other day—when we talked about America going to war. And I was afraid I had no right to ask you. Perhaps I haven't, anyway. But Ben is in trouble, and I know of no one else who would—"

"Ben?" Corwin interrupted, with a keen glance at her.

"My brother." Her face grew very red, though her eyes were clear and slightly defiant as they met Corwin's. "A few nights ago Ben got into a fight with some anti-war agitators. Ben is thoroughly American, and he couldn't stand hearing them say mean things about the country, and the President and the men who are running the war. So he knocked several of them down. And when a policeman tried to stop him he knocked the policeman down, too. And now they threaten to sentence him to jail for attacking an officer. And I've been wondering if you couldn't do something."

Corwin laughingly assured the girl that he would do "something." He went out of the office a few minutes later with Molly's thanks ringing in his ears, feeling unaccountably small and mean and insecure. For Molly's words about her brother being "thoroughly American" brought a vague disquiet into his heart. He, evidently, was not in that classification; for while Ben had been fighting the defamers of his country and his President, he had stood nearby, silently applauding the sentiments expressed by the agitators.

Was Ben, the magnificent fighting animal, a better American than he, who would have tried to bring reason to bear in the international quarrel—

who advocated peace—a peace that would save millions of lives and billions of dollars? What was Americanism? Was it blind devotion? Or was it consideration of the good and safety of the country?

Corwin did not answer these questions—then. He went to the police station, interceded for Ben and obtained his release. But he found that he could not meet Ben's eyes when the latter thanked him; and when he returned to the office and told Molly that her brother was free—and she came over to him and took his hands and told him how thankful she was—he did not look at her—he sat silent in his chair, his face crimson, a queer sensation of guilt oppressing him.

CHAPTER IV

CORWIN, however, had the courage of his convictions. And before the Liberty Loan campaign was ended he had many occasions to put his courage to the test. For the campaign had not been fairly started when he received an official-looking letter from Dillon, the chairman of the committee, requesting him to subscribe ten thousand dollars. Falltown's quota, Dillon pointed out, was one million, and no doubt Corwin wanted to help the town go "over the top."

Corwin did not answer the letter; nor did he send in a subscription. He grinned sardonically as he threw the letter into a waste basket, muttering as he did so: "If they want to carry on their fool war they'll do it without my help."

Aware that he had spoken aloud, he wheeled in his chair, to see Molly King watching him curiously.

Corwin flushed with embarrassment. Molly opened his mail, as usual, and so of course she knew what Dillon had written. Corwin saw her eyes quicken as she looked from him to the waste basket.

There seemed to be a bit of malice in Molly's eyes as her gaze traveled from the waste basket to Corwin, some speculation, and a glint of amazement.

But she smiled, oddly. Corwin would have felt more comfortable had she glared at him—for the smile was expressive of many things that disturbed him. He knew she had heard his vindictively muttered words, and that she wanted to say some very frank things. Of course it was only because she was an employee that she didn't.

What she did say seemed to have no bearing upon Corwin's action. Yet Corwin knew it was subtle reproof.

"Ben has joined the Army, Mr. Corwin," she said. "He was determined not to wait for the draft—he is so eager." And she folded her hands in her lap and looked steadily at Corwin. Corwin's face went crimson. He turned his back to Molly and pretended to busy himself with his correspondence. Later, still uncomfortable, he got his hat and left the office. Looking back as he went out the door, he saw Molly grimly smiling over her work.

That was only one of the many incidents that tortured Corwin in the days that followed. Bond salesmen accosted him on the streets; they invaded his home; they found their way to his office. Boy Scouts trailed him here and there; friends inquired about the absence of the bond button that should have graced the lapel of his coat.

Patriotic advertisements glared at



"Where is your button?"

him from the pages of the Observer—seeming to have been written directly at him. It was as though he were the only man in town who had not subscribed for the Loan, that the advertising writers knew it. There were truths in the advertisements, too—the writers seemed to have an uncanny understanding of the influences that kept him from subscribing. It was as though the writers were inside his brain, anticipating his thoughts, or transcribing them as they appeared.

And that his thoughts were visible things Corwin was becoming convinced. For he began to note that men looked at him curiously, inquiringly, their eyes seeming to say: "Did you buy a bond? No? Why?" It seemed to Corwin that everybody he met knew he hadn't subscribed. And he began to glare defiantly at his friends, resenting their interest in him, the mute charge of disloyalty in their eyes.

Corwin began to evade crowds; whenever he saw people grouped together he slipped around the nearest

corner. One day, about to enter the street door to go to his office, a smiling young woman shoved a pad of subscription blanks before his eyes.

"Buy a Bond, Mr. Corwin?" she asked.

He glared at her. "I have one," he lied.

"Where is your button?" There was frank incredulity in her eyes.

The look angered Corwin. "This country would be better off if there were not so many people who interfered with what does not concern them!" he declared.

"It should be the business of every person in this country to see that every person who can afford to buy bonds, gets them!" declared the girl, defiantly.

"I'll get them when and where I please!" she snapped, as he brushed past the girl and entered the building.

"How you must love the Kaiser!" jeered the girl.

Corwin entered his office in a cold rage. He felt Molly King watching him covertly—at least it seemed to him that she did—but he did not look in her direction.

At noon he heard Molly rise from her chair. She got her hat and coat, stood before the glass in the alcove for an instant, and then moved toward him. He felt her presence at his side and looked up, to see her smiling at him. In one hand she held a pencil, and in the other a pad of Liberty Loan subscription blanks.

"Mr. Corwin," she said sweetly; "the Falltown office girls organized a Liberty Loan club last night. I have been selected as one of the saleswomen. There is going to be keen competition, and I want you to head my list."

Wrath was in the color that stole above Corwin's collar and suffused his face; a deeper wrath was in his heart. For an instant he meditated a sharp declination of the girl's invitation. Then, knowing he was fairly caught, he said, shortly:

"Put me down for a hundred."

"A hundred thousand?" queried Molly.

Corwin detected the humorous malice in the girl's voice; but he did not look at her, to see the knowing, tolerant smile on her face.

"One hundred dollars!" he snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Corwin—a hundred! Do make it more—won't you? You see, I haven't so many prospects in view, and I shall have to ask each of them to subscribe rather heavily. I was counting on you for ten thousand, at least."

"Look here!" he said, facing her; "are you doing this for Dillon?"

"Dillon? Oh, no. I haven't seen Mr. Dillon. I am doing it for my country, Mr. Corwin—and yours. I am doing it for Ben—and for the other boys who will go to France presently, to fight for us and for World freedom. Why," she went on, a deep note in her voice; "I have subscribed for two hundred, myself. And I shall take more—just as fast as I can pay for them. I feel that I am not doing anything for my country in buying bonds. For it really isn't giving, you know—only lending. It really isn't even that; it is taking your money from one place and putting it into another place—just like transferring it from one hand to another. It seems to me that the boys who go overseas to fight—and perhaps to die—are the only ones who are really going to give the country anything. And even they are not giving more than they have received from the country. Oh, Mr. Corwin, isn't it great to be an American?"

"Well," said Corwin, "I take a thousand."

When he had signed his name on one of the blanks Molly bent over him and stuck a Liberty Loan button on the lapel of his coat.

Whether it was because Molly, in attaching the button, had been forced to come very close to him, or whether his surrender to her importunities had brought him a fleeting sensation of satisfaction, he did not know. But somehow, after Molly left, and he looked down at the button, he felt less guilty. But he knew he had not subscribed through patriotic motives, or because he had felt it was a duty he owed to his country; he had merely bought the bonds because Molly had seemed to be no way of denying her. His convictions were the same—they would not change.

Corwin was not bothered again until the last day of the campaign. Then Dillon sent a representative to see him.

The town was going to fail, the representative said; it would not subscribe its quota. Not very much more than half the amount had been subscribed, and today was the last day. Falltown would be disgraced. It was upon such men as Corwin that the committee depended to save Falltown from the disgrace of failure.

"That's up to the Committee," said Corwin, evenly. "I have done all I can, and I shan't subscribe another dollar."

The man's persistence angered him—brought a reckless wrath into his heart.

"This campaign was doomed to failure from the beginning!" he declared. "It's a fool war, and is being conducted by a lot of incompetent nincompoops! If they wanted the thing to succeed, why didn't they appoint a live wire instead of Dillon?"

"Dillon isn't as energetic as he might be," he gravely admitted the man; "but we are not doing this thing for Dillon, Mr. Corwin; we are working for the interests of the brave boys that are going overseas—we are doing it for humanity."

Corwin felt like telling the man that the whole idea of war was wrong; he

longed to express his opinion of the President and the war cabinet and of the heads of all departments clear down to the members of the district, county and township committees. But somehow, he had a feeling that to have expressed himself thus would seem puerile—if his words would not create in the man's mind an impression of absolute disloyalty. Those bitter, savage and resentful thoughts that seethed through Corwin's mind would not sound well when expressed verbally. They were stealthy, treasonable and venomous thoughts—and they had almost wrecked the slight structure of patriotism which Corwin had erected that day when leaning against the corner column of the Merchant's Bank he had made the mental flight to Europe.

He dismissed the representative with a curt:

"Nothing doing."

But a little later, when he turned and saw Molly watching him with a straight, level, scornful gaze, he flushed to the roots of his hair.



By this time, Corwin had become sullenly obstinate.

And during the remainder of the day Molly did not speak to him except to answer a question. Even then her voice was curt and cold; and Corwin looked twice at her after she spoke.

She made the day miserable for him, and when he left the office for home that night there was a scowl on his face and wrath in his heart.

He was glad the next morning when he found that Falltown had not gone "over the top." He found himself wishing that other districts had failed also; for a general failure would have meant that the war was not popular, and Congress and the President had been rebuked.

Molly did not speak to him that morning.

CHAPTER V

FROM Gary Miller—who had begun "in strictest confidence" to criticize the system of financing the war—Corwin learned that the Government, early in the summer, had begun to issue certificates of indebtedness to the banks throughout the country. This, Miller said, was an assurance that another loan was soon to be floated.

"They raised the first by the skin of their teeth," declared Miller; "they won't find it so easy to float a second loan. The country can't stand it—business will crack under the strain—it's too big a drain on the country's resources."

Miller's prediction, however, was a rather inaccurate one, for the Second Loan was floated with greater facility than the first. But again Falltown failed to subscribe its quota.

Dillon, though, was retained, and because Dillon stayed Corwin felt as though someone had offered him a personal affront. In every letter Dillon wrote him—and in Dillon's manner when the two men met—Corwin thought he detected sarcasm and innuendo. But for that matter Corwin thought he detected those things in the voices of all his friends; their casual glances at him seemed to be full of speculation and contempt.

Molly's manner toward him was slowly changing; and when the closing day of the Second Loan campaign passed and Corwin refused to subscribe, Molly's attitude toward Corwin became one of cold restraint.

By this time, however, Corwin had become sullenly obstinate. He vowed, mentally, that he would never buy another bond—no matter if the war lasted a dozen years. It was a matter of principle with him, he told some of his friends—he was in a class with the "conscientious objector."

Morley Roberts' attitude was similar to Corwin's, the only difference being that Roberts was chagrined over what he was pleased to call "the Government's autocratic methods." For a government agent had made a survey of Roberts' "plant" and had laid before Roberts a scheme of expansion and readjustment under which the Roberts factory was expected to produce war munitions according to the demands of the War Department.

Although the Government had insured Roberts against loss, Roberts resented the thought of anyone dictating to him. His factory was doing the work, though, he admitted—and he had bought some bonds. But he



"Little groups of citizens were eagerly discussing the news."

erts' voice, and Corwin looked keenly at him.

"I had an idea you'd be eager to participate in the war profits," suggested Corwin.

"That's the soul of America," snapped Roberts; "Money—always money. I shan't turn out a piece of war material—unless I am forced. This is England's war—let England fight it. Germany is friendly to America. Then why should America antagonize Germany? There are a great many Germans in America. Their influence is enormous, and I hope they exert that influence to defeat the commercial pirates who are forcing this declaration upon Germany. Already they are talking of a bond issue. The country should not finance such a war, and I hope the first bond issue will be a failure. That would force a quick peace and save thousands of our boys from being slaughtered for financial gain."

had bought the bonds merely because everybody was expected to buy them, he said, and not because he was in sympathy with the war idea.

Roberts and Corwin lunched together many times during the summer and fall. And they criticized the Government without stint, and with a fervor that left them with a feeling that there was foundation for the criticism. It was remarkable how easy it was to find fault with what the Government was doing—how the war work was being done, how certain things could be done more quickly and efficiently, and how certain men they knew could fill positions more acceptably than those already in office.

Like the man who tells a lie so often that he eventually believes he is telling the truth, Corwin and Roberts became obsessed with the conviction that nothing was being done correctly. And the more they brooded over the situation the firmer grew their conviction that the whole country was being sacrificed to the inefficiency and the blunders.

A righteous indignation seized them. They found satisfaction in venomous criticism; they became scoffers, malcontents, voicing malignant skepticism. And when—in the anxious days of the summer of 1918—they saw the French structure of defense begin to crumble under the terrible offensive of the Hun armies, they began to feel their convictions had been vindicated—that the continued defeat of the Allied armies was due to the nationwide incompetency of the war machine built up by the government. They began to predict disaster for Allied Arms; they told their friends how it might have been different, how disaster might have been averted and how victory might have been won.

However, they gave little thought to the gigantic task faced by the khaki-clad boys who, to the number of two or three million, were at grips with the Hun hordes on the battlefields of France and Belgium. The boys were not in their mental vision; they were remote and far, and all they knew might have been a dream-army. Not experiencing the emotions of sympathy that fill the heart of the zealous patriot, their imaginations could not leap the mighty gulf that separated them from the horrors of war; they lacked the power to bring the war-picture into their mental vision; they could not see beyond themselves and the universe of cynicism which encompassed them.

For the third time Falltown failed to subscribe its quota; and in the fall when the Fourth Loan campaign began, the patriot element of Falltown began to betray some curiosity as to the identity of the citizens who were playing the role of bond-slackers.

Corwin had not failed to note the change that was coming over Falltown's citizens. During the days of the first loan there had been much enthusiasm, and the "drive" had been launched amid music, flag-waving, the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns. Corwin was convinced that many persons had subscribed to the loan while under the spell of the enthusiasm aroused by the noise and the clatter. Some of those buyers had not been so enthusiastic during the second campaign; and when the third came there was still less visible enthusiasm. And the fourth campaign began with remarkable quietness.

Corwin, going and coming, watching faces in the street, noting the absence of enthusiasm, smiled derisively. He told himself that the people were beginning to see what he himself had divined from the first—that the war was a monstrous blunder, that certain capitalists had forced the country into it, that it was a partisan affair and that every man was considering only his own interests in supporting it.

That was it! Corwin had found it—the dominant influence of the whole thing—individualism. Individualism symbolized greed, selfishness and the lust for power. All men lived their lives with selfish aims, looking toward personal gain. To the business man the prosecution of that aim meant wealth, to the idler it meant luxury; to the ruler of a nation it meant power, and to the soldier it meant personal glory.

And that was all, everything. Men prated of country as though the land they lived in possessed some kind of a spirit—a soul which in its entirety was composed of many units, each unit a dweller in the land. That theory was farcical, ridiculous, absurd!

For there was a greater power than soul. It was human nature. And the nature of man made him individualistic. He ran in cliques, to be sure—he liked company; he was eager to be surrounded by his fellows. But nevertheless, he was individualistic—he was looking out for himself. That was what made him choose as his mate a woman in whom he saw those merits and virtues that he could not see in other women. It was what caused him to build a house—a better house than that occupied by his neighbor. It was the desire for self-gratification which made him ambitious to succeed, to gain wealth, power and glory.

Country? To be sure. The thing commonly called a man's country was the place in which he lived—the land he inhabited, the place in which he made his home and in which he raised his children. But every man had a country—he must have a country, a place on Earth to live. God had given him that! But the mere fact that he lived upon Earth did not signify that he was to go out to kill other men who inhabited the Earth with him. There was no such thing as country when it conflicted with a man's individuality. The man—not country—was supreme.

And thus man was man, and country was another thing—secondary, chimerical, non-existent. Country was an imaginary estate, a Land inhabited by a race of humans who were all individualistic, all imbued with the same desire—to get ahead, to thrive, to live. There was no common spirit or soul that brought men together in patriotic bondage. Some men professed the sentiment, but few lived it.

Corwin knew a real estate man who had formerly dealt in second mortgages and chattel loans. The fellow pretended to be patriotic, yet Corwin knew he was discounting Liberty Bonds. He knew men who were whispering to their fellows that the bonds would one day be valueless, that they should be disposed of quickly, even at a loss, for the day was not far distant when the Government would repudiate all its debts. He knew other men who were profiteering; he had heard other men curse the Government because they were not permitted to make greater profits—because the Food Administrator had decreed against them. Still other men were idling in offices, on Government service—men of draft age who should have been at the front—if they felt the patriotism they professed.

Had these men a country? What did country mean to them? It meant to them what it meant to every man who lived in it—nothing but a place in which they could ply their particular trade for the purpose of gain and power.

However, one day during the end of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, Corwin saw an aged woman slowly approach a Loan booth on Main street. She wore a faded black dress, a bonnet with a string attached, tied in a drooping bow under her chin. Her shoes were not good, and she had a look of having been pinched by poverty all her later days.

It was the glow in her eyes that commanded Corwin's attention. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, but her eyes were bright, and luminous with an expression that made Corwin gulp with a nameless emotion.

"I'd like to buy a bond, sir—fifty dollars," she said, quietly, to the salesman.

"You're pretty old to be buying bonds, Grandma," said the latter. "Are you sure you want one?"

"Old, am I?" she replied, raising her voice defiantly. "Well, when I get so old that I can't try to do something for my country, I shall be old indeed!"

The salesman caught Corwin's eyes, and laughed.

"That ought to make some tight-wads rather ashamed of themselves—hadn't it?" he said.

Corwin flushed, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away, embarrassed, humiliated. For here—in the person of the old lady—was a manifestation of that spirit which he had long denied.

CHAPTER VI

IT was only a few weeks later when the news flashed to a waiting, anxious world that the Hun line was wavering; that American troops were being hurled against it and that the crisis for which the world had waited long was at hand. Reports of engage-



"When I get too old to help my country, I shall be old indeed."

ments in which the Yankee boys had conducted themselves with a heroism that upheld the traditions of their country began to leak through, to occupy prominent places in the newspapers.

Corwin noted the change in the atmosphere of Falltown. There had been deep concern in most of the faces of Falltown's citizens. Some of the faces had borne a harried appearance, and the haunting wistfulness in the eyes of some had betrayed their fear of the outcome. There were men who passed their friends without a nod of recognition—their minds, their hearts, their souls were in France with their sons who were facing the appalling hazard of death. There were others who scowled; still others whose eyes were luminous with pride; there were still others whose eyes glowed with a sorrow that would be eternal.

Falltown had been a place of subdued voices—of dread expectancy. It had seemed to be waiting—waiting for something to happen.

And that something had happened. Falltown had been awaiting the news

it had now received. And in the faces of men on the streets; in the faces of women and children, there had come a new expression. It was that of grim joy—the savage exultation of the victor.

Corwin was sitting at his desk one day in November. He had not been able to work. Somehow, though he had no sympathy with the war, he felt eager, expectant. It seemed to him that great events portended. A dozen times during the day he had got up, to go to one of the windows and look down into the street. He saw people hurrying, with springy step and alert manner—as though they desired to finish the tasks before them before that something for which they waited, should occur.

Corwin did not see Molly King watching him; he did not see in the girl's eyes a certain gleam of understanding and pity. For Molly knew that the end was near—that victory for the army in which her brother was fighting was imminent—and she knew that there would come a day for Corwin when he would wish, sorrowfully and regretfully, that he had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Government.

And some glimmer of that regret was already clutching at Corwin. He was uneasy, restless. For he, too, felt that victory was at hand, and he had done nothing toward winning it.

Something lacked in Corwin; there was a void somewhere in his heart. He felt as a child feels who has not received an invitation to a party which all its friends will attend. He was an outsider—forgotten, unconsidered.

Corwin's face was grave and slightly pale when he walked away from the window and resumed his chair at the desk. It was not long after Corwin dropped into the chair until the screech of a whistle floated into the office. The sound was loud, insistent, continuing. It seemed to shriek exultantly—seemed to bear a message—the message. It rose, clear and penetrating, rocking the air with its resonance. Then it was joined by others—hundreds, it seemed—of varying degrees of power and volume. Huge and deep, they came, and shrill and piping—trebles, basses, baritones—harsh, soft, trilling, blatan—

At the first long, continuing blast, Molly King bounded out of her chair and ran to an open window. Her eyes flashing with delight, her cheeks flushed, her voice high-pitched and eager, she called to someone in the street. Corwin heard the reply:

"The Armistice has been signed!" Falltown was already celebrating. A multitude of varying sounds arose and eddied through the office windows, assailing Corwin's ears. It seemed to him that every citizen of the town must be in the street in front of the office, and that each citizen was trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Molly was putting on her hat when Corwin again looked at her. Her eyes were very bright—they glowed with a light that made Corwin's widen with admiration.

"I can't work any more today, Mr. Corwin," she said. "I've simply got to go out and celebrate! I shall be back tomorrow morning—if I survive!"

Corwin sat alone in his office. He, too, was glad the war was over. But his gladness was tinged with bitterness. If he had been a hypocrite he would have joined the crowds on the streets. But not being a hypocrite he did not go. He sat there, his chin on his chest—thinking. And quite prominent in this thoughts was that theory of individualism which had bothered him for many days.

CHAPTER VII

IT was pure perverseness on Corwin's part that made him antagonistic toward the fifth loan—the Victory Liberty Loan. To be consistent he must oppose it. He had not subscribed for the others—except to the extent of the thousand dollars Molly King had forced from him—and he did not intend to subscribe to the Victory Loan. To Molly, one morning in late April, he said, derisively:

"It's time for people to wake up and realize that the war is over. Do they think the country will stand for these loans forever? Don't those grafters ever get enough?"

"Grafters?" Molly's voice was cold. Her gaze was scornfully defiant. "Mr. Corwin," she went on, evenly; "you don't mean to say that you think all of the money obtained from the bond issues has been stolen?"

Corwin's smile was almost a sneer. "Plenty of it has gone into the pockets of grafters," he replied.

"All public money is subject to that risk," Molly declared; "it is quite impossible to prevent some of the money going where it should not go. It is impossible to prevent much of it, for the nature of the public work—and particularly war work—makes it easy for certain unscrupulous men to take things that do not belong to them. In war work, especially, is there great opportunity for diverting funds. It is emergency work and there is no time to take even ordinary measures to safeguard the public funds. Men must be trusted and some of them violate their trust. That isn't the fault of the Government—it is the men themselves who are to blame. If they were Americans they would not do it."

"Well, I know some of it cannot be prevented," admitted Corwin. "But how about extravagance?"

"That can't be helped, either," declared the girl. "When a war comes the Government finds itself in need of certain things. Those things must be

obtained quickly. There is no time to split hairs over dollars. Business men must be assured that they will be treated generously or they will not turn out the work the Government demands from them. If you find yourself suddenly in need of a gun to defend yourself with—and a highwayman threatening you—you are not going to haggle very long over the price of a gun which a man behind you is offering you. You need the gun and you are going to pay what the man asks for it."

"Well, there may be something in that—possibly you are right. But the war is over. Why should it be necessary to have another Liberty Loan?"

"I thought of that when I heard they were proposing another loan," the girl replied. "And I asked my father about it. He said that the American army had provided the punch which had won the war, and that it had been the magnitude of our preparations which had convinced Germany of the hopelessness of fighting longer. Germany saw that we meant to win. Germany was convinced that we would win, because we were getting enough war materials together—men, munitions and other sinews—to make the victory for us certain. If we had gone about the thing half-heartedly—if any one of the Liberty Loans had failed—Germany would not have asked for an armistice. For those men in Germany were watching America. They knew everything we did. And when they saw that we were preparing to war for a dozen years if necessary, they became convinced that continued resistance would be futile."

"But this Government had to plan far in advance of the present. We really had to plan for a long fight, for it seemed Germany was nowhere near beaten. We had to do more than plan—we had to actually manufacture a stupendous amount of war material as a reserve supply—we had to pile it up and keep piling up until we were sure. Look at the ships we had to build—the airplanes, the guns—everything. It was the most gigantic task that ever faced this or any other nation. We were unprepared, inexperienced. But we did it—we got ready, and we won."

"But don't you see, Mr. Corwin, that it took an awful lot of money. We had



"You wouldn't want America to repudiate her debts?"

to move so fast, and be so ready for everything, that we had to buy things before we had the money. And this Victory Liberty Loan—I mean the amount of money we shall raise through it—was almost all spent before the armistice was signed. Business was loyal to the Government, and you would not want the Government to cheat the manufacturers out of their money, would you? You wouldn't want America to repudiate its debts?"

Corwin had thought of all those things, but he had not thought clearly, because of his prejudices. He knew, of course, that a war could not be prosecuted without war material, and he knew that in order to win the Government had to close contracts for material in enormous quantities far enough in advance of its needs to make the future certain.

"And besides," Molly went on, "we are not absolutely certain the war is over. We can't bring all the boys back home right away—we shall have to keep some of them over there for a long time, to watch and wait until we are sure Germany is really sincere. And our boys over there must be fed and clothed. And there are thousands of odds and ends of expenses which must be met. We simply can't—we must not leave our job unfinished!"

Corwin looked at her with a reluctant smile.

"There is a great deal of logic in your presentation of the Government's case," he said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that the Government was extravagant. Look what the war is going to cost us."

"What would it have cost us if Germany had won?" asked Molly. "Instead of buying Liberty Bonds or Notes to store away in some safe place, meanwhile drawing interest on them, we would now be getting ready to pay billions of dollars of tribute money to Germany."

"So you think we ought to make this last Liberty Loan a success?" said Corwin.

"Ben is over there," declared the girl. "He went over at the behest of

the Government—which is all of us. He went for a definite purpose—to fight for his country, and to win. He was prepared to give his life for us. And," here Molly's voice quavered—"he may have done so by this time, for I have not heard from him for several months. Our boys have done their part; they have given their limbs, their sight, their lives. And we, back here, enjoying peace—are some of us—reluctant to back them up with our dollars. Money! Why, Mr. Corwin, how much per capita has this war really cost us, in direct outlay? Here are one hundred million people. That means that if each and every one of the hundred million advances the Government ten dollars the Government has one billion. Ten dollars! Multiply that—by twenty. That would mean that if each of the hundred million gave the Government two hundred dollars, the total amount would be twenty billion. If you could buy Liberty for two hundred dollars—if you could buy immunity from attack for that amount, would you hesitate? Many men pay that amount to their lawyers—and much more—to defend them in a lawsuit!"

"So you see, Mr. Corwin, though the amount of money expended seems to be enormous, it really isn't so much for each of us to bear. Why," she added, her eyes gleaming with a luminous moisture; "I would give a thousand times that sum, if I had it, to be sure that Ben would come back to me. I would give everything I possess to bring any girl's brother back!"

A thrill of sympathy ran over Corwin—it was perhaps the first unselfish emotion he had experienced since the day when Gary Miller, in his private office at the Merchant's Bank, had filled his mind with the poison of potential disloyalty.

But the emotion did not last; it was transient, surface—it went no deeper than his thoughts, after the first stirring surge. It did not reach the heart; it did not strike the solemn note of patriotism. Watching him closely, Molly saw his eyes grow cynical again; and she drew a deep, slow breath—for she had been hoping he would surrender, that he would come to realize that the Nation's trouble meant something more to him than the consideration of self; that he would be able to see with a broader vision, and that the real Corwin, hidden beneath the cynical mask he affected, would be revealed. For she could have loved the Corwin of her ideals.

"It all comes to a question of individualism," he said. "We are all willing to sacrifice, providing we gain something by doing so. The motive underlying all this fuss is the desire of every man engaged in it to express his personality in one way or another. The soldier, I believe, has less chance to be an individual than any other class concerned in the war. For he is a slave to discipline. He has to obey orders. He is drafted, or he volunteers. But once he enters the army he loses his individuality and becomes a part of the machinery of war. He is a pawn—a human sacrifice to the greed of other individuals. It is my opinion that, left to decide for themselves, very few men who are now in the army would have joined it. They would have preferred to stay out and let the other fellow do the fighting."

Molly's face had grown very white. "Mr. Corwin," she said slowly; "either you do not understand, or you are deliberately denying your Americanism. You ought to know better than to talk like that!"

She sat very straight and rigid, breathing fast.

CHAPTER VIII

BY the time the campaign for the Victory Loan began, Corwin had become moody and taciturn. He was still the cynic, scoffing at generous impulses; outwardly he professed to feel antagonistic toward the loan; and he continued to find fault and to seek the society of men who expressed the views he expressed.

But in his heart had begun to grow a great doubt. Struggling within him for expression, for encouragement, were emotions that sometimes actually hurt him. He wanted to express them; he felt they were the sincere impulses of his nature. But he had gone too far, now, to confess to his friends that he had entertained a doubt that he had been wrong. He had the courage to oppose the war and the Government's policy, but he lacked the moral courage to admit that he had entertained opinions—or had expressed opinions—that an American should not have entertained.

He attributed—at first—the change that was coming over him to Molly's treatment of him.

For Molly, while she was coldly polite and dignified in his presence, did not speak one word to him that was not absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the business relations between them. There were times when, watching her, Corwin wondered if he could ever regain her respect.

For he knew that he had lost that respect. He felt the hostile glances she sometimes threw at him when he was not looking at her; and sometimes

when he did meet her gaze he saw her eyes flash with something that must have been very near contempt. But Corwin said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say.

Meanwhile, it appeared that Falltown was going to fall again. Despite the vigorous campaign carried on by the Liberty Loan Committee, subscriptions lagged. Most of the town's citizens seemed to think as Corwin had expressed himself—that since the war was over there seemed to be no need of any more Liberty Loans.

There was no enthusiasm, no clamor, no indication of success. Though the bond salesmen labored hard, they made slow headway. When the campaign was half over Falltown had not raised more than a third of its quota; and when there remained only a few days more, and the Committee redoubled its efforts, the goal was still distant and seemingly unattainable.

Desperately the committee appealed, and though there were some responses, when the last day of the campaign dawned Falltown was more than two hundred thousand dollars behind its quota. The Committee ex-



"I want to shake hands with the man who said that."

pected that perhaps a hundred thousand would be turned in from salesmen not yet heard from—and from those who were deliberately holding back subscriptions for a driving finish, but that there would still be a hundred thousand dollars to raise appeared certain.

Shortly after noon on the last day of the campaign Gary Miller and Morley Roberts entered Corwin's office. The men had come by appointment to discuss a certain phase of a financial transaction concerning Roberts and Miller—Corwin acting merely as attorney—but they had scarcely dropped into their chairs toward which Corwin waved them when they began to talk upon the subject in which Falltown at that moment was vitally interested—the Victory Loan.

Molly had asked to be excused for the afternoon. She had given no reason for the desired absence; she had not even spoken to Corwin after obtaining his permission—she had walked out, her shoulders squared, her head held high. Many times Corwin had looked at the vacant chair with disquieting interest.

They talked of the Victory Loan—both Roberts and Miller. Corwin said nothing, for of late he was strangely reluctant to talk about the bond issues. He was even beginning to feel guilty every time he thought of them.

He was quick to note that both Miller and Roberts had lost some of the vindictiveness that had formerly characterized their reference to the bond issues; they spoke in quieter tones; they were not so demonstrative; they weighed their words more. It seemed to Corwin as he watched and listened, that their faces expressed guilt such as was in his own heart.

Roberts' brows were wrinkled; his eyes held a subdued, almost anxious expression. He seemed to be nervous—he folded and unfolded his hands; he scuffed his feet on the floor; his face was red.

Miller, too, seemed to be in the clutch of a perturbation that would not be shaken off. Twice he cleared his throat as he looked at Corwin; and the second time he spoke.

"Looks like Falltown's going to fall again," he said.

Corwin looked sharply at him, for Miller's voice was hoarse and low—quite unlike his usual high-pitched, assertive tenor.

"Yes," said Roberts, shortly.

The three men exchanged glances. "Failure is getting to be a habit with Falltown," remarked Corwin. In a former day he would have said that exultantly. Now his voice was expressionless, flat. The other two did not even smile at his words.

Roberts, though, spoke heavily. "The Liberty Loans are not popular with the people."

Miller cleared his throat. "That's a mistake," he said. He seemed to look accusingly at the others. "Do you know who is responsible for the failure of Falltown to subscribe its quota?"

"It's the fault of the people who can subscribe—and won't!" declared Miller. "I know. There are five hundred small subscriptions to one big one. Almost without exception the little fellows are coming forward with their subscriptions. The big fellows—most of them—are holding back. What's the answer? I've got it—or what I think is the answer."

"The little fellow works hard. He usually gets only one newspaper a day. He gets few books—he has no time to delve into the shelves of the library to read yards and yards of political economy by this and that writer, none of whom know enough about running the Government to stake out a pig-pen. He does not get time to affect 'isms' of one kind and another, nor to join cults that profess to prepare a man for higher thought. He does not get into the critical mental attitude of the reader of ancient philosophy—he is not a carping, cynical, theorist. All he knows is enough to work for his family, to save what he can, to get what few luxuries he can, and to follow his Government blindly. And when the Government tells him there is to be a war and that so much money will be required to finance it, he goes right down in his sock and gets it!"

"Now," went on Miller; "the little fellow has made all the subscriptions he can carry. He is buying all he can buy of this loan. He has done his share, and he's through. We're still a hundred thousand dollars shy of the quota." He now looked straight at Corwin—and then from Corwin to Roberts. "Do either of you fellows know two men in this town who are able to subscribe to fifty thousand dollars' worth right off the reel—without it cramping them any financially?"

Corwin and Roberts exchanged glances, and both reddened.

"I see you do," grinned Miller, maliciously.

It was Corwin who answered. "You've changed your tune a little, since last week," he said. "It was only last week that I heard you say you thought the Government was going too far."

"Well, I'm waking up!" declared Miller; "I'm beginning to see that I've been too narrow-minded and tight. I got to thinking that I spend hundreds of dollars every year for things I could do without. I got to thinking that maybe I was too selfish about this thing. I make my money here, and the Government has made it possible for me to make it—by protecting me, by giving me opportunities to make it. I get my money out of the country—out of the land and its products; and I think I owe it to my country to come across when the Government needs the money. And last night I subscribed to fifty thousand dollars' worth."

Miller had raised his voice. There had been an exultant note in it—it sounded like the voice of a man who has triumphed over some base passion that has threatened him; he was mocking it, laughing at it.

None of the men had heard a step on the stairs—two, in fact—a heavy, uncertain clumping, and a lighter step. But the three turned simultaneously when they heard a hearty voice from the direction of the doorway. It said:

"I want to shake hands with the man who said that!"

When Corwin's gaze went to the door he got up quickly and stood, leaning a little forward, his body rigid, his eyes wide with astonishment, his face slowly whitening.

For on the threshold, his arms spread wide against the jambs to steady himself, a broad, genial smile on his face, was Ben King.

Corwin saw Molly standing behind her brother. Both her hands were on Ben's shoulders; her face was pale and in her eyes was mingled pride and pity. For Ben was blind, his forehead was scarred, and his sightless eyes were roving from point to point in the room as he endeavored to locate the owner of the voice which he had heard as he had been about to enter the room.

CHAPTER IX

CORWIN was in the grip of an emotion that sent icy thrills over him as he watched Ben King shake hands with Gary Miller. He heard Ben and Miller talking, but paid little attention to their words, for he was watching Molly. The girl stood behind Ben until Miller placed him gently in a chair; and then she drew another chair near the young man—close to him, so that she reached out and patted one of his hands as it lay on the arm of the chair—and she watched him, worshipfully, with a sad, pitying half-smile which meant that she was glad to have him back even though he would never see her again. And Corwin saw the tears that she could not check slowly trickling down her cheeks.

Ben was in uniform. He was big, strong—a magnetic figure; a force that could never move without direction, but nevertheless a force.

Instinctively, Ben dominated. His presence seemed to fill the room—the atmosphere grew formal, military. Unconsciously Roberts and Miller straightened; Corwin felt as though some power within him was urging him to salute. Something about Ben—his erect carriage, his squared shoulders, the set of his head, the uniform he wore—everything about him commanded interest and attention. Ben brought a breath of far-off France into the room with him—a suggestion of force, of battle and of death. He symbolized indomitability, cohesive power—he was a visible unit embodying an atom of national spirit; he was a part

had bought the bonds merely because everybody was expected to buy them, he said, and not because he was in sympathy with the war idea.

Roberts and Corwin lunched together many times during the summer and fall. And they criticized the Government without stint, and with a fervor that left them with a feeling that there was foundation for the criticism. It was remarkable how easy it was to find fault with what the Government was doing—how the war work was being done, how certain things could be done more quickly and efficiently, and how certain men they knew could fill positions more acceptably than those already in office.

Like the man who tells a lie so often that eventually he believes he is telling the truth, Corwin and Roberts became obsessed with the conviction that nothing was being done correctly. And the more they brooded over the situation the firmer grew their conviction that the whole country was being sacrificed to the inefficient and the blunderers.

A righteous indignation seized them. They found satisfaction in venomous criticism; they became scoffers, malcontents, voicing malignant skepticism. And when—in the anxious days of the summer of 1918—they saw the French structure of defense begin to crumble under the terrible offensive of the Hun armies, they began to feel their convictions had been vindicated—that the continued defeat of the Allied armies was due to the nationwide incompetency of the war machine built up by the government. They began to predict disaster for Allied Arms; they told their friends how it might have been different, how disaster might have been averted and how victory might have been won.

However, they gave little thought to the gigantic task faced by the khaki-clad boys who, to the number of two or three million, were at grips with the Hun hordes on the battlefields of France and Belgium. The boys were not in their mental vision; they were remote and far, and for all they knew might have been a dream-army. Not experiencing the emotions of sympathy that fill the heart of the zealous patriot, their imaginations could not leap the mighty gulf that separated them from the horrors of war; they lacked the power to bring the war-picture into their mental vision; they could not see beyond themselves and the universe of cynicism which encompassed them.

For the third time Falltown failed to subscribe its quota; and in the fall when the Fourth Loan campaign began, the patriot element of Falltown began to betray some curiosity as to the identity of the citizens who were playing the role of bond-slackers.

Corwin had not failed to note the change that was coming over Falltown's citizens. During the days of the first loan there had been much enthusiasm, and the "drive" had been launched amid music, flag-waving, the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns. Corwin was convinced that many persons had subscribed to the loan while under the spell of the enthusiasm aroused by the noise and the clatter. Some of those buyers had not been so enthusiastic during the second campaign; and when the third came there was still less visible enthusiasm. And the fourth campaign began with remarkable quietness.

Corwin, going and coming, watching faces in the street, noting the absence of enthusiasm, smiled derisively. He told himself that the people were beginning to see what he himself had divined from the first—that the war was a monstrous blunder, that certain capitalists had forced the country into it, that it was a partisan affair and that every man was considering only his own interests in supporting it.

That was it! Corwin had found it—the dominant influence of the whole thing—individualism. Individualism symbolized greed, selfishness and the lust for power. All men lived their lives with selfish aims, looking toward personal gain. To the business man the prosecution of that aim meant wealth, to the idler it meant luxury; to the ruler of a nation it meant power, and to the soldier it meant personal glory.

And that was all, everything. Men prated of country as though the land they lived in possessed some kind of a spirit—a soul which in its entirety was composed of many units, each unit a dweller in the land. That theory was farcical, ridiculous, absurd! For there was a greater power than soul. It was human nature. And the nature of man made him individualistic. He ran in cliques, to be sure—he liked company; he was eager to be surrounded by his fellows. But nevertheless, he was individualistic—he was looking out for himself. That was what made him choose as his mate a woman in whom he saw those merits and virtues that he could not see in other women. It was what caused him to build a house—a better home than that occupied by his neighbor. It was the desire for self-gratification which made him ambitious to succeed, to gain wealth, power and glory.

Country? To be sure. The thing commonly called a man's country was the place in which he lived—the land he inhabited, the place in which he made his home and in which he raised his children. But every man had a country—he must have a country, a place on Earth to live. God had given him that! But the mere fact that he lived upon Earth did not signify that he was to go out to kill other men who inhabited the Earth with him. There was no such thing as country when it conflicted with a man's individuality. The man—not country—was supreme.

And thus man was man, and country was another thing—secondary, chimerical, non-existent. Country was an imaginary estate, a Land inhabited by a race of humans who were all individualistic, all imbued with the same desire—to get ahead, to thrive, to live. There was no common spirit or soul that brought men together in patriotic bondage. Some men professed the sentiment, but few lived it.

Corwin knew a real estate man who had formerly dealt in second mortgages and chattel loans. The fellow pretended to be patriotic, yet Corwin knew he was discounting Liberty Bonds. He knew men who were whispering to their fellows that the bonds would one day be valueless, that they should be disposed of quickly, even at a loss, for the day was not far distant when the Government would repudiate all its debts. He knew other men who were profiteering; he had heard other men curse the Government because they were not permitted to make greater profits—because the Food Administrator had decreed against them. Still other men were idling in offices, on Government service—men of draft age who should have been at the front—if they felt the patriotism they professed.

Had these men a country? What did country mean to them? It meant to them what it meant to every man who lived in it—nothing but a place in which they could play their particular trade for the purpose of gain and power.

However, one day during the end of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, Corwin saw an aged woman slowly approach a Loan booth on Main street. She wore a faded black dress, a bonnet with a string attached, tied in a drooping bow under her chin. Her shoes were not good, and she had a look of having been pinched by poverty all her later days.

It was the glow in her eyes that commanded Corwin's attention. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, but her eyes were bright, and luminous with an expression that made Corwin gulp with a nameless emotion.

"I'd like to buy a bond, sir—fifty dollars," she said, quietly, to the salesman.

"You're pretty old to be buying bonds, Grandma," said the latter. "Are you sure you want one?"

"Old, am I?" she replied, raising her voice defiantly. "Well, when I get so old that I can't try to do something for my country, I shall be old indeed!"

The salesman caught Corwin's eyes, and laughed.

"That ought to make some tightwads rather ashamed of themselves—hadn't it?" he said.

Corwin flushed, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away, embarrassed, humiliated. For here—in the person of the old lady—was a manifestation of that spirit which he had long denied.

CHAPTER VI

It was only a few weeks later when the news flashed to a waiting, anxious world that the Hun line was wavering; that American troops were being hurled against it and that the crisis for which the world had waited long was at hand. Reports of engage-



"When I get too old to help my country, I shall be old indeed."

ments in which the Yankee boys had conducted themselves with a heroism that upheld the traditions of their country began to leak through, to occupy prominent places in the newspapers.

Corwin noted the change in the atmosphere of Falltown. There had been deep concern in most of the faces of Falltown's citizens. Some of the faces had borne a harried appearance, and the haunting wistfulness in the eyes of some had betrayed their fear of the outcome. There were men who passed their friends without a nod of recognition—their minds, their hearts, their souls were in France with their sons who were facing the appalling hazard of death. There were others who scowled; still others whose eyes were luminous with pride; there were still others whose eyes glowed with a sorrow that would be eternal.

Falltown had been a place of subdued voices—of dread expectancy. It had seemed to be waiting—waiting for something to happen.

And that something had happened. Falltown had been awaiting the news

it had now received. And in the faces of men on the streets; in the faces of women and children, there had come a new expression. It was that of grim joy—the savage exultation of the victor.

Corwin was sitting at his desk one day in November. He had not been able to work. Somehow, though he had no sympathy with the war, he felt eager, expectant. It seemed to him that great events portended. A dozen times during the day he had got up, to go to one of the windows and look down into the street. He saw people hurrying, with springy step and alert manner—as though they desired to finish the tasks before them before that something for which they waited, should occur.

Corwin did not see Molly King watching him; he did not see in the girl's eyes a certain gleam of understanding and pity. For Molly knew that the end was near—that victory for the army in which her brother was fighting was imminent—and she knew that there would come a day for Corwin when he would wish, sorrowfully and regretfully, that he had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Government.

And some glimmer of that regret was already clutching at Corwin. He was uneasy, restless. For he, too, felt that victory was at hand, and he had done nothing toward winning it.

Something lacked in Corwin; there was a void somewhere in his heart. He felt as a child feels who has not received an invitation to a party which all his friends will attend. He was an outsider—forgotten, unconsidered.

Corwin's face was grave and slightly pale when he walked away from the window and resumed his chair at the desk.

It was not long after Corwin dropped into the chair until the screech of a whistle floated into the office. The sound was loud, insistent, continuing. It seemed to shriek exultantly—seemed to bear a message—the message. It rose, clear and penetrating, rocking the air with its resonance. Then it was joined by others—hundreds, it seemed—of varying degrees of power and volume. Huge and deep, they came, and shrill and piping—trebles, basses, baritones—harsh, soft, trilling, blatant—a chorus, a bedlam of sound.

At the first long, continuing blast, Molly King bounded out of her chair and ran to an open window. Her eyes flashing with delight, her cheeks flushed, her voice high-pitched and eager, she called to someone in the street. Corwin heard the reply:

"The Armistice has been signed!" Falltown was already celebrating. A multitude of varying sounds arose and eddied through the office windows, assailing Corwin's ears. It seemed to him that every citizen of the town must be in the street in front of the office, and that each citizen was trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Molly was putting on her hat when Corwin again looked at her. Her eyes were very bright—they glowed with a light that made Corwin's widen with admiration.

"I can't work any more today, Mr. Corwin," she said; "I've simply got to go out and celebrate! I shall be back tomorrow morning—if I survive!"

Corwin sat alone in his office. He, too, was glad the war was over. But his gladness was tinged with bitterness. If he had been a hypocrite he would have joined the crowds on the streets. But not being a hypocrite he did not go. He sat there, his chin on his chest—thinking. And quite prominent in this thoughts was that theory of individualism which had bothered him for many days.

CHAPTER VII

It was pure perverseness on Corwin's part that made him antagonistic toward the fifth loan—the Victory Liberty Loan. To be consistent he must oppose it. He had not subscribed for the others—except to the extent of the thousand dollars Molly King had forced from him—and he did not intend to subscribe to the Victory Loan. To Molly, one morning in late April, he said, derisively:

"It's time for people to wake up and realize that the war is over. Do they think the country will stand for these loans forever? Don't those grafters ever get enough?"

"Grafters?" Molly's voice was cold. Her gaze was scornfully defiant. "Mr. Corwin," she went on, evenly; "you don't mean to say that you think all of the money obtained from the bond issues has been stolen?"

Corwin's smile was almost a sneer. "Plenty of it has gone into the pockets of grafters," he replied.

"All public money is subject to that risk," Molly declared; "it is quite impossible to prevent some of the money going where it should not go. It is impossible to prevent much of it, for the nature of the public work—and particularly war work—makes it easy for certain unscrupulous men to take things that do not belong to them. In war work, especially, is there great opportunity for diverting funds. It is emergency work and there is no time to take even ordinary measures to safeguard the public funds. Men must be trusted and some of them violate their trust. That isn't the fault of the Government—it is the men themselves who are to blame. If they were Americans they would not do it."

"Well, I know some of it cannot be prevented," admitted Corwin. "But how about extravagance?"

"That can't be helped, either," declared the girl. "When a war comes the Government finds itself in need of certain things. Those things must be

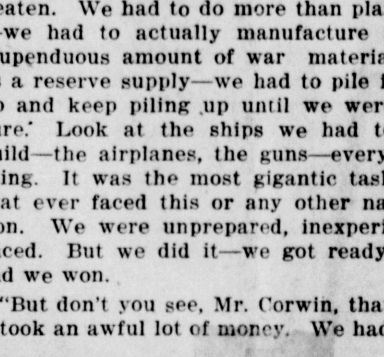
obtained quickly. There is no time to split hairs over dollars. Business men must be assured that they will be treated generously or they will not turn out the work the Government demands from them. If you find yourself suddenly in need of a gun to defend yourself with—and a highwayman threatening you—you are not going to haggle very long over the price of a gun which a man behind you is offering you. You need the gun and you are going to pay what the man asks for it."

"Well, there may be something in that—possibly you are right. But the war is over. Why should it be necessary to have another Liberty Loan?"

"I thought of that when I heard they were proposing another loan," the girl replied. "And I asked my father about it. He said that the American army had provided the punch which had won the war, and that it had been the magnitude of our preparations which had convinced Germany of the hopelessness of fighting longer. Germany saw that we meant to win. Germany was convinced that we would win, because we were getting enough war materials together—men, munitions and other sinews—to make the victory for us certain. If we had gone about the thing half-heartedly—if any one of the Liberty Loans had failed—Germany would not have asked for an armistice. For those men in Germany were watching America. They knew everything we did. And when they saw that we were preparing to war for a dozen years if necessary, they became convinced that continued resistance would be futile."

"But this Government had to plan far in advance of the present. We really had to plan for a long fight, for it seemed Germany was nowhere near beaten. We had to do more than plan—we had to actually manufacture a stupendous amount of war material as a reserve supply—we had to pile it up and keep piling up until we were sure. Look at the ships we had to build—the airplanes, the guns—everything. It was the most gigantic task that ever faced this or any other nation. We were unprepared, inexperienced. But we did it—we got ready, and we won."

"But don't you see, Mr. Corwin, that it took an awful lot of money. We had



to move so fast, and be so ready for everything, that we had to buy things before we had the money. And this Victory Liberty Loan—I mean the amount of money we shall raise through it—was almost all spent before the armistice was signed. Business was loyal to the Government, and you would not want the Government to cheat the manufacturers out of their money, would you? You wouldn't want America to repudiate its debts?"

Corwin had thought of all those things, but he had not thought clearly, because of his prejudices. He knew, of course, that a war could not be prosecuted without war material, and he knew that in order to win the Government had to close contracts for material in enormous quantities far enough in advance of its needs to make the future certain.

"And besides," Molly went on, "we are not absolutely certain the war is over. We can't bring all the boys back home right away—we shall have to keep some of them over there for a long time, to watch and wait until we are sure Germany is really sincere. And our boys over there must be fed and clothed. And there are thousands of odds and ends of expenses which must be met. We simply can't—we must not leave our job unfinished!"

Corwin looked at her with a reluctant smile.

"There is a great deal of logic in your presentation of the Government's case," he said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that the Government was extravagant. Look what the war is going to cost us."

"What would it have cost us if Germany had won?" asked Molly. "Instead of buying Liberty Bonds or Notes to store away in some safe place, meanwhile drawing interest on them, we would now be getting ready to pay billions of dollars of tribute money to Germany."

"So you think we ought to make this last Liberty Loan a success?" said Corwin.

"Ben is over there," declared the girl. "He went over at the behest of

the Government—which is all of us. He went for a definite purpose—to fight for his country, and to win. He was prepared to give his life for us. And," here Molly's voice quavered—"he may have done so by this time, for I have not heard from him for several months. Our boys have done their part; they have given their limbs, their sight, their lives. And we, back here, enjoying peace—are some of us—reluctant to back them up with our dollars. Money! Why, Mr. Corwin, how much per capita has this war really cost us, in direct outlay? Here are one hundred million people. That means that if each and every one of the hundred million advances the Government ten dollars the Government has one billion. Ten dollars! Multiply that by twenty. That would mean that if each of the hundred million gave the Government two hundred dollars, the total amount would be twenty billion. If you could buy liberty for two hundred dollars—if you could buy immunity from attack for that amount, would you hesitate? Many men pay that amount to their lawyers—and much more—to defend them in a lawsuit!"

"So you see, Mr. Corwin, though the amount of money expended seems to be enormous, it really isn't so much for each of us to bear. Why," she added, her eyes gleaming with a luminous moisture; "I would give a thousand times that sum, if I had it, to be sure that Ben would come back to me. I would give everything I possess to bring any girl's brother back!"

A thrill of sympathy ran over Corwin—it was perhaps the first unselfish emotion he had experienced since the day when Gary Miller, in his private office at the Merchant's Bank, had filled his mind with the poison of potential disloyalty.

But the emotion did not last; it was transient, surface—it went no deeper than his thoughts, after the first stirring surge. It did not reach the heart; it did not strike the solemn note of patriotism. Watching him closely, Molly saw his eyes grow cynical again; and she drew a deep, slow breath—for she had been hoping he would surrender, that he would come to realize that the Nation's trouble meant something more to him than the consideration of self; that he would be able to see with a broader vision, and that the real Corwin, hidden beneath the cynical mask he affected, would be revealed. For she could have loved the Corwin of her ideals.

"It all comes to a question of individualism," he said. "We are all willing to sacrifice, providing we gain something by doing so. The motive underlying all this fuss is the desire of every man engaged in it to express his personality in one way or another. The soldier, I believe, has less chance to be an individual than any other class concerned in the war. For he is a slave to discipline. He has to obey orders. He is drafted, or he volunteers. But once he enters the army he loses his individuality and becomes a part of the machinery of war. He is a pawn—a human sacrifice to the greed of other individuals. It is my opinion that, left to decide for themselves, very few men who are now in the army would have joined it. They would have preferred to stay out and let the other fellow do the fighting."

Molly's face had grown very white. "Mr. Corwin," she said slowly; "either you do not understand, or you are deliberately denying your Americanism. You ought to know better than to talk like that!"

She sat very straight and rigid, breathing fast.

"There is such a thing as a man fighting for his country unselfishly—because he loves it! Of course every one of those boys who went over there was reluctant to fight—with the exception of some who are so constituted that they fight for the love of fighting—but I believe that none of them has personal interest in mind. They are fighting for their country—for my country, and for yours, Mr. Corwin."

And Molly, her lips quivering, her eyes flaming with passion, turned from Corwin and began to pound the keys of her typewriter.

CHAPTER VIII

By the time the campaign for the Victory Loan began, Corwin had become moody and taciturn. He was still the cynic, scoffing at generous impulses; outwardly he professed to feel antagonistic toward the loan; and he continued to find fault and to seek the society of men who expressed the views he expressed.

But in his heart had begun to grow a great doubt. Struggling within him for expression, for encouragement, were emotions that sometimes actually hurt him. He wanted to express them; he felt they were the sincere impulses of his nature. But he had gone too far, now, to confess to his friends that he entertained a doubt that he had been wrong. He had the courage to oppose the war and the Government's policy, but he lacked the moral courage to admit that he had entertained opinions—or had expressed opinions—that an American should not have entertained.

He attributed—at first—the change that was coming over him to Molly's treatment of him.

For Molly, while she was coldly polite and dignified in his presence, did not speak one word to him that was not absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the business relations between them. There were times when, watching her, Corwin wondered if he could ever regain her respect.

For he knew that he had lost that respect. He felt the hostile glances she sometimes threw at him when he was not looking at her; and sometimes

when he did meet her gaze he saw her eyes flash with something that must have been very near contempt. But Corwin said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say.

Meanwhile, it appeared that Falltown was going to fail again. Despite the vigorous campaign carried on by the Liberty Loan Committee, subscriptions lagged. Most of the town's citizens seemed to think as Corwin had expressed himself—that since the war was over there seemed to be no need of any more Liberty Loans.

There was no enthusiasm, no clamor, no indication of success. Though the bond salesmen labored hard, they made slow headway. When the campaign was half over Falltown had not raised more than a third of its quota; and when there remained only a few days more, and the Committee redoubled its efforts, the goal was still distant and seemingly unattainable.

Desperately the committee appealed, and though there were some responses, when the last day of the campaign dawned Falltown was more than two hundred thousand dollars behind its quota. The Committee ex-



"I want to shake hands with the man who said that."

pected that perhaps a hundred thousand would be turned in from salesmen not yet heard from—and from those who were deliberately holding back subscriptions for a driving finish, but that there would still be a hundred thousand dollars to raise appeared certain.

Shortly after noon on the last day of the campaign Gary Miller and Morley Roberts entered Corwin's office. The men had come by appointment to discuss a certain phase of a financial transaction concerning Roberts and Miller—Corwin acting merely as attorney—but they had scarcely dropped into their chairs toward which Corwin waved them when they began to talk upon the subject in which Falltown at that moment was vitally interested—the Victory Loan.

Molly had asked to be excused for the afternoon. She had given no reason for the desired absence; she had not even spoken to Corwin after obtaining his permission—she had walked out, her shoulders squared, her head held high. Many times Corwin had looked at the vacant chair with disquieting interest.

They talked of the Victory Loan—both Roberts and Miller. Corwin said nothing, for of late he was strangely reluctant to talk about the bond issues. He was even beginning to feel guilty every time he thought of them.

He was quick to note that both Miller and Roberts had lost some of the vindictiveness that had formerly characterized their reference to the bond issues; they spoke in quieter tones; they were not so demonstrative; they weighed their words more. It seemed to Corwin as he watched and listened, that their faces expressed guilt such as was in his own heart.

Roberts' brows were wrinkled; his eyes held a subdued, almost anxious expression. He seemed to be nervous—he folded and unfolded his hands; he scuffed his feet on the floor; his face was red.

Miller, too, seemed to be in the clutch of a perturbation that would not be shaken off. Twice he cleared his throat as he looked at Corwin; and the second time he spoke.

"Looks like Falltown's going to fail again," he said.

Corwin looked sharply at him, for Miller's voice was hoarse and low—quite unlike his usual high-pitched, assertive tenor.

"Yes," said Roberts, shortly.

The three men exchanged glances. "Failure is getting to be a habit with Falltown," remarked Corwin. In a former day he would have said that exultantly. Now his voice was expressionless, flat. The other two did not even smile at his words.

Roberts, though, spoke heavily. "The Liberty Loans are not popular with the people."

Miller cleared his throat. "That's a mistake," he said. He seemed to look accusingly at the others. "Do you know who is responsible for the failure of Falltown to subscribe its quota?"

"In this loan?" asked Roberts.

"In every loan!" snapped Miller. It was the first flash of feeling he had exhibited. And it seemed to Corwin and Roberts that he looked accusingly at them.

"It's the fault of the people who can subscribe—and won't!" declared Miller. "I know. There are five hundred small subscriptions to one big one. Almost without exception the little fellows are coming forward with their subscriptions. The big fellows—most of them—are holding back. What's the answer? I've got it—or what I think is the answer."

"The little fellow works hard. He usually gets only one newspaper a day. He gets few books—he has no time to delve into the shelves of the library to read yards and yards of political economy by this and that writer, none of whom know enough about running the Government to stake out a pippen. He does not get time to affect 'isms' of one kind and another, nor to join cults that profess to prepare a man for higher thought. He does not get into the critical mental attitude of the reader of ancient philosophy—he is not a carping, cynical, theorist. All he knows is enough to work for his family, to save what he can, to get what few luxuries he can, and to follow his Government blindly. And when the Government tells him there is to be a war and that so much money will be required to finance it, he goes right down in his sock and gets it!"

"Now," went on Miller; "the little fellow has made all the subscriptions he can carry. He is buying all he can buy of this loan. He has done his share, and he's through. We're still a hundred thousand dollars shy of the quota." He now looked straight at Corwin—and then from Corwin to Roberts. "Do either of you fellows know two men in this town who are able to subscribe to fifty thousand dollars' worth right off the reel—without it cramping them any financially?"

Corwin and Roberts exchanged glances, and both reddened.

"I see you do," grinned Miller, maliciously.

It was Corwin who answered. "You've changed your tune a little, since last week," he said. "It was only last week that I heard you say you thought the Government was going too far."

"Well, I'm waking up!" declared Miller; "I'm beginning to see that I've been too narrow-minded and tight. I got to thinking that I spend hundreds of dollars every year for things I could do without. I got to thinking that maybe I was too selfish about this thing. I make my money here, and the Government has made it possible for me to make it—by protecting me, by giving me opportunities to make it. I get my money out of the country—out of the land and its products; and I think I owe it to my country to come across when the Government needs the money. And last night I subscribed to fifty thousand dollars' worth."

Miller had raised his voice. There had been an exultant note in it—it sounded like the voice of a man who has triumphed over some base passion that has threatened him; he was mocking it, laughing at it.

None of the men had heard a step on the stairs—two, in fact—a heavy, uncertain clumping, and a lighter step. But the three turned simultaneously when they heard a hearty voice from the direction of the doorway. It said:

"I want to shake hands with the man who said that!"

When Corwin's gaze went to the door he got up quickly and stood, leaning a little forward, his body rigid, his eyes wide with astonishment, his face slowly whitening.

For on the threshold, his arms spread wide against the jambs to steady himself, a broad, genial smile on his face, was Ben King.

Corwin saw Molly standing behind her brother. Both her hands were on Ben's shoulders; her face was pale and in her eyes was mingled pride and pity. For Ben was blind, his forehead was scarred, and his sightless eyes were roving from point to point in the room as he endeavored to locate the owner of the voice which he had heard as he had been about to enter the room.

CHAPTER IX

CORWIN was in the grip of an emotion that sent icy thrills over him as he watched Ben King shake hands with Gary Miller. He heard Ben and Miller talking, but paid little attention to their words, for he was watching Molly. The girl stood behind Ben until Miller placed him gently in a chair; and then she drew another chair near the young man—close to him, so that she reached out and patted one of his hands as it lay on the arm of the chair—and she watched him, worshipfully, with a sad, pitying half-smile which meant that she was glad to have him back even though he would never see her again. And Corwin saw the tears that she could not check slowly trickling down her cheeks.

Ben was in uniform. He was big, strong—a magnetic figure; a force that could never move without direction, but nevertheless a force.

Instinctively, Ben dominated. His presence seemed to fill the room—the atmosphere grew formal, military. Unconsciously Roberts and Miller straightened; Corwin felt as though some power within him was urging him to salute. Something about Ben—his erect carriage, his squared shoulders, the set of his head, the uniform he wore—everything about him commanded interest and attention. Ben brought a breath of far-off France into the room with him—a suggestion of force, of battle and of death. He symbolized indomitability, cohesive power—he was a visible unit embodying an atom of national spirit; he was a part

of that great arm of government which expresses itself in force.

And unconsciously, involuntarily, the three men in the room with him paid tribute—the tribute of silence, of attention and respect.

Corwin peered intently at Ben, searching his face for signs, for indications that Ben harbored resentment against the Government for the loss of his sight. He watched closely for the slightest expression which would tell him that Ben regretted his experience. But he saw no such signs. Ben's face, despite the sightless eyes, had undergone a transformation. On the night Corwin had seen him fighting the agitators there had been in the man's face something malignant and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, enraged and yearning to punish the defamers of his country.

There was a different expression on his face now. His smile was serene, complacent, ineffably gentle—as though reminiscent of a soul-free of which he had come unscathed, finely tempered and impervious to baseless. It was the face of a man who has looked death straight in the eyes and has no fear of it—it was the face of a trained soldier who has held communion with the spirit of his country. Looking hard at Ben, Corwin was certain that Ben had no regrets.

"I don't know why Molly brought me here," said Ben. "I wanted to go straight home—just to see how things look."

Corwin saw Molly cover her eyes with her free hand; he saw Roberts and Miller stiffen; and he felt a queer constriction in his own throat as the muscles tightened oddly. When Molly removed the hand from her eyes and looked at Corwin, she saw that his face was dead white.

"Well, I suppose I won't see the old place any more," said Ben, seeming to comprehend the significance of the silence that had followed his words. "That's a figure of speech with me, now. But I shall be able to feel—and that will be plenty." He laughed, and there was a flavor of scorn in the sound.



"Some people don't seem to realize just what this war means."

"That's more than some people don't seem to know how to feel. When I landed, and they told me that Falltown had fallen in all four of the Liberty Loan campaigns, I tell you it made me feel. There were times when I was on the point of denying that I came from Falltown. And when I heard Mr. Miller say that he had bought fifty thousand dollars' worth of the Victory Loan I was so tickled that I had to say something. It seemed to me that Molly had brought me here purposely—where she knew I would hear some good news."

Molly did not look at Corwin; but he thought he knew why she had brought her brother to his office.

Roberts knew, also. His face was crimson with embarrassment and guilt. Corwin looked at Molly and wondered if she would tell Ben that he had been recruited—that his patriotism was of a negligible quality—that he measured it by the standard of money. He cringed from the direct look in her eyes when she gazed at him; and the look made him wonder what Ben would say to him if he knew the truth that he was talking to slackers, thinking them patriots who had upheld his arms in the great fight for world freedom. Ben's eyes were sightless, and yet Corwin dreaded to have them turned upon him with the question: Why didn't you buy?

Of the three men, Miller was the more composed. Almost at the last minute he had saved himself from any possibility of accusation—and his face showed his satisfaction. He even glanced at the other two with malicious amusement.

"Some people," went on Ben, unaware of the tension in the room, "don't seem to realize just what this war means. I didn't know, myself, until I landed in France. I used to like to fight; but I always did my fighting by myself—just because I liked to fight. It was different over there. It's a queer feeling that grips a fellow when there's a bunch of other fellows all around him—all dressed alike and all fighting for the same object. There's something about it that gets under a man's skin and fills him with something he can't express.

"A man loses something—it's his individuality, I think. But he gains more than he loses. I've heard fellows call it discipline and training—and stuff like that. But I know it's something else. For a long time it bothered me, and then I finally thought it out. It's country—nothing less; it's pride of race; it's in knowing that you are doing it for the folks at home; that they are back of you—watching you, cheering you on—doing all they can to help you lick the other fellow. It's in knowing that your folks back home are putting their trust in you; that they are expecting you to bring home the bacon—that they know you are going to do it. A fellow just has to fight like blazes when he realizes that."

"How did you—how were you wounded, Mr. King?"

This was Miller; his voice was low and solemn.

Ben flushed and his jaws tightened; and he laughed shortly.

"A fragment of shrapnel. Hit me a glancing blow square between the eyes, paralyzing the nerves. Put me clean out. I spent three months in 'blighty.'"

"Where?" Again Miller spoke. "Where did it happen?"

"While we were straightening out the San Mihel salient. It was pretty hot there—while it lasted."

He paused, but in response to Miller's request that he describe the battle—or rather that part of it in which he was engaged—he went on, laughing lowly:

"I used to think that if I ever got into a battle I would keep my senses about me so that I would be able to describe what I had seen when I got back to God's country. But I've discovered that in battle about all one's senses are definitely and firmly fixed upon self. It all seems to be horribly unreal. You find individuality on the battlefield—you find that you are you; that you are alone, in spite of the fact that men are all around you. You've got to use your own courage; you've got to fight yourself. You can't borrow courage."

"When we went over the top that morning there was a great level stretch of country immediately in front of me. It was a place of ghastly silence, bleak and gray in the faint light that precedes the dawn. We had been ready for several hours, for we had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word."

"Ten minutes before the time set for the advance we were aroused by a whispered word, passed down the trench. The fellows, chilled by the cold night in dugout and trench, took it in various ways."

"I saw men half paralyzed with fear, trying to smile—to show their fellows that they were not afraid. I saw others with horrible pouts on their lips, cursing at trivial things—working themselves into a rage in an effort to keep up their courage. Many of the fellows did not speak a word—I think it was because they couldn't trust their voices. Some of the boys were jerky and touchy, with their nerves so keyed up that they jumped at the slightest sound; others appeared to be stolidly waiting. Those were men who did not permit their fright to become visible. I saw men who gripped their rifles until it seemed their fingers would press through the steel; I saw others holding their rifles gingerly, loosely, as though they were some strange object with which they were not yet familiar. And there were some fellows who breathed shrilly, with great gasps, as though they had just finished a long run. And in every man's eyes was a light that no man in this world can describe."

"I couldn't help but see those things, because I looked closely at every man near me. I had to. If there was any excess courage around there I wanted to feel it. For I needed it."

"If it hadn't been for a thought that struck me just before we got the word to go, I believe I couldn't have gone. There were many of us fellows, and of course those who took it most unconcernedly did a lot to help the fellow who might have wavered. But that did not seem to be enough. As individuals we doubtless would have

gone over the top—driving ourselves to do it; and as an army we would go over without being driven. Pride would have made us do that—for none of the fellows would have wanted the others to think him a coward."

"But something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clammy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and—Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And your wound?" questioned Miller.

"Well, it's a little tough to realize that I will never be able to see again; but when I think that I lost my sight serving those loyal, watching millions of my people, I don't worry about it much."

For five minutes after the departure of Ben and Molly, there was no word spoken in Corwin's office.

The three men heard Ben's halting step on the stairs grow fainter until finally they could hear it no more. And still they sat, each man avoiding the other's eyes—all of them feeling ineffectually small and unimportant.

The loyal, watching millions! Ben's words were flaming before Corwin's eyes; they wreathed and leaped in his mental vision with hideous mockery.

Ben, facing death on the field of battle, had been able to think nobly of his country. Corwin, lounging in the lap of luxury in the quiet peace of Falltown, had not yielded to one generous and supporting thought for the khaki-clad boys who had fought for him! Ben, facing death, had felt the spirit of the country; Corwin, safe at home, had derided that spirit—had denied it. He had haggled and argued; had found fault with everything. His hands had not upheld Ben and his fellows; it had not been his face that Ben had seen among those that had been turned toward him on the eve of battle—for he had turned his back toward the boys.

Corwin felt that something was slipping away from him. He felt lonely and deserted—as though something he valued was vanishing from his sight, to be gone forever. He felt as Ben said he had felt just before he and his comrades had gone over the top—that he must have something to give him that feeling of companionship; he felt that he didn't want to be on the outside—he wanted to belong—he wanted to feel that there were millions of people behind him, too—and with him.

And he knew, now, that there was only one way to attain that feeling of companionship—to become a real citizen of the mighty nation that had brought the arrogant Hun to his knees; there was only one way to be thoroughly American—or to become thoroughly American. And that way was to help the nation toward its goal; to bear cheerfully and equally the burdens it placed upon one; to add to its strength all the resources at his command; to somehow get a share of its power and its glory.

Corwin was intensely eager now. He looked at his watch, got up and said shortly to Miller and Roberts:

"Gentlemen, he said, 'we'll have to postpone this business until tomorrow—I've got something important to attend to.'"

Roberts got up also. "Me, too," he said; "we'll go together, Corwin."

"Where?" demanded Corwin.

Roberts laughed lowly. "To see Dillon," he said. "That fellow King has made me feel mighty cheap, I can tell you. I used to have pretty strong ideas about these Liberty Loans, but if a fellow could listen to King talk and refuse to subscribe to help push this thing along he certainly wouldn't be

worth fighting for. I want to be worth it. Come on!" he urged; "we'll be 'eleventh hour' birds, but we've still got time to save our self respect!"

A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

"Still a hundred thousand shy, gentlemen," Dillon announced in reply to Corwin's question.

"I'll take half of it," declared Corwin.

"And I'll take the other half," said Roberts.

"Isn't this rather sudden, gentlemen," grinned Dillon; "you still have six hours, you know."

Both Roberts and Corwin reddened, for the sarcasm of Dillon's remark was glaringly apparent.

But curiously, neither Roberts or Corwin felt any resentment. They looked at each other and smiled, for both had a feeling that they deserved Dillon's sarcasm.

"I surrender!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long before."

"I knew you'd get in under the wire," smiled Dillon.

"How did you know?" asked Corwin.

"Shucks," laughed Dillon. "Quite a number of cases like yours have come under my observation. You didn't believe in the Liberty Loans; you had fault to find with nearly everything the government did. I've felt that way myself; a great many of my friends felt that way—and still feel that way, for that matter. But they subscribe, just the same—and I buy them. The average American likes to kick and raise Cain with the government—he'll wolf and howl about incompetency and graft and all that stuff. But in the end he'll help the

government. He has to, because he's an American. It's in the blood. He can't help it." He laughed again, turned to the telephone and called a number. Corwin and Roberts listened.

"Is that the Observer? Mr. Higley, please." (A pause.) "Higley? Ready to go to press? All right—we're just in time. Get this—and set it in scare-head type: Falltown has gone over the top! Big subscriptions by Carter Corwin and Morley Roberts did the trick. Great— isn't it?"

He turned, after placing the receiver on the hook, and beamed at Corwin and Roberts.

"Gentlemen, accept my personal thanks. You have made it possible for me to say that for once, we have won; that I am not a failure and that Falltown is an American city."

When Corwin and Roberts again reached the street it seemed to Corwin that Falltown had changed. The streets were livelier; there was a different tone to the throb and the hum of traffic; and Corwin held his head high when people looked at him. For no longer did there dwell in his heart those malignant devils of doubt and suspicion that had once been



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there—insisting that man was supreme and that country was not to be considered. And once more—when Corwin reached the corner of Main and Meridian streets—he saw a vision.

This time it was Molly King. She had taken Ben home, leaving him with her father. She was on her way to the office, and when she saw Corwin she held a copy of the Observer in one hand. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, seizing Corwin by an arm and gripping it tight; "that was wonderful! I am so glad!" Corwin grinned. And then, as he walked toward the office with the girl, his face grew grave.

"Molly," he said as they paused at the foot of the stairs, "I was in danger of losing my country. And you gave it back to me."

"Well," she said, smiling happily, "I didn't want you to lose it."

"You didn't tell Ben about—about me not subscribing?" he questioned.

"Not a word. Ben didn't know. Not even when I took him to the office."

"Molly," said Corwin gravely, "did you take Ben to the office purposely—just to influence me to—"

She blushed and looked downward, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "what else could I do. Today is the last day—and Ben came, and I—I thought—knowing you didn't—or wouldn't—understand. And so I took him."

Late that night Corwin and Molly were standing at the corner of Main and Meridian streets watching the jostling crowd that packed the two streets from curb to curb.

Dillon had lost no time after the visit of Corwin and Roberts, and the issue of the Observer that carried the story of Falltown's greatest achievement, also informed the citizens of the town that the achievement would be celebrated fittingly.

And Falltown was celebrating. There had not been much time to arrange decorations, but enterprising merchants had draped the fronts of their stores with flags and bunting; down Main street in front of the City Hall there were festoons of colored lights—and a platform—portable—upon which a band played.

But if there were not so very many decorations there was plenty of noise—with the blare of horns and the clang of bells and the clatter of hurriedly constructed contrivances of many patterns—and the sound of it filled Corwin with a tingling exultation that he had never felt before.

"I almost lost this," he whispered to the girl, during a momentary lull. "What?"

"The crowd, the people—the spirit of it all. Molly," he added in a low voice, "isn't it great to have a country, after—after all?"

She looked mischievously at him. "And to have conquered all mean, petty suspicions," she said.

He nodded, flushing.

"And to feel that now the country can pay its debts."

"Yes."

"And that we have finished the job."

"Yes."

He reached out and caught her hand. And just at that instant the band in front of the City Hall began to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and the mighty crowd, thrilling with the most reverent of emotions, became silent as heels clicked together and heads were bared.

"Oh!" said the girl; "it is the greatest country in the world."

"And it's mine!" whispered Corwin, so that the girl could not hear him; "and I shall never risk losing it again!"

The End.

LIBERTY LOAN

LIBERTY BONDS! LIBERTY BONDS! DID YA BUY ANY?

CAN'T YOU TALK LOUDER?

I SAY! I WANT TO GIVE YOU AN ORDER FOR A THOUSAND ELECTRIC RAT-TRAPS

DE-E-E LIGHTEN! SEEMED FUNNY! I COULDN'T GET THE BEFORE D'YA WANT TO PAY FOR THEM?

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And Then He Saw the Point!



(We have had to change all these comics to eliminate any use of the word "bond.")

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE... VICTORY LOAN COM.

We have prepared two sets of comics, each containing more or less of a Liberty Loan argument and, with more or less a smile in each.

One set of comics is made in six columns, a full-page daily comic furnished by the various syndicates. This is "The Liber T. Loane Family," of which a sample is printed here.

This comic will come divided into three-column sections, so its use may be adjusted to the individual newspaper situation and printed in either a three-column or six-column form.

These comics are furnished in three sets—24 subjects in the series intended for use in dailies, eight in the series intended for semi-weeklies, and four for weeklies. There are no duplication of subjects in the different series.

The other comic is frankly an adaptation to the Liberty Loan purposes of the familiar Everett True character. This comes in two columns and is intended for use as a stock heading entitled "And Then He Saw the Point." An effort was made by the artist to combat, in each comic, one of the stereotyped arguments that Liberty Loan men come in contact with.

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Both the six-column and two-column comics will be furnished in either plates or mats.

We are also prepared to furnish, either in mounted stereotypes or mats, six and three-column standing heads for "The Liber T. Loane Family," and two-column headings for "And Then He Saw the Point!" comics.

Proof sheets showing all of the subjects in the three series each of "The Liber T. Loane Family" and "And Then He Saw the Point!" will be mailed to all of the newspapers in this district by March 17.

First-come will be first-served. In other words, the first daily, semi-weekly or weekly in a community that writes, wires or telephones its order for plates or mats of either comic will be given an exclusive franchise, so to speak, for the use of the particular series to which it is entitled of the particular comic it wants and no other publication in that community will be furnished that series.

While The Western Newspaper Union will manufacture both plates and mats, do not place your order with them. All orders must be sent to us.

The Liber T. Loane Family

Copyright, 1919

By H. B. Lentz



(We have had to change all these comics to eliminate any use of the word "bond.")

M. H. LAUNDON, Director of Publicity, Central Liberty Loan Committee, 310 Park Building, Cleveland, O., Long Distance Phones, Bell 336, Ohio State 6

of that great arm of government which expresses itself in force.

And unconsciously, involuntarily, the three men in the room with him paid tribute—the tribute of silence, of attention and respect.

Corwin peered intently at Ben, searching his face for signs, for indications that Ben harbored resentment against his Government for the loss of his sight. He watched closely for the slightest expression which would tell him that Ben regretted his experience. But he saw no such signs. Ben's face, despite the sightless eyes, had undergone a transformation. On the night Corwin had seen him fighting the agitators there had been in the man's face something malignant and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, enraged and yearning to punish the defamers of his country.

There was a different expression on his face now. His smile was serene, complacent, ineffably gentle—as though reminiscent of a soul-fire out of which he had come unscathed, finely tempered and impervious to baseless. It was the face of a man who has looked death straight in the eyes and has no fear of it—it was the face of a trained soldier who has held communion with the spirit of his country. Looking hard at Ben, Corwin was certain that Ben had no regrets.

"I don't know why Molly brought me here," said Ben. "I wanted to go straight home—just to see how things look."

Corwin saw Molly cover her eyes with her free hand; he saw Roberts and Miller stiffen; and he felt a queer constriction in his own throat as the muscles tightened oddly. When Molly removed the hand from her eyes and looked at Corwin, she saw that his face was dead white.

"Well, I suppose I won't see the old place any more," said Ben, seeming to comprehend the significance of the silence that had followed his words. "That's a figure of speech with me, now. But I shall be able to feel—and that will be plenty." He laughed, and there was a flavor of scorn in the sound.



"Some people don't seem to realize just what this war means."

"That's more than some people do—isn't it?" he went on. "Some men don't seem to know how to feel. When I landed, and they told me that Falltown had failed in all four of the Liberty Loan campaigns, I tell you it made me feel. There were times when I was on the point of denying that I came from Falltown. And when I heard Mr. Miller say that he had bought fifty thousand dollars' worth of the Victory Loan I was so tickled that I had to say something. It seemed to me that Molly had brought me here purposely—where she knew I would hear some good news."

Molly did not look at Corwin; but he thought he knew why she had brought her brother to his office.

Roberts knew, also. His face was crimson with embarrassment and guilt. Corwin looked at Molly and wondered if she would tell Ben that he had been recreant—that his patriotism was of a negligible quality—that he measured it by the standard of money. He cringed from the direct look in her eyes when she gazed at him; and the look made him wonder what Ben would say to him if he knew the truth that he was talking to slackers, thinking them patriots who had upheld his arms in the great fight for world freedom. Ben's eyes were sightless, and yet Corwin dreaded to have them turned upon him with the question: Why didn't you buy?

Of the three men, Miller was the more composed. Almost at the last minute he had saved himself from any possibility of accusation—and his face showed his satisfaction. He even glanced at the other two with malicious amusement.

"Some people," went on Ben, unaware of the tension in the room, "don't seem to realize just what this war means. I didn't know, myself, until I landed in France. I used to like to fight; but I always did my fighting by myself—just because I liked to fight. It was different over there. It's a queer feeling that grips a fellow when there's a bunch of other fellows all around him—all dressed alike and all fighting for the same object. There's something about it that gets under a man's skin and fills him with something he can't express.

"A man loses something—it's his individuality, I think. But he gains more than he loses. I've heard fellows call it discipline and training—and stuff like that. But I know it's something else. For a long time it bothered me, and then I finally thought it out. It's country—nothing less; it's pride of race; it's in knowing that you are doing it for the folks at home; that they are back of you—watching you, cheering you on—doing all they can to help you lick the other fellow. It's in knowing that your folks back home are putting their trust in you; that they are expecting you to bring home the bacon—that they know you are going to do it. A fellow just has to fight like blazes when he realizes that."

"How did you—how were you wounded, Mr. King?"

This was Miller; his voice was low and solemn.

Ben flushed and his jaws tightened; and he laughed shortly.

"A fragment of shrapnel. Hit me a glancing blow square between the eyes, paralyzing the nerves. Put me clean out. I spent three months in 'blighty.'"

"Where?" Again Miller spoke.

"Where did it happen?"

"While we were straightening out the San Mihel salient. It was pretty hot there—while it lasted."

He paused, but in response to Miller's request that he describe the battle—or rather that part of it in which he was engaged—he went on, laughing lowly:

"I used to think that if I ever got into a battle I would keep my senses about me so that I would be able to describe what I had seen when I got back to God's country. But I've discovered that in battle about all one's senses are definitely and firmly fixed upon self. It all seems to be horribly unreal. You find individuality on the battlefield—you find that you are you; that you are alone, in spite of the fact that men are all around you. You've got to use your own courage; you've got to fight yourself. You can't borrow courage."

"When we went over the top that morning there was a great level stretch of country immediately in front of me. It was a place of the faint light that precedes the dawn. We had been ready for several hours, for we had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word."

"Ten minutes before the time set for the advance we were aroused by a whispered word, passed down the trench. The fellows, chilled by the cold night in dugout and trench, took it in various ways."

"I saw men half paralyzed with fear, trying to smile—to show their fellows that they were not afraid. I saw others with horrible pouts on their lips, cursing at trivial things—working themselves into a rage in an effort to keep up their courage. Many of the fellows did not speak a word—I think it was because they couldn't trust their voices. Some of the boys were jerky and touchy, with their nerves so keyed up that they jumped at the slightest sound; others appeared to be stolidly waiting. Those were men who did not permit their fright to become visible. I saw men who gripped their rifles until it seemed their fingers would press through the steel; I saw others holding their fingers gingerly, as though they were some strange object with which they were not yet familiar. And there were some fellows who breathed shrilly, with great gasps, as though they had just finished a long run. And in every man's eyes was a light that no man in this world can describe."

"I couldn't help but see those things, because I looked closely at every man near me. I had to. If there was any excess courage around there I wanted to feel it. For I needed it."

"If it hadn't been for a thought that struck me just before we got the word to go, I believe I couldn't have gone. There were many of us fellows, and of course those who took it most unconcernedly did a lot to help the fellow who might have wavered. But that did not seem to be enough. As individuals we doubtless would have

gone over the top—driving ourselves to do it; and as an army we would go over without being driven. Pride would have made us do that—for none of the fellows would have wanted the others to think him a coward."

"But something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clammy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and—Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And your wound?" questioned Miller.

"Well, it's a little tough to realize that I will never be able to see again; but when I think that I lost my sight serving those loyal, watching millions of my people, I don't worry about it much."

For five minutes after the departure of Ben and Molly, there was no word spoken in Corwin's office.

The three men heard Ben's halting step on the stairs grow fainter until finally they could hear it no more. And still they sat, each man avoiding the other's eyes—all of them feeling ineffectually small and unimportant.

The loyal, watching millions! Ben's words were flaming before Corwin's eyes; they wreathed and leaped in his mental vision with hideous mockery.

Ben, facing death on the field of battle, had been able to think nobly of his country. Corwin, lounging in the lap of luxury in the quiet peace of Falltown, had not yielded to one generous and supporting thought for the khaki-clad boys who had fought for him! Ben, facing death, had felt the spirit of the country; Corwin, safe at home, had derided that spirit—had denied it. He had haggled and argued; had found fault with everything. His hands had not upheld Ben and his fellows; it had not been his face that Ben had seen among those that had been turned toward him on the eve of battle—for he had turned his back toward the boys.

Corwin felt that something was slipping away from him. He felt lonely and deserted—as though something he valued was vanishing from his sight, to be gone forever. He felt as Ben said he had felt just before he and his comrades had gone over the top—that he must have something to give him that feeling of companionship; he felt that he didn't want to be on the outside—he wanted to belong—he wanted to feel that there were millions of people behind him, too—and with him.

And he knew, now, that there was only one way to attain that feeling of companionship—to become a real citizen of the mighty nation that had brought the arrogant Hun to his knees; there was only one way to be thoroughly American—or to become thoroughly American. And that way was to help the nation toward its goal; to bear cheerfully and equally the burdens it placed upon one; to add to its strength all the resources at his command; to somehow get a share of its power and its glory.

Corwin was intensely eager now. He looked at his watch, got up and said shortly to Miller and Roberts:

"Gentlemen, he said, 'I'll have to postpone this business until tomorrow—I've got something important to attend to.'"

Roberts got up also. "Me, too," he said; "we'll go together, Corwin."

"Where?" demanded Corwin.

Roberts laughed lowly. "To see Dillon," he said. "That fellow King has made me feel mighty cheap, I can tell you. I used to have pretty strong ideas about these Liberty Loans, but if a fellow could listen to King talk and refuse to subscribe to help push this thing along he certainly wouldn't be

worth fighting for. I want to be worth it. Come on!" he urged; "we'll be 'eleventh hour' birds, but we've still got time to save our self respect!"

A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

"But something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clammy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and—Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And I'll take the other half," said Roberts.

"Isn't this rather sudden, gentlemen," grinned Dillon; "you still have six hours, you know."

Both Roberts and Corwin reddened, for the sarcasm of Dillon's remark was glaringly apparent.

But curiously, neither Roberts or Corwin felt any resentment. They looked at each other and smiled, for both had a feeling that they deserved Dillon's sarcasm.

"I surrender!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long before."

"I knew you'd get in under the wire," smiled Dillon.

"How did you know?" asked Corwin.

"Shucks," laughed Dillon. "Quite a number of cases like yours have come under my observation. You didn't believe in the Liberty Loans; you had fault to find with nearly everything the government did. I've felt that way myself; a great many of my friends felt that way—and still feel that way, for that matter. But they subscribe, just the same—and I buy them. The average American likes to kick and raise Cain with the government—he'll wolf and howl about incompetency and graft and all that stuff. But in the end he'll help the

government. He has to, because he's an American. It's in the blood. He can't help it." He laughed again, turned to the telephone and called a number. Corwin and Roberts listened.

"Is that the Observer? Mr. Higley, please." (A pause.) "Higley? Ready to go to press? All right—we're just in time. Get this—and set it in scare-head type: Falltown has gone over the top! Big subscriptions by Carter Corwin and Morley Roberts did the trick. Great—isn't it?"

He turned, after placing the receiver on the hook, and beamed at Corwin and Roberts.

"Gentlemen, accept my personal thanks. You have made it possible for me to say that for once, we have won; that I am not a failure and that Falltown is an American city."

When Corwin and Roberts again reached the street it seemed to Corwin that Falltown had changed. The streets were livelier; there was a different tone to the throb and the hum of traffic; and Corwin held his head high when people looked at him. For no longer did there dwell in his heart those malignant devils of doubt and suspicion that had once been



"I surrender; I should have done this long ago."

there—insisting that man was supreme and that country was not to be considered. And once more—when Corwin reached the corner of Main and Meridian streets—he saw a vision.

This time it was Molly King.

She had taken Ben home, leaving him with her father. She was on her way to the office, and when she saw Corwin she held a copy of the Observer in one hand. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, seizing Corwin by an arm and gripping it tight; "that was wonderful! I am so glad!"

Corwin grinned. And then, as he walked toward the office with the girl, his face grew grave.

"Molly," he said as they paused at the foot of the stairs, "I was in danger of losing my country. And you gave it back to me."

"Well," she said, smiling happily, "I didn't want you to lose it."

"You didn't tell Ben about—about me not subscribing?" he questioned.

"Not a word. Ben didn't know. Not even when I took him to the office."

"Molly," said Corwin gravely, "did you take Ben to the office purposely—just to influence me to—"

She blushed and looked downward, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "what else could I do. Today is the last day—and Ben came, and I—I thought—knowing you didn't—or wouldn't—understand. And so I took him."

Late that night Corwin and Molly were standing at the corner of Main and Meridian streets watching the jostling crowd that packed the two streets from curb to curb.

Dillon had lost no time after the visit of Corwin and Roberts, and the issue of the Observer that carried the story of Falltown's greatest achievement, also informed the citizens of the town that the achievement would be celebrated fittingly.

And Falltown was celebrating. There had not been much time to arrange decorations, but enterprising merchants had draped the fronts of their stores with flags and bunting; down Main street in front of the City Hall there were festoons of colored lights—and a platform—portable—upon which a band played.

But if there were not so very many decorations there was plenty of noise—with the blare of horns and the clang of bells and the clatter of hurriedly constructed contrivances of many, patterns—and the sound of it filled Corwin with a tingling exultation that he had never felt before.

"I almost lost this," he whispered to the girl, during a momentary lull. "What?"

"The crowd, the people—the spirit of it all, Molly," he added in a low voice, "isn't it great to have a country, after—after that?"

She looked mischievously at him. "And to have conquered all mean, petty suspicions," she said.

He nodded, flushing.

"And to feel that now the country can pay its debts."

"Yes."

"And that we have finished the job."

"Yes."

He reached out and caught her hand. And just at that instant the band in front of the City Hall began to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and the mighty crowd, thrilling with the most reverent of emotions, became silent as heels clicked together and heads were bared.

"Oh!" said the girl; "it is the greatest country in the world."

"And it's mine!" whispered Corwin, so that the girl could not hear him; "and I shall never risk losing it again!"

The End.



And Then He Saw the Point!



(We have had to change all these comics to eliminate any use of the word "bond.")

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE— VICTORY LOAN COM.

We have prepared two sets of comics, each containing more or less of a Liberty Loan argument and, with more or less a smile in each.

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Obviously, we have to be fairly about the distribution series of each comic.

This proof-sheet is going to be sent to the district. It pens that you are willing to furnish series you would be interested in the samples shown here, or invited to send your orders to.

Shipments will be in your hands by April 7, which is before the opening of the proper, which is expected to April 21. Both of the comics are leased for use beginning the week of April 14. This program, it is readily seen, will permit of a newspaper exhausting its entire series of 24 in either "The Liber T. Loane Family" or "And Then He Saw The Point!" coincidentally with closing of the loan campaign.

While The Western Newspaper Union will manufacture both plates and mats, do not place your order with them. All orders must be sent to us.

The Liber T. Loane Family

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M. H. LAUNDON, Director of Publicity, Central Liberty Loan Committee, 310 Park Building, Cleveland, O., Long Distance Phones, Bell 336, Ohio State 6